



VOL. I.—No. II.

MARCH 13, 1880.

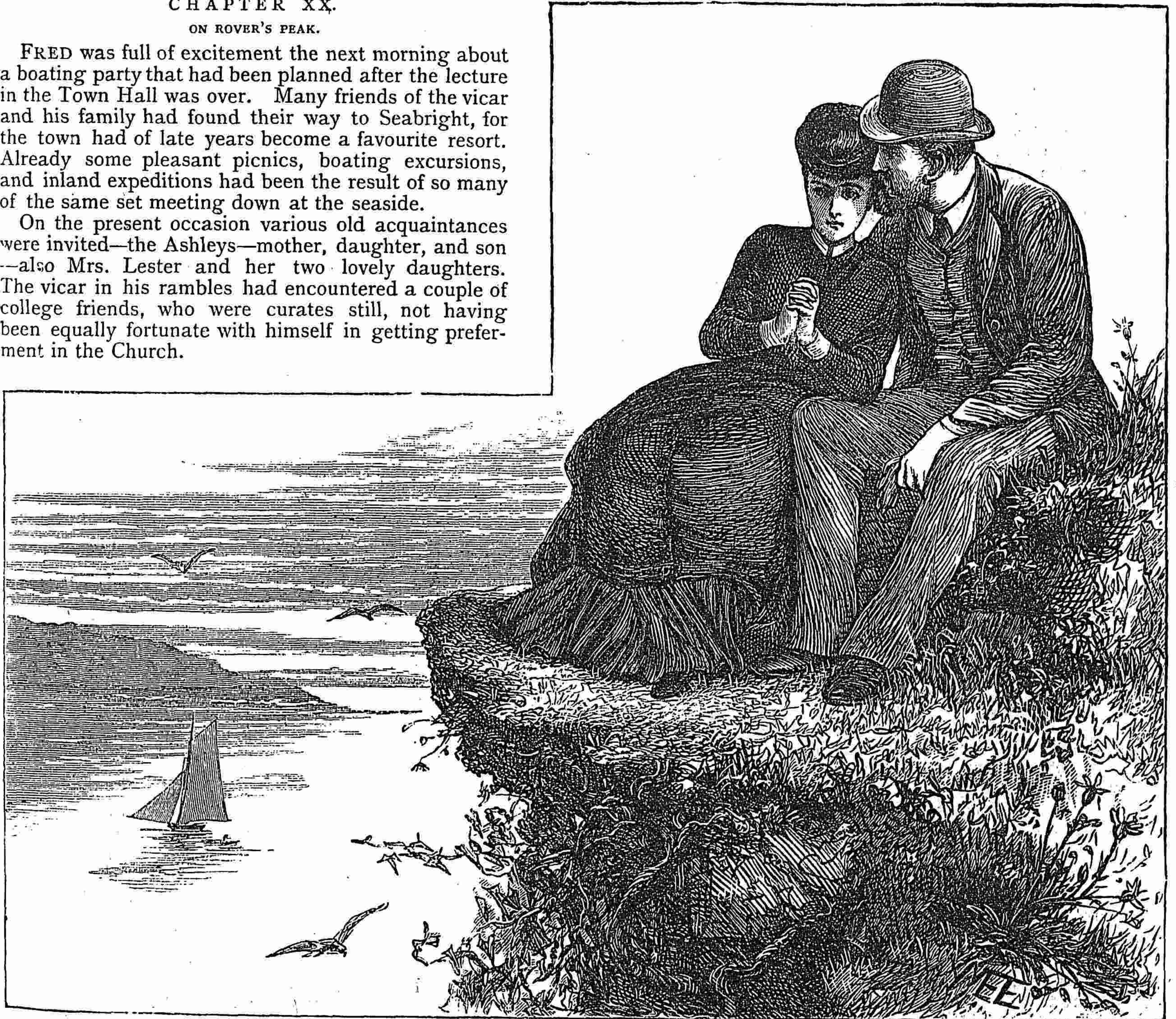
[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA: OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

### CHAPTER XX. ON ROVER'S PEAK.

FRED was full of excitement the next morning about a boating party that had been planned after the lecture in the Town Hall was over. Many friends of the vicar and his family had found their way to Seabright, for the town had of late years become a favourite resort. Already some pleasant picnics, boating excursions, and inland expeditions had been the result of so many of the same set meeting down at the seaside.

On the present occasion various old acquaintances were invited—the Ashleys—mother, daughter, and son—also Mrs. Lester and her two lovely daughters. The vicar in his rambles had encountered a couple of college friends, who were curates still, not having been equally fortunate with himself in getting preferment in the Church.



"ANNIS, I SHOULD HAVE FALLEN BUT FOR YOU."

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Over-worked, tired men they were, who had come from their densely-crowded London parishes to snatch, if possible, renewed vigour, health, and spirits from the salt-laden sea breezes.

The good-natured vicar gave these overdone men invitations on every possible opportunity. He wished to scatter as much pleasure as could be obtained over their brief time of recreation, so no little festivity was talked of, but he was sure "Kenrick and Laurie" would gladly join the party.

Of course they were to be at this boating excursion; he made it a special point they should be invited.

Poor Fred Venn limped about noisily from room to room, leaning on his crutches, and giving many and various orders about cold chicken and ham and sandwiches and salad. He interfered with the packing of the baskets, hindering Annis and bewildering Josh far more than he assisted them.

But everybody tolerated Fred's worrying; his ill-health, his lameness, made him like a spoiled and petted child in his home.

"Are you going with us, Paul Tench?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Oh, I didn't know. You seem bewildered in a maze of thought. To see your solemn face one would imagine we were all about to emigrate to some lonely and desolate land, instead of going out to luncheon on 'Rover's Peak.'"

"Emigration may not be a far-away event for some of us," retorted Paul, moodily.

"Far enough away for you, at any rate, Master Paul, whatever Kenrick and Laurie may do," said Fred, nodding to the two curates who stood looking on at the busy preparations.

"I don't know that emigration is unlikely for me. I may have to go abroad to seek my fortune some day," replied Paul, without a glimmer of a smile on his face.

Annis looked up at him quickly, and her watchful eyes at once detected he was in bitter earnest; some mental worry or physical depression had clouded his brow and banished the colour from his face, the brightness from his eyes. He looked out of spirits, and even ill.

Fred laughed at his grave reply, treating it as a jest.

"Very fine! But fellows like you, with full purses, don't generally have to seek their fortunes. Here Josh, lend me a hand with this ball of twine. You packed this basket with a pitchfork, I think, and used the legendary 'hot needle and burning thread.' We shall have all the contents tumbling about the boat if we don't take care."

They had hired two large boats, Fred, his cushions and crutches, taking up the best part of one of them. But he found room for bright-eyed, merry little Nellie Lester beside him, because there would be "no fun" without her, he said.

The vicar and Mr. Laurie had a place also, and Paul attempted to step in after them, but was speedily ordered back by imperious Fred.

"No, no, we won't have you, Paul Tench; jump into the other boat, and

help Annis to entertain the guests. It is too bad of you trying to shirk your part of the duty."

People made room for Paul beside Annis with a kind of tacit understanding that it was his rightful place. Everybody there believed he was either engaged to the vicar's daughter or was on the point of being so. Their attachment was an old story now, and this result was considered a matter of course.

Paul felt almost guilty as he took his seat on the cushion and glanced down at the sweet face turned slightly away from his gaze. Already they were drifting apart, and he felt powerless to avert it.

Annis wore a neat boating costume, dark blue serge, braided with the same colour, black hat and blue feather, and glossy white collar and cuffs.

She looked bewitching, Paul thought, and a few days ago he would have told her what he thought. But he dared not attempt to remove the dense shadowy barrier of reserve that had risen up between them—a barrier of which he could neither discover the width nor the extent. So he sat abstracted, grave, and silent, while the music of cheery voices, the light ripple of silvery laughter, blended pleasantly with the regular dip, dip of the oar, and the gleeful lap of the tiny waves round the boat.

Luncheon was laid out at the base of a rugged point of land, that stretched far out on one side of the bay. Great blocks of rock, bare and brown, rose up behind, sprinkled here and there in the crevices with clumps of sea-thrift, that lit up the dark surface with its spiky leaves and pale pink flowers. Stretching out before was the broad open sea, a very solitude of waters, with nothing flitting over its calm surface but the shadows of the light fleecy white clouds that passed slowly over the blue sky.

"Strange how legends and romances get mixed up with every nook and corner! There is hardly a spot in town or country but you may find out some marvellous tale connected with its history," said Mr. Kenrick, holding a piece of cold chicken suspended on his fork as he spoke.

"What legend is there about this point?" asked Fred.

"Not exactly this point; but higher up there is a ruin, and on the top of the ruin a stone seat, and the popular belief is that if two people have the courage to climb and seat themselves there together they will live happily ever after; but if one of them fails, through timidity or any other cause, of course you can guess the end."

"What rubbish, to be sure! Of course I cannot attempt the feat," retorted Fred, as he held out his hand for his crutch.

"I don't call it rubbish," said Jane Lester, laughing.

"Then I challenge you to try the ascent with me," said Mr. Kenrick.

"Certainly, if others will promise to follow our example. I like danger in a mild way; there's some excitement in it."

When luncheon was over, Fred willed that his cushions should be spread in a little sandy cove, and that Nellie Lester should read to him.

"I have brought some manuscript for you to go through. I want to hear how my 'Essay on Ancient Coins' sounds from your lips, Nellie."

"Is not that request just a little out of place now, Fred? You know there is a 'time for everything,' and perhaps Miss Nellie would rather have a ramble or join the adventurous spirits who are about to climb up to the Lovers' Seat. I will sit and read to you," said the vicar, smiling pleasantly at Nellie.

"No, no, indeed; you are mistaken, Mr. Venn. I much prefer sitting here reading to Fred to rambling about or even risking my neck by scrambling up the Lover's Leap. Isn't it glorious here, such splendid blue sea, with the shadows stalking over it!"

"Very glorious! But are you sure, child, that you prefer staying?"

"Quite sure. And I want to read about ancient coins. I doat on them; I have two on my watch-chain—one Spanish, the other Roman; and perhaps the essay may give me some explanation of them."

The vicar did not argue the point any more. He spread a large shawl on the sand beside Fred's chair, fixed a large umbrella to shade them from the hot rays of the sun, and then set out with Mr. Laurie on an exploring expedition round the Point to discover what the view was like on the other side.

The rest of the party were already scrambling up the steep sides of the rocky acclivity.

On the height stood the ruin. People called it a tower, but probably in days "long ago" it had merely been a tall beacon to warn ships off the rugged coast. Now it was old and crumbling, and the celebrated seat at the top looked as though overhanging the walls in a perilous way, though in reality it was firmly held in its position by iron stays and props.

Jane Lester and Mr. Kenrick were the first to make the attempt. They climbed up, and were, ere long, seated on the elevated perch, laughing and waving their hands, amidst the loud plaudits of the lookers-on. When they descended, triumphant and out of breath, the cry was that Paul and Annis should try their fortune.

"I am not a good climber," said Annis, drawing back hastily.

"But I've seen you climb dozens of times," asserted Harry Ashley.

He was a tall, athletic young man, with a tawny beard, who wore a white straw hat and puggery, a suit of grey plaid homespun, and who carried an opera-glass strapped over his shoulders.

"Indeed, I would rather not try."

"Come with me, and I will help you," persisted Harry.

"If you wish it so much, I will make the attempt, but I know I shall fail."

Here Mrs. Ashley stepped forward and whispered to her son, "Nonsense, Harry! Don't you come between Paul and Annis. Let them go up together. I am a bit superstitious about that sort of thing."

"Foolish old mother, you shall have your way," said Harry, laughing.

"Now Mr. Tench, now Annis, my



dear. We are all waiting to see you both mount," said Mrs. Ashley.

"Yes, yes, that is only fair," added Jane Lester.

Paul went over to Annis.

"It will be far easier to make the attempt than to give reasons for not doing so," said he, in a low voice.

"Do you think that? Then we will try."

Annis went on bravely. Her shapely little foot found an easy resting place on projecting buttress and broken wall, on rugged step and tangled ivy, until she reached the top in triumph.

She was about to seat herself on the rough resting-place when she turned to look at Paul, who was still some distance from the top.

What had come over him? He was either giddy, or careless, or stupid, or abstracted! He set his foot recklessly on a branch of ivy, far too fragile to support his weight, and it gave way under his step, sending a whole lot of stones rumbling down to the ground.

Paul tottered forward, like one who had lost self-possession.

Another moment and he would have been tumbling down after the stones into the dark depths of the ruin below.

Quick as thought, Annis darted forward, clutched hold of his arm, and held it with a desperate grasp that sent the blood rushing to her face, and made every nerve tingle.

She held him as if for very life, throwing her whole woman's strength into the effort until, after a plunge or two, he managed to regain a footing, and recovered his balance.

He was soon at the top, drew her down on the seat beside him, and waved his hand to the company below as a signal of success.

Then he turned to Annis, whose face was white as death, whose whole frame was trembling, whose soft blue eyes were full of tears.

"Annis, I should have fallen but for you."

"I am glad you did not fall," said she, turning away.

But he caught her to him, and pressed her hand as he said, with passionate emotion,

"My darling, my darling! how shall I ever thank you?"

A slight sob was the reply.

"Oh that I could devote my whole life to you—could make you, in deed and in truth, my own, my very own!"

Paul paused from the very intensity of his feelings, and when he spoke again his voice was troubled and sad.

"Annis, my love, don't blame me when things are altered and strange; don't think hardly of me."

"I hope I shall never do that."

He was holding her hand in his, gazing down into her tearful eyes as though he was taking a long, loving farewell.

"Paul, don't look so; you frighten me. Why are you so sad? You seem as though you were going to leave me for ever," she gasped.

"Perhaps I *am* drifting away, Annis, going away on the stream of circumstances that overcomes me. Life is full of mysteries, and I cannot solve them;

I do not know what will be the end. But always think kindly of me, my love, my darling! Pray for me, Annis, that my strength may not fail."

Once more he drew her towards him as though he would fain hold her fast for ever. A rush of emotion passed over his face that startled her with its despairing anguish.

"I wish we might stay here always, you and I. The world might foam and rage as it liked down there, but we should be happy, Annis, above all that could vex and worry. I cannot bear to lose you out of my life."

"Paul," she whispered, a little frightened, "don't talk of losing me. What do you mean?"

But he did not explain. He only gazed down into her eyes with that same troubled look.

"One more hand-clasp, my love, before we part."

"Don't talk of parting," she repeated. "Are you going away?"

"I cannot tell, Annis; the future seems hid in mystery."

With her hand held in his they went down the rugged path together, step by step, until they reached the ground.

"Here they are at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashley; "didn't you see me wave my parasol?"

Annis confessed she did not notice the signal.

"And I waved my hat and puggery," laughed Harry; "did you not see that either? Is the view very fine up there?"

"Oh, yes!" Annis, replied quietly.

"I have heard it is unusually grand and extensive," adds his mother.

"Views generally are extensive if you look down on them from an exalted height," Paul explains, and Mrs. Ashley laughs.

"Naughty children! I don't believe either of you looked at the view at all. But there, I don't blame you; I was young myself once," she whispered to Annis, with a knowing look.

"Ah! I must go up on my own account and look round, for we are not likely to have any lucid description," Harry asserted.

And then his mother called him away, for she noticed Annis's pale cheeks and Paul's troubled eyes, and guessed something was wrong between them—a lover's quarrel perhaps.

(To be continued.)

## THE VIEW FROM THE TOP, AND THE VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM.

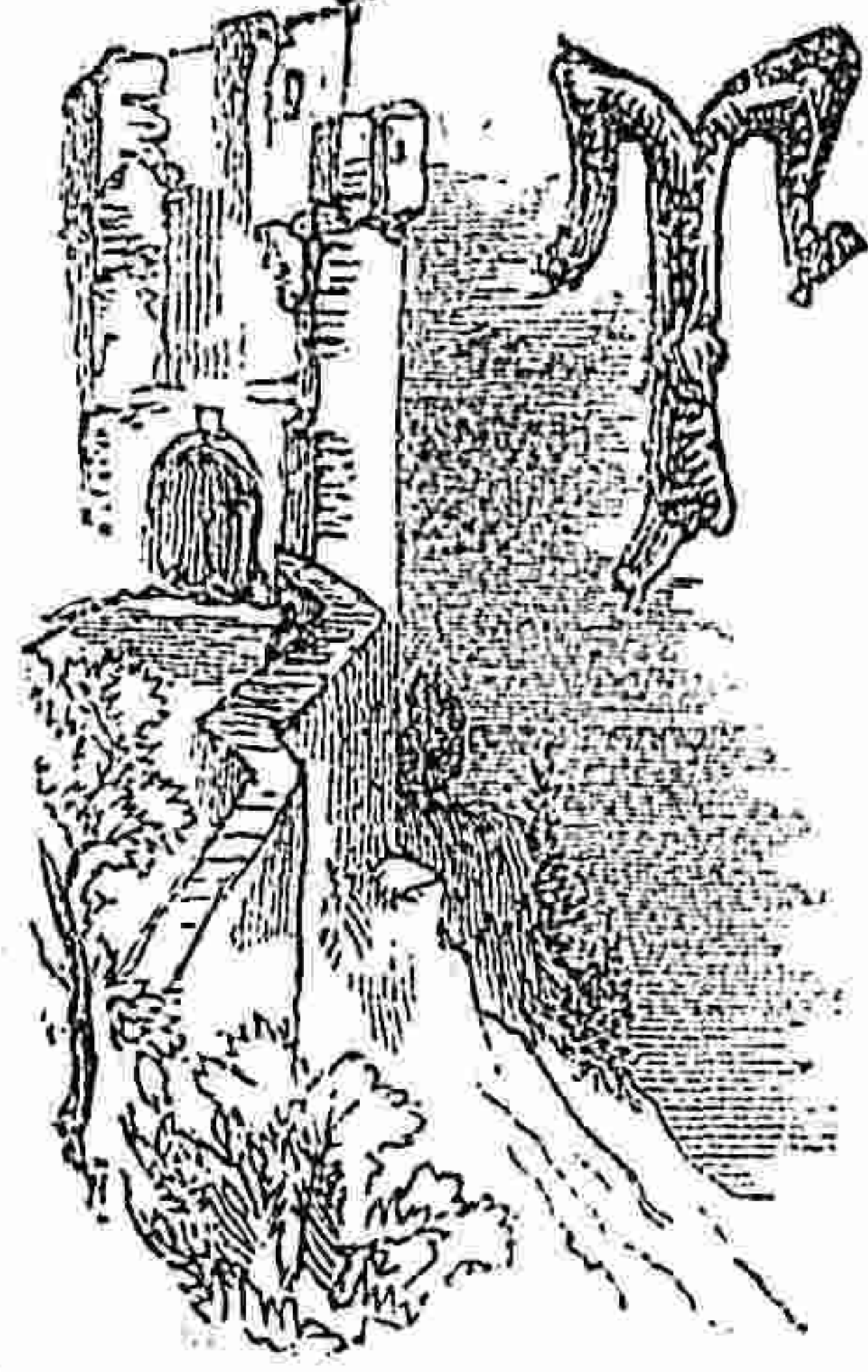
"SWEET! delightful wall!" cried a little Pansy, perched on the top of a wall. "What a view I get, and such splendid scenery!"

"Splendid scenery, indeed!" groaned a Dandelion that grew at the bottom. "I'm sure a duller place couldn't be; I am tired to death of standing here, seeing nothing but these old red bricks and the weeds that grow around me!"

"What a pity it is that some folks are so discontented," cried the Pansy to a Bee that was hovering over her.

"Ah, friend," hummed the Bee, "it is easy for you to be satisfied as things are; but change the top of the wall for the bottom, and what would happen then?"

## MARGARET LAMBRUN.



THE death of Mary Queen of Scots so affected one of her retinue that he died soon after of grief, leaving his widow, Margaret Lambrun, who became so infuriated in consequence that she resolved to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose she dressed

herself as a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of pistols, with one of which she intended to kill the Queen, and with the other to shoot herself, should she be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get to her Majesty, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This being observed by one of the guards, she was immediately seized. The Queen interfered and desired to examine the culprit. She accordingly demanded her name. To which Margaret, with undaunted resolution, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lambrun. I was several years in the service of Mary, a queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and, thereby, deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive that awful catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than that of my injured queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the attempts made to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness and moderation. "You are persuaded, then," said her Majesty, "that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required. What think you is my duty to you?"

"Is that question put in the character of a queen or that of a judge?" inquired Margaret, with the same intrepid firmness.

Elizabeth professed to her that it was in that of a queen.

"Then," continued Lambrun, "it is your Majesty's duty to grant me a pardon."

"But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?"

"A favour ceases to be one, madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints; in doing so your Majesty would act against me as a judge."

Elizabeth, turning to her courtiers, exclaimed, "I have been a queen thirty years; I never had such a lecture read to me before." She then immediately granted an unconditional pardon to Margaret Lambrun, though in opposition to the advice of her council.







## FEEDING THE DEER.

WHERE the lone lake white and still  
Sleeps beneath the mountain shadow,  
Comes a voice along the hill,  
Singing over moor and meadow,  
Waking echoes on the lea—  
"Follow, follow, follow me."

From the windy mountain-side,  
Wooded glen and ferny hollow,  
Where the fawns at noonday hide,  
Fearlessly they come and follow,  
When her voice comes o'er the lea—  
"Follow, follow, follow me."

Timid, gentle-eyed, and slim,  
Lightly from their couch of heather,  
Beautiful and fleet of limb,  
Fearlessly they come and gather,  
When they hear upon the lea—  
"Follow, follow, follow me."

When she comes adown the dell,  
With her sheaves of dainty laden,  
'Tis a form they know full well;  
And they love the Highland maiden  
When she sings across the lea—  
"Follow, follow, follow me."

J. HUIE.



## HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO.

By MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.



As with most other musical instruments, the younger you are when you take the piano in hand the better, and it is delightful, on attaining the age at which your artistic intelligence begins to assert itself, to find that the habit of using your eyes and fingers with facility has become a second nature, from the drudgery having been got through during childhood.

But still it is never too late to learn, and do not let the idea that you are too old discourage you, or dissuade you from more or less adopting music as an art. *Apropos*, I need only quote the name of Schumann, who only

commenced seriously studying music with the intention of making it the task and end of his life at the age of *eighteen*; and though the ambition of my reader may fall far short of becoming a public player, yet I think my quotation pertinent as showing how perseverance can overcome all obstacles.

Mentioning Schumann's name—a name dear to all pianists—brings us at once into the drift of these few remarks. And in this wise Schumann, in his intense struggling to become master of all the greater difficulties of execution, invented and constructed a machine calculated to help the hands in their course over the key-board to save time and to lessen labour, and it is well known that, by the continual and assiduous use of this machine, he crippled his left hand. The fact is enough to make one suspicious of all such extraneous helps to proficiency. Nevertheless, it was

probably owing to some defect in the construction or in the method of using the machine in question, or both, that the accident happened. In the matter of "guide mains," I can only speak about one, that of Kalkbrenner; but of this one I entirely approve, and recommend it conscientiously to students as an invaluable aid to holding the hands and arms in the best and most natural position; it is especially useful, too, as a means of causing all movements of the hands on the keys to come from the wrists. As Kalkbrenner taught me himself with his "guide mains," I speak from experience.

To "play from the wrists" is a thing that must be constantly borne in mind. Try yourself the difference between playing from the wrists and playing from the arms, shoulders, and, in fact, the whole body, and I am sure you will soon be convinced that the wrist



movement is more under control, more rapid, and more full of variety than that mixture of wrist, arm, and shoulder movement, into the habit of which you can so easily fall, and which, when confirmed, is so disastrous to the least attempt at good or even decent playing. You may find your wrists weak at first—never mind, you must persevere, trying at the same time to keep the elbows as near the body as possible. Never let the elbows stick out. Another weak part of our weak flesh is the third, and, moreover, the little finger. And here be careful lest you insensibly fall into another bad habit—that of giving almost inaudible sounds with these two fingers, or of slurring over in an unpronounced manner the notes they have to strike, the impossibility of playing *legato* being the inevitable consequence.

Play *legato* you must, wherefore let all your fingers become equally strong by practising scales, major, minor, and chromatic, and five-finger exercises.

Play scales often—you can scarcely play them too often. Scales are the pianist's staff of life. At first play them slowly and distinctly—very slowly and distinctly—taking care that each note is neither louder nor less loud and neither of longer nor of shorter duration than its neighbours. Scales in thirds (after having well practised the ordinary scales) are also excellent for rendering the fingers lissom and equal in power. "Liberté, égalité, and fraternité" is not a bad motto for your fingers, "égalité" in particular. Shakes, too, are strengthening. Practise shakes with the second and third, and with the third and little finger, taking care to hold all the other fingers firmly down on the keys meanwhile. And almost always practise the two hands in shakes (as in other five-finger exercises) at the same time, at one or more octaves distance, so that the strong fingers of one hand and the weak fingers of the other hand should, by playing identically the same notes and passages simultaneously, modify and equalise each other.

You must not play your scales mechanically and without paying attention, else little faults will creep in unobserved.

Notice well how you play them, however boring all these exercises may be. When your brain gets fatigued, and you begin

wandering in your mind and thinking of other things, then is it time to leave off practice. But always remember that these dry and seemingly uninteresting scales and exercises are the foundations upon which you are going to build your Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann palaces. That will give you courage; and afterwards you will go boldly and certainly through the difficulties more or less formidable that you will encounter, without having to slacken or, perhaps, stop alto-

gether, and haggle over an awkward passage, to your own and, perhaps other people's, annoyance. By the way, an anxiety to get at something interesting is no excuse for the desecration of making one of the Beethoven's sonatas, for instance, a study in mechanism. Scales and five-finger exercises (on which I cannot too much insist) first. Then studies, Czerny's, Kalkbrenner's, Cramer's, etc., with some not too difficult pieces between whiles, such as some (not all) of Mendelssohn's songs without words, Schumann's 43 pieces (in the Album for Youth), Mozart's sonatas, and so on. Then the studies of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Moscheles, Rubinstein's, Liszt's, and Bach's fugues. You may find them dry at first, but if you have any real musical feeling

they will grow upon you till you find yourself quite in love with them. Learn them all by heart.

And when you are thus to a certain extent prepared, you can try your hand at the works of the great master.

Fantasias, operatic and otherwise, such as Thalberg's, Liszt's, Herz's, &c., &c., are not of much worth from an æsthetic point of view, but here again the fingers will find work which will do them no harm. Besides all the fore-

going, you may, or rather must, do two things. The one is to read continually new music; the other is to study a given piece to the very roots. Divide your work into these two parts. Of course you must accustom yourself to reading at sight, and even to reading in your head, without playing the notes.

The first will teach you to read at sight, the second alone will give you real knowledge of a composer. Besides the ordinary repertory of the pianoforte, arranged scores of operas, oratorios, symphonies, &c., should be perused. Concerted music opens the gate to a vast wealth of artistic enjoyment, but even without the pleasure it affords it is most useful to the piano student, as preventing her falling into *tempo-rubato* mannerisms, as teaching her to subdue a too exuberant tone, and as breaking her from many little peculiarities which pass unperceived by her when she plays alone, but which have to be repressed when a harmonious *ensemble* is being aimed at. For pianoforte and violin



AN ACCOMPANIMENT.

duets you should commence with Haydn, then Mozart. The accompanying of songs must not be despised; in the glorious songs of Schubert and Schumann the piano plays an important and often by no means easy rôle. It is difficult and perhaps fruitless enough to give hints on the mechanical part of "How to Play the Piano" by means of pen and paper, but when sentiment and passion in playing have to be treated of, it becomes almost an impossibility to write something to any purpose within the limits of a short article. It is easier here to tell you what *not to do*.

Of course, in these matters you must be guided by your own taste, but with the best intentions in the world, and with the most



earnest and unaffected feeling for what you are playing, you may fall into the most vulgar errors. You might read Hamlet's advice to the players, with profit. For one thing, don't on any account affect a sentiment that is not in you; don't pretend, and don't exaggerate. Very common tricks are to roll the person about, sway the head in all sorts of ways, turn the eyes up to the ceiling, lay the nose near the keyboard, making sentimental or passionate acrobatic gymnastics with the hands;

and last, but not least, to put the loud pedal down upon every conceivable opportunity.

The last of these tricks is a frightfully coarse and ugly one. And here I must remind you that you cannot be too cautious how you use the pedals, especially the loud pedal. The safest way is never to put them down till you see it expressly marked by the composer, and to take them up again the moment he tells you. The continual holding down of the loud pedal produces an unutterable cacophony.

Lastly, try to be as natural as possible. Try to forget everything but the piece you are playing. Try rather to subdue yourself than to overdo anything. Never pose for an effect. And let the composer talk to *you*, but never dictate to him. In fine, the great secret of soulful feeling is not to infuse passion into the music, but let it infuse passion into you. Wait till it carries you away with *its* loveliness, but don't try to carry it away before the right moment with *your* loveliness.

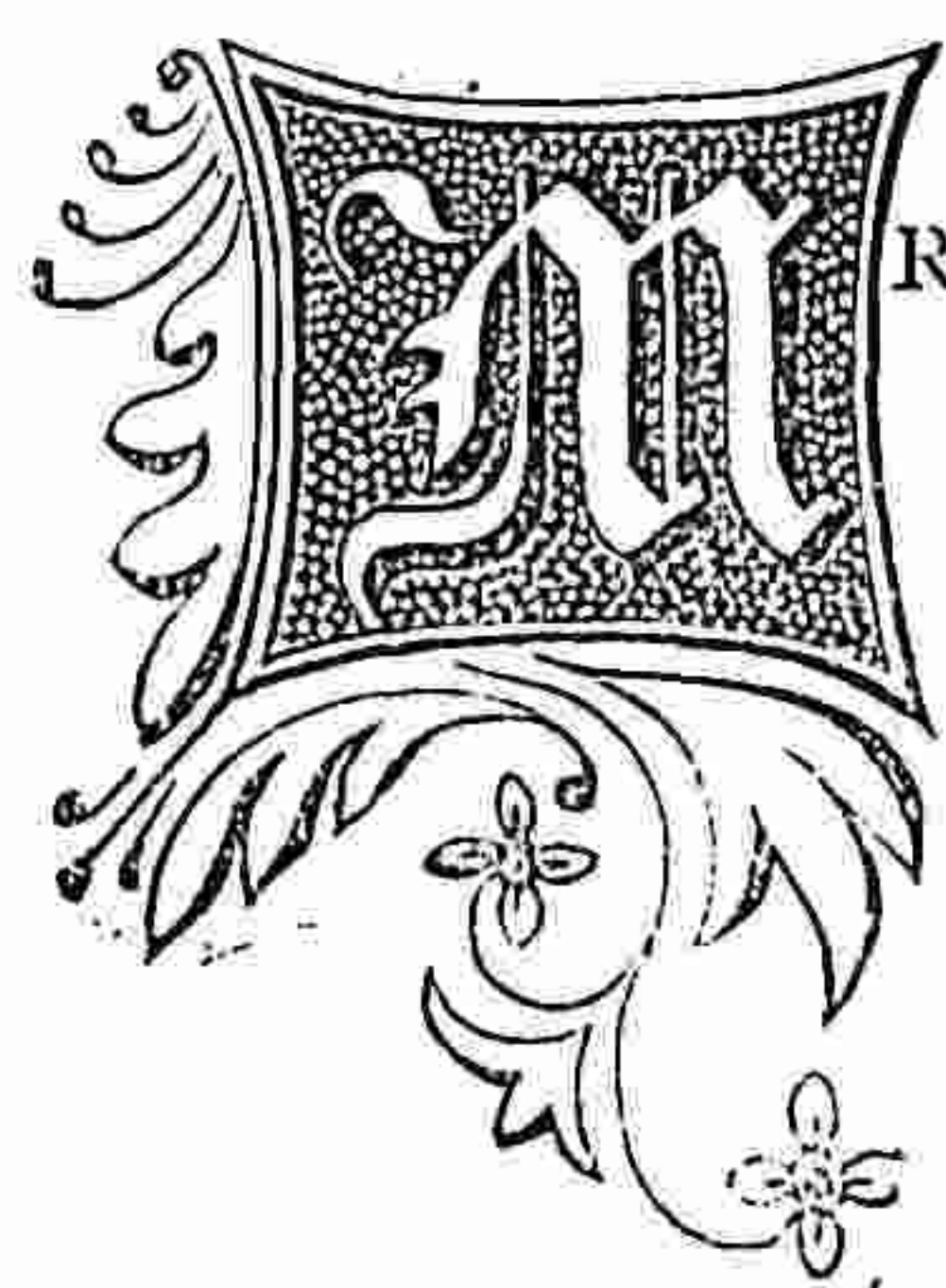
*Arabella Geddes*  
*Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 1880*

## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNEUS BANKS, Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"WOED AND MARRIED AN' A."



MRS. BRIAN STAPLETON did not doff her widow's weeds so speedily as the maids had anticipated. She had loved her husband, clung to his memory, and mourning to her was no merely conventional symbol. The shopping of grandma on the day of Brian's disastrous fall, of which lavender-trimmed hats formed a part, had reference more to the young people than herself. The boy had long been up and about, cast off splints and bandages, and was ready for a race or a game of cricket before she reduced a single fold of her heavy crape.

Not that the desirability of a change had not been pressed upon her; a change that should substitute a bridal dress for the "weeds"; and, but this was not said to her, thus obviate the necessity of transferring some ten or twelve thousand pounds from Mr. Robert Mason's account to hers.

No, she heard only of the long and secret devotion to her which had kept him a bachelor, which sought its reward now in the hope to support her weakness, to cherish her into health, to shield her loved and delicate form from rude contest with the world, to give the children she adored a protector and guardian, with a firmer hand than her own to control them as they progressed to maturity, a father to watch over their interests and manage their little property as no paid agent could.

This was the sort of thing she heard, not in so many clear and consecutive words, but in language sufficiently plain to be interpreted as a desire to be a father to the children of his friend for her sake, and to be all the world to her in his own unselfish devotion.

If she hesitated and deliberated it

was not that she had mistrusted him. It was that she was afraid—afraid of Grandma Stapleton's objections—afraid lest Brian and Hesba should disapprove of him for a stepfather.

Yet she never took this inner consciousness as a warning voice. She shrank from calling the sensible and kindly old lady to her counsels, though before Mr. Mason's intervention, no mother and daughter could have been more social and open in their intercourse. So she tossed an unquiet head upon her pillow, vacillating between her desire to do her duty to her children, and her uncertainty in which direction duty lay.

One thing is certain, she was swayed more by her love for them than any other motive. There were tendrils of her heart which clung to her good mother-in-law; but Robert Mason had done his best to loosen these, and when she thought of the frail tenure on which she held her own life, she remembered that years would be creeping on Grandma Stapleton, and what a dreadful thing it would be if her darling boy and girl were left alone in the world without a protector; and even little Mercy, what would become of her?

Meanwhile Mr. Septimus Crowe had busied himself about her affairs, had disentangled complications, announced that ship and life insurances were ready to be paid over on the widow's administration; but still there was delay; and this was explained to arise from the want of some important papers relative to a plot or plots of land at Birkenhead, for which the Dock Company appeared to have been in treaty, if a sale had not actually been effected before the captain sailed. So much they had gathered from the captain's private memoranda, but it was impossible to assess value for probate, or make any claim on tenants or on the Dock Company, without those papers.

Little, restless Mr. Crowe came to the cottage, dipped his beak once more into the japanned box, examined its contents with his head on one side, first with one eye and then the other,

like a veritable bird; then ferretted amongst a miscellaneous heap of luggage and litter (to the detriment of his black plumage) in the room—once the surgery—into which the captain had flung and stowed away numberless odds and ends. He lost his time and his temper (both of which grandma told Fanny she was sure to find in his bill), but he did not find what he went to seek, and grandma was dumb as a stone.

Both the solicitor's office and the shipbroker's were in Castle-street. The little Crowe hopped up the steps of the former, who stood in the doorway.

"It's no use! There's not a trace of either," he croaked huskily; "choked with the dust," he said.

"Then the old woman must have got the title-deeds in her clutches," said the other, with his dark brows meeting. "As for the dock-shares, I tell you I had them in my own hands, and if not put back in the box by mistake, I *must* have dropped them, either there or on my way home. It's a *loss*, Crowe; we must advertise."

A very peculiar and covert advertisement found its way into the local papers that week, but nothing came of it except chagrin and cost.

Finally it was arranged that the widow should "administer" without reference to this intangible "Birkenhead property," to which the very Dock Company either could not or would not furnish a clue. And, a settlement being effected shortly after probate, she was congratulated on having something over fourteen thousand pounds at her disposal, nothing being said in the lawyer's office with respect to any other heirship, beyond the fact that she was her son's natural guardian until he came of age.

At Larch Cottage, however, she had reminders from both grandma and James Forsyth that she was also the custodian of her son's rights, and that James meant to watch over the boy and those rights if he lived.

Of course, Hesba, being only a girl,



had no legal status, and Mercy, being a foundling, had, if possible, less.

Of course, too, the well-meaning Fanny was distressed at her good intentions and her love for her children being doubted, and, as usual, washed away reasoning with tears.

Prior to this, however, she had consented to give her children another guardian, and they had barely got their thirteenth birthday over when Mr. Mason (who had long discarded his black studs) bore Fanny Mason off in triumph to a new villa residence he had taken and fitted up for her at Edge Hill, a suburb of Liverpool, as far removed from Woodside as his own convenience would permit.

Vain had been grandma's pleading to keep her grandchildren; in vain did she urge the value of pursuing their present course of education, the school-friendships they had formed, her own prospective loneliness; the mother could not part with the children she idolised, for whose very sakes she was marrying again, and the twins would not hear of parting from Mercy.

Mr. Mason came forward with a smiling compromise. The children should remain at Woodside until the Midsummer vacation, when he hoped they would carry any number of school prizes away with them.

He announced likewise, as an act of graciousness, casting his black eyes round the cosy parlour as he spoke, that he proposed to leave with Mrs. Stapleton "all the personal belongings of her late son, with which the cottage seemed to be crowded, and which must be very precious to her."

The old lady simply inclined her head in acknowledgment, not for one moment taken in. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "he's afraid they may be precious to Fanny, too. He means to wean her from all old memories, and thinks they would be quite out of place in his brand-new villa." And so the Chinese junk and carvings, the stuffed birds and grotesque ornaments, the model ship and its painted portrait, *et hoc genus omne*, kept their places in Larch-cottage, along with the bundle belonging to little Mercy.

Very elegantly furnished was the handsome villa, which stood in just sufficient garden ground to preserve its exclusiveness, and very attentive was Robert Mason to his wife's comfort; and very stately were the grand dinner parties he gave in her honour; but the magnificence and state wearied her. She never had been fond of company or strangers, and she longed for a quiet chat with grandma, and a glimpse of her dear children.

Her new "lord and master"—he was her "lord and master"—promised to run over to Woodside "some evening and bring them all in the morning to spend the day" with her, but he was always "so anxious and afraid to leave her alone for a night lest she should be uneasy," that it was procrastinated until the very time came when the young people were to leave the old home for the new; and then he was too solicitous about her health to "risk her presence when Mrs. Stapleton took

leave of the youngsters. There was sure to be a scene!"

And finding her feeble remonstrance unavailing, she sank back with a submissive sigh on her couch of blue velvet pile, to still her palpitating heart and await, in listless inactivity, the coming of her darlings.

Truly there was "a scene" at parting. Though the Forsyths had professedly taken leave overnight, when Brian consigned his yacht to Willie, and there had been a general interchange of books and dolls as keepsakes, Willie was waiting at the lower gates for a last good-bye; and there was sobbing in the kitchen, both cook and Eliza having watched the growth of the children from infancy. But the parting from their beloved and indulgent grandma was the saddest wrench of all. They were like young emigrants bound to a new clime, and leaving a solitary parent behind; or, rather, like exiles being hurried off from home by an inexorable gaoler. Many were the embraces during the few days, Brian alone stoutly mastering his grief, and scorning the unmanliness of tears. Yet even he broke down at last, and with his sister and Mercy clung to her weeping, and she to them, even at the very gate, where the waiting cab was already piled with their luggage; and it was not until Mr. Mason observed pointedly, "It was time I came for them or they would forget they had a mother," that the good old lady choked back her tears with a strong effort, disengaged their clinging arms, gave a last kiss to each, as Mr. Mason hurried them one by one into the cab, to the sore disappointment of Willie Forsyth, who could only send his adieus after them with a shout and a wave of the hand, whilst Mrs. Stapleton retrod the avenue with hasty feet and bowed head to sit down alone on her desolate hearth, with desolation in her own soul.

Well was it then that the aged woman who sat there, with covered face, like "Rachel, weeping for her children," unconscious that the sunbeams of June were playing on her black dress, her white cap and grey hair, and glistened in the tears which found their way between her tremulous fingers—well was it then for her that she had walked through life with an Unseen Friend and Comforter by her side—a Friend closer than a brother, who stilled her tears and whispered peace until the sunshine of faith and hope once more irradiated her countenance, and she saw in the vacant chairs presentiments of a young man and two fair maidens who, freed from coercion, would come once more to live with her and comfort her old age.

"If it only please God to restore the missing will (and I know it will come to light some day)," she murmured to herself, "I will have my darlings out of Robert Mason's hands. There is one good thing, he has not got Hesba's little fortune under his finger and thumb, and shall *not* have whilst I live, or James Forsyth either. As he says, it looks very suspicious that little Mercy's dock-shares were not put in for probate. I feel convinced they were in Brian's box, and am only afraid the two black

crows have snapped them up between them. Heigho, I get very suspicious as I grow old, and I am sure this is not Christian charity. Who am I that I should so judge another? Mr. Mason may turn out better than we expect, and Fanny certainly stood in need of someone to think and act for her, and she had a right to please herself. The All-wise Ruler of events will shape the future to His will, however we may rebel."

And as she so ruminated, she lifted the large Bible from its stand, wiped her tear-dimmed eyes, took her spectacles from their case, sat down to refresh her weary soul at its unfailing fountain, and when Eliza brought in her solitary tea equipage, there was a placid smile on her face, as if she had found rest and consolation.

To the children, Hesba and Brian especially, the meeting with mamma scarcely compensated for the parting with grandma. They were ushered into a spacious drawing-room, resplendent with glass and gilding, enriched with carved wood and velvety blue upholstery; they trod on a carpet that sank beneath their feet, but they only saw before them a figure in light-tinted silk and lace rising from amongst embroidered cushions, to meet them with extended arms. As they rushed forward they heard from behind a cold "Restrain your emotions, Frances; excitement is not good for you!"

It checked the mother midway, and had a like effect upon Hesba and Brian.

Mercy, however, comprehending less, darted onward and flung her arms around dear, dear mamma! But even she felt there was something different in the clasp of mamma's arms, in the warmth of her kisses, and something prompted her to wonder in her secret heart if it was because she did not belong to her?

The chill on their reception was not over; Mrs. Mason fain would have shown the children to their rooms, and pointed out how their individual tastes and habits had been provided for, but Mr. Mason rang the bell for a servant, saying, apologetically, but conclusively, "You really must not exert yourself so much, Frances, it will do you harm," and Frances, with a sigh, sat down.

Nor was the evening much more satisfactory. There was a dinner when they expected tea, and they discovered that they had been expected to dress for it. Mr. Mason's rebuke was mild, and there was a bland intimation that the omission would be overlooked on that occasion, as their clothes might not be unpacked.

Mild as was the rebuke, it conveyed to all three that they were "not presentable," and that something was wanting in their social education, and that the free home-life of Larch Cottage was gone for evermore.

Mr. Mason's absence at business might open the way for freer intercourse with the loving mother, but the memory of that icy reception did not pass away, and ere long they found that school-hours and study left few and brief moments for familiar and affectionate association as of old; and grandma they rarely saw.

(To be continued.)



# The Babes in the Wood.



The wicked Uncle promises to care for the Children.



The Children bid their Parents "Good-bye."



The wicked Uncle offers money for the Children to be killed.



The wicked Uncle witnesses the departure of the Children



The worse Robber slain.



The other Robber takes them into the thick part of the wood





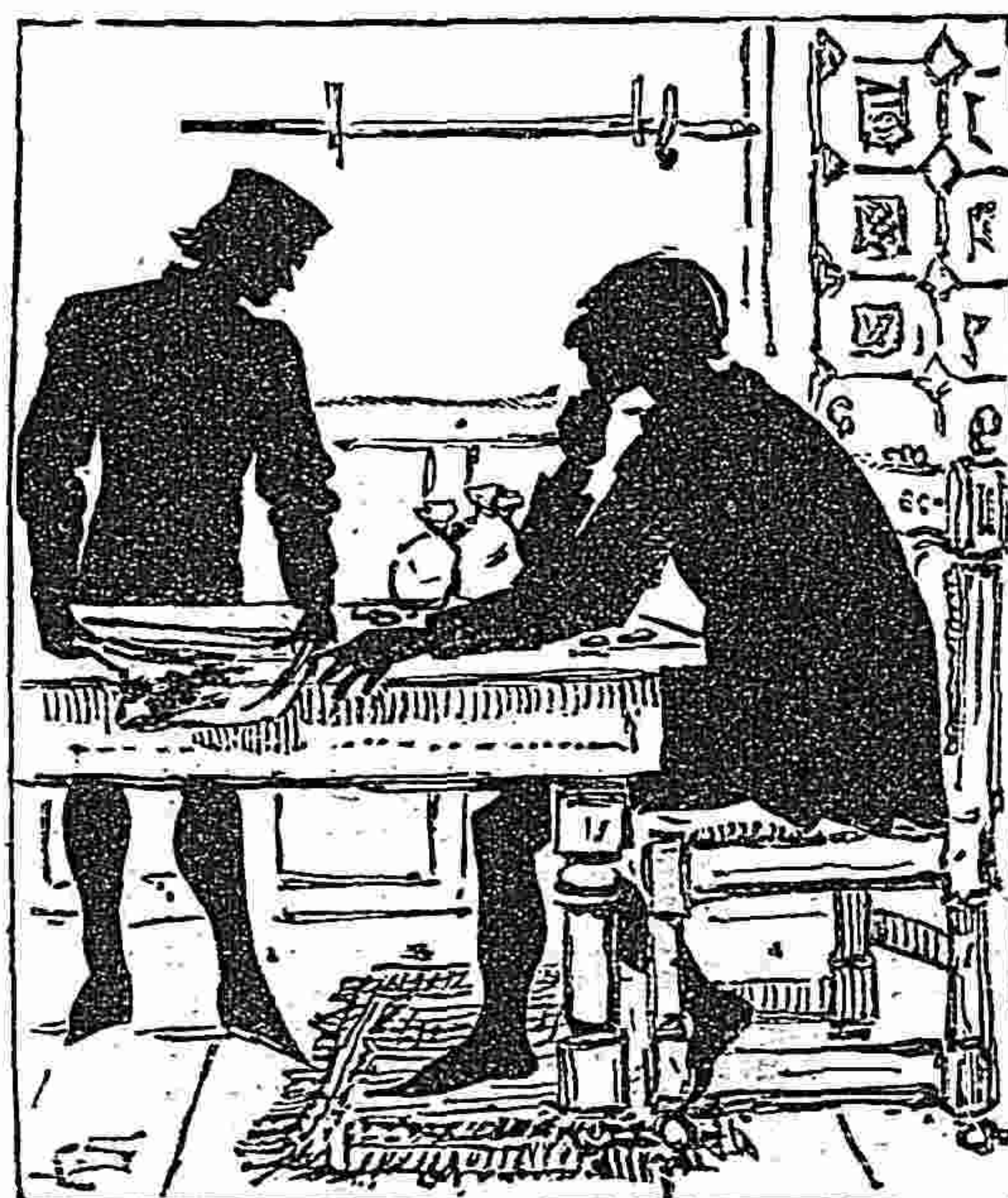
The Children deserted.



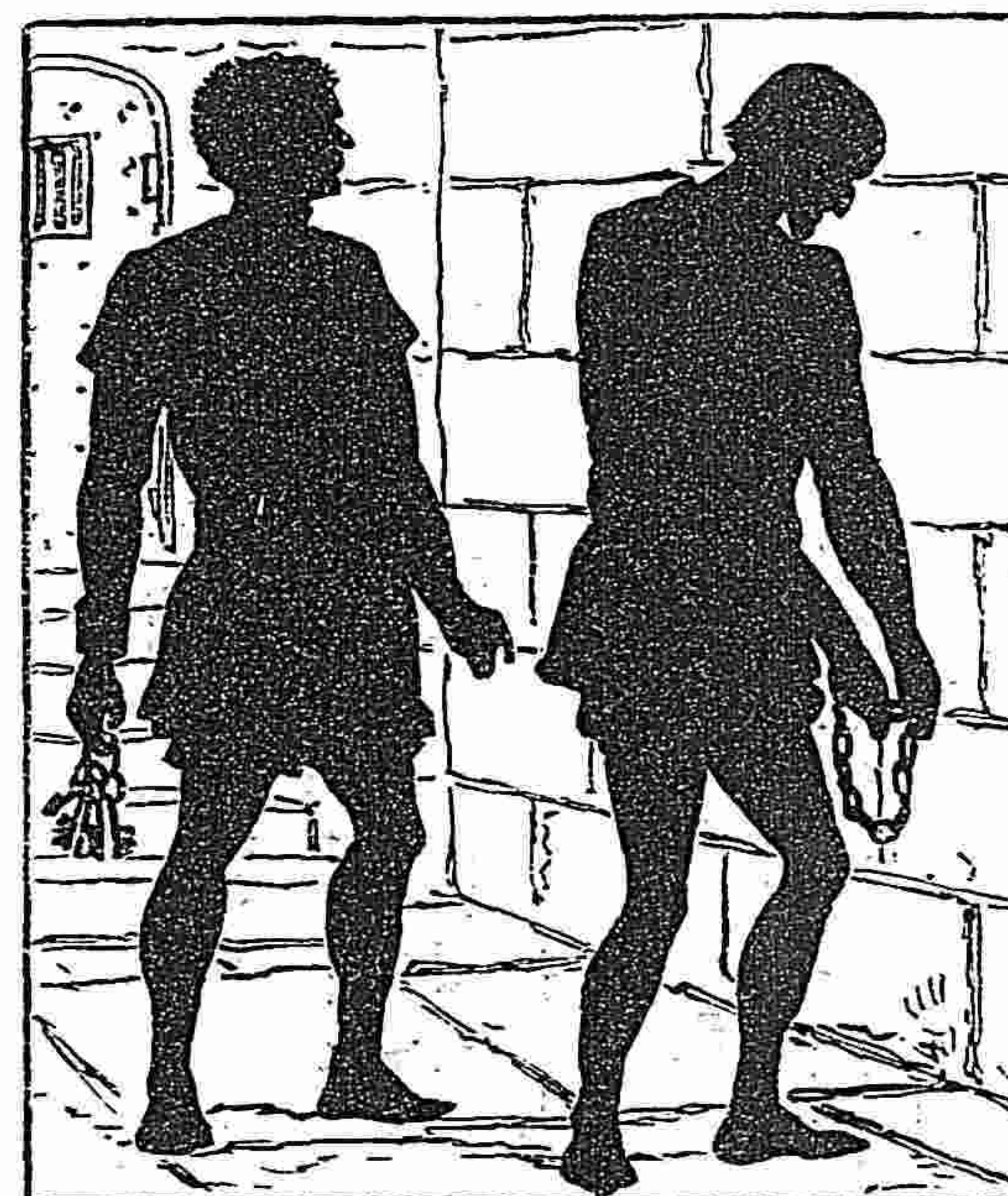
Hunger seizes them, and they lie down to die.



The Burial.



The Robber proves the death of the Children.



Imprisonment and



Death of the wicked Uncle.



HOW THE GIRLS ARRAYED  
THEIR SITTING-ROOM.

"This cupboard," said Mabel, "appears to me quite impracticable; we cannot do away with it—what is to be done?"

"Nothing easier," was the answer, "when you cannot do away with a thing, do your utmost to turn it into a positive use."

In this case it is quite easy; you see it just fills up this recess, reaching about two-thirds towards the ceiling. We will take off the doors, put in some shelves, cover them with cheap cloth or cotton velvet, fastened along the edge with pretty but inexpensive brass nails, and arrange china and other ornaments on the shelves. It will make an admirable stand for displaying what I once heard called 'articles of bigotry and virtue,' *bijouterie* and *vertù* being probably meant. The top of the cupboard must be covered in the same way, with the addition of a valance, for which we shall doubtless find materials among your stores of wool-work &c. If not, we can try the *crêtonne appliquées* here also, or work a trail of leaves and tendrils in satteen on dark serge. We might paint some long grass and leaves and climbing plants up each side of the frame of the cupboard. Decorative paintings of this kind do not require the very highest art to be fairly effective."

"Really you are wonderful!" said Nora, admiringly. "It is my belief you could make a handsome ornament out of a reel of cotton."

"At last," exclaimed Mrs. Tremaine, "at last," I am appreciated at my just value; I can make a handsome ornament and a very useful one out of several cotton reels; have you any black ones?"

"Crowds," was Mabel's answer; "we used to save them for a little niece to play with. What will you do with them?"

"You must get them all of the same size, and stand them one on the other; run a piece of strong wire through, which you fasten below the bottom one by a little brass nut, and then—and then—give them one thin coat of black enamel paint, and just gild the rims, where two reels stand together, and you will be surprised to find how wonderfully close is the representation of a carved and fluted black and gold pillar; they make admirable supports for little brackets, hanging book-shelves, &c. Three little thin shelves covered with velvet, with a row of that coarse white or cream-coloured lace at the edge, must be put, one above, one beneath, and the other in the centre of the supports, a hole being drilled in the shelves for the wire to pass through, and you will have an elegant little three-tier *étagère*, which would show off pieces of ornamental china, little cups and saucers, or anything of the kind, most effectively. We must have some more carved brackets about; they can be bought for a trifle. Those with designs of leaves and tendrils are the best, because we can vein them with liquid gold, and also gild the edges of the shelves. There must also be one or two with velvet valances covered with lace, and we can look into your stores again for crewels and wool-work for another. Corner brackets are a great improvement to a room, as they contradict the angles, and give it a more graceful shape. We will make a miniature three-leaved screen, to

stand on a table with a home-made framework of thin wood, covered with canvas and black satin paper, and arrange on this a number of your prettiest Christmas and New Year's cards; all round the frame work we will fasten fine trails of small-leaved ivy, which we cover with silver paint. You have no idea what an elegant ornament this will make; it is pleasant to see all the cards and be reminded of the friends from whom they came. By the bye, the cards must have a thin coat of varnish after they are all put on the screen. If you can give me an old muff-box, we will turn that into a receptacle for odds and ends of work, and an ornament as well; by plainly covering it with some dark material, and then striping it diagonally with fancy braids, interlaced in a lattice work, with a ruche of ribbon or material to correspond at the top and bottom of the box. The top ruche is sewn round the lid, which must be trimmed to match. The braids with floral designs that were fashionable for dress trimmings are very inexpensive now, and a little silver or gold thread or coloured beads make them really handsome. A piece of furniture we really must have is one of the pouf-seats. For this the carpenter will be required to make us a plain three-legged stool, about 13 inches high and 12 across. We will then cut a circle to fit the seat, and put on this either wool or layers of wadding nearly four inches thick, which will be covered with canvas or anything we may have. Then a circle considerably larger than the first, to allow for the covering the padding, must be cut in the material of which our pouf is to be made. This is drawn into tufts—*capitonné* is the usual word—in this way: You thread a packing-needle with fine string, and bring your needle from underneath to the top of the pouf, pass it through a button, bringing it out again close by where it went in, tie the ends tightly together. You must begin in the centre, and arrange the little puff thus formed at equal distances. When this is done, put the pouf on the seat, and nail the edges left firmly to the stool. A piece of material the same colour, but of any quality, and the width of the stool from the ground, is also nailed to the seat, and serves to cover the legs. If we can possibly afford it, I should like a deep furniture fringe to cover this, but if not, we will make some ball fringe with one of the little frames sold for the purpose, and put two or three rows of this."

"I should so like fireplace curtains," said Mabel. "Would they be very expensive?"

"Not necessarily," said Mrs. Tremaine. "I suppose you would not insist on their being made of silk velvet and trimmed with guipure? I have seen some very effective, that at the first glimpse I thought very valuable embroidery, and on closer inspection they proved to be of damask, with the pattern outlined in gold thread, and a few threads of coarse silk used to vein the leaves. Dark green serge curtains and valance embroidered in *Arrasene*, the design of Virginian creepers with the autumn tints, give a 'colour sensation' that can hardly be surpassed, and would be neither expensive or difficult. *Arrasene* embroidery is so very quickly done, each strand filling a good space. I saw the other day a very novel design for a mantelpiece *lambrequin*, but it is more suited to summer weather, as the dust from the fire would injure it. It was simply a valance of dark green serge, with dried moss, autumn leaves, little twigs of berries, and small pieces of white pith in the shape of jasmine flowers; all these were fastened on the serge with strong gum, and a few invisible stitches to keep them in place. The only expense was the serge, and the effect was perfect."

"What was the special piece of furniture

you were so anxious to possess?" asked Mrs. Tremaine.

"I remember it was something you thought beyond our means."

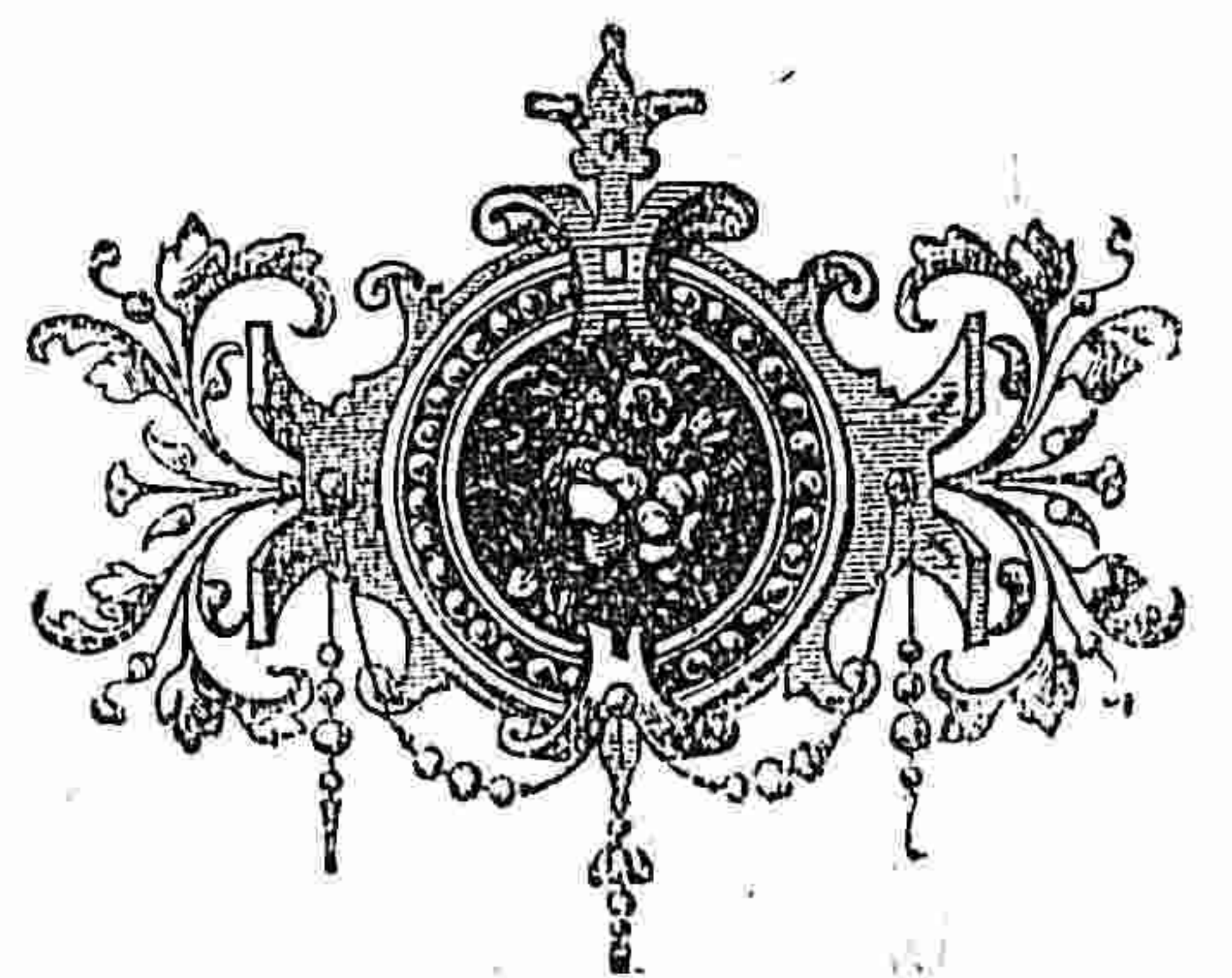
"I was ignorant then," answered Nora. "I had no idea you were a fairy; but now I despair of nothing. I have an old 'musical box' that doubtless you could turn into a new grand piano, and I want one very badly; but what I said was a centre ottoman."

"With the assistance of the aforesaid carpenter," said Mrs. Tremaine, "we certainly can manage the ottoman, providing you consent to have one of the most fashionable, without any woodwork showing—and this is how it can be done."

"Firstly, a frame must be made, consisting of two pieces of deal 9 inches wide by 50 long. At the ends of these are two pieces the same width, but shorter; these four form an oblong frame, and are mounted on six rollers, which can be bought at any ironmonger's. A piece of thin wood is fastened upright in the centre, the narrow way across; then the carpenter's share of the performance is over, and ours commences. We shall nail a piece of strong sail-cloth firmly across the frame to support the cushions, which will form our seats. Two thin cushions are joined together at the top and sides, and slipped over the upright piece of wood in the centre. They are then covered with whatever material we select for our ottoman, and the ends are firmly nailed down to the wood. A cord is sewn round all the edges, to hide the joins of the cushions. Two similar cushions, but much thicker, are covered with the same material, corded, and placed on the sail cloth frame, but not attached to it. The wood frame is hidden by a valance. Now, the momentous question is, what are we to make the cover of? If we cannot find anything—'in stock'—(is I believe, the business term), we must buy, and there is an ample choice of materials of very moderate price. It may be of Utrecht stamped velvet, with the design outlined in gold. You look as if you thought that must be expensive, but it is not so. I buy gold thread, getting a ball that does me a quantity of work for the small sum of fourpence halfpenny. If your window curtains are to be of cretonne your ottoman can, of course, be covered with the same; but if you prefer curtains of plain material with a handsome border, nothing is easier. There are many reps of good serviceable quality at a small price, and a few yards of handsome striped cretonne will supply you with a trimming. A wide strip is sewn at the lower edge and up each side of the curtain, and edges the valance above."

"If this be your choice, the cushions of the centre ottoman must be of the same material with cretonne *appliquées*, arranged in the manner I have already described, and the wood-work of the frame covered with a broad trip like those used for edging the curtains. We might also make a temporary valance for the mantelpiece in the same manner, to be put up while a more elaborate one is being worked."

C, DE L.





## WILD KATHLEEN.

## CHAPTER II.

## A SHORT PATH TO DEATH.

**H**AMPERED by her weaker companions, Kathleen sped onwards quicker than ever towards the fatal edge of that precipice. She could see just a yard before her as she went, and no more. Had any one stood just within the circle of that one yard they could have seen that beautiful girl face, with its crimson-lipped mouth and broad forehead, usually brilliant, as though glowing with imprisoned sunlight, looking noble with unaccustomed earnestness.

But not a creature in the world could see her then, and not a human being guessed where she was, with the exception of the two sisters she had just left behind her. Rescue from her close-impending fate seemed impossible.

Suddenly she paused. She could detect some faint sound. Then she stopped altogether and listened. There certainly was a sound of some sort breaking the desolate silence of the mountain, but whence, and of what nature, it was impossible to say.

"The Indians lie down when they want to detect sounds," murmured Kathleen at last, with sudden recollection. The next moment she, too, was lying down with her ear to the ground, and a half smile flitted over her face as she murmured, "Are the workers beneath me smugglers or gnomes?"

The distinct noises of many hammers rising and falling on hard substances, that gave out a sharp twang, rose up to the listener's astonished ears, apparently from the depths of the mountain's heart.

After listening for some time, and becoming increasingly convinced that the sounds must come from

within, and not from the surface of the mountain, Kathleen once more rose to her feet, and spent a few moments in earnest deliberation with herself.

"Gnomes or smugglers, I only wish I could get at them," she sighed; "I am sure even hobgoblins or a nursery bogey would melt into snowflakes of compassion at our pitiful plight. Being lost on a mountain will be all very grand to talk about some future day, no doubt; but it is a horrid experience as a present fact. If only the others were safe I should not mind. Those hammering creatures must have an opening in the mountain somewhere to their underground toils."

But if they had, Kathleen seemed to have small likelihood of finding it, and once more she moved slowly on a few yards in the old direction. The sounds came to her more distinctly as she went on, and again she paused in her blind journey towards a sudden and awful death, and lay down to listen.

As before, she was completely baffled in her attempts to decide from which direction the sounds came. She only succeeded in attaining to the disheartening knowledge that mingling echoes made it impossible to determine which sounds had material origin, and which were mere opposing repetitions. Rising to her feet the second time, and, springing downwards rapidly to make up for lost

minutes, she exclaimed, despairingly, aloud, in a very different tone of voice from that in which she had so recently exclaimed, "Hurrah for ould Oireland!"—

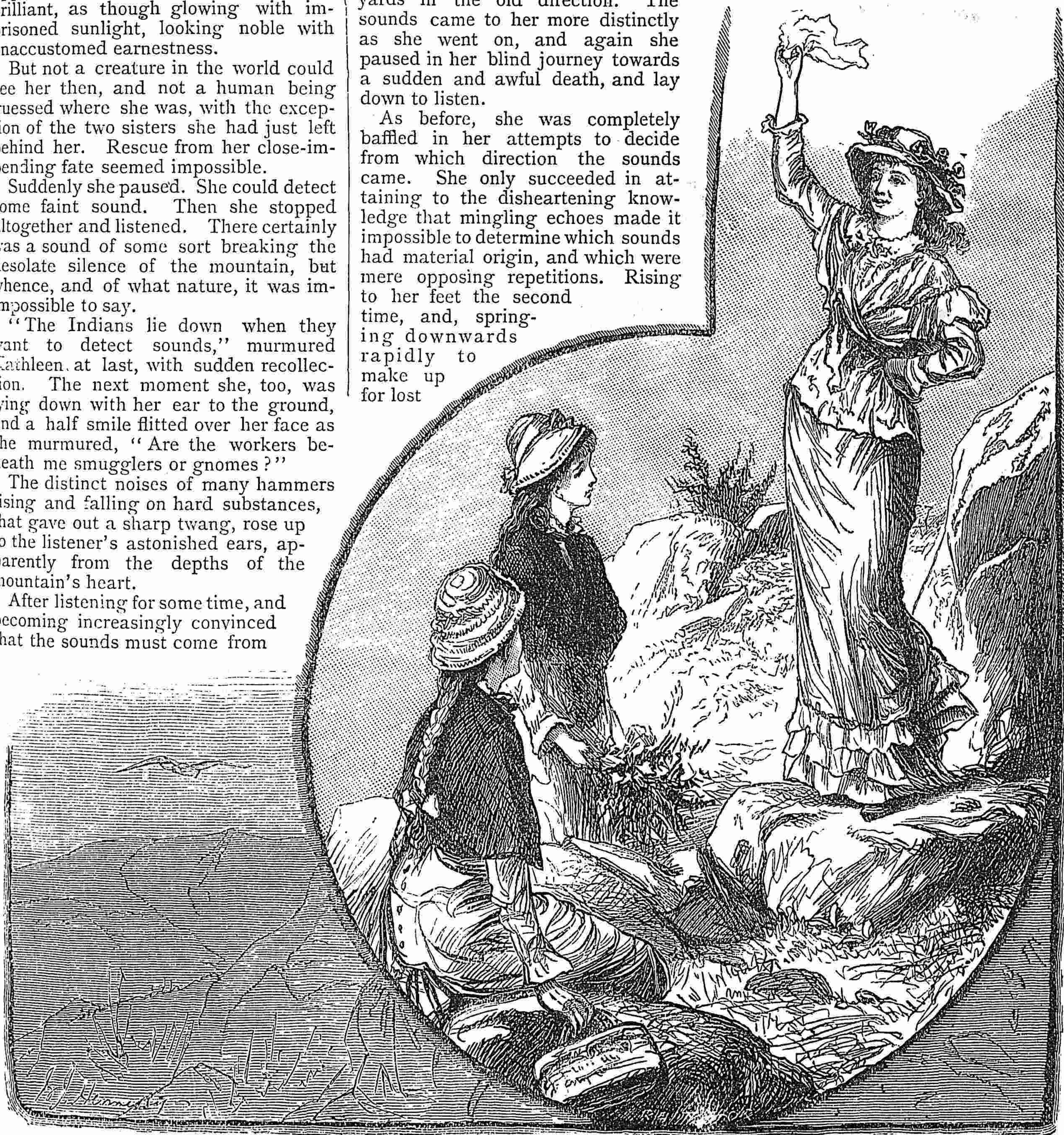
"Well, there is no help for it. I must just go on to the end."

The next moment she shrieked wildly as a wretched bird in its last agony of deadly terror, when it sees the kite falling down upon it.

Her own almost unconscious exclamation had been replied to by a fierce shout of:

"Must you, then? But I say you shall not."

Utterly alone as she supposed herself in the grim, gray solitude, the shout had come upon her startled ears from out of the impenetrable mist, within five



"HURRAH FOR OULD OIRELAND!"





made  
you  
tired of  
your life?  
Who are you,  
where do you  
come from?"  
"That is nothing  
to do with you,"  
replied Kathleen,  
with a return of her usual  
saucy independence, since  
she had discovered that her  
companion had the very  
pleasantest, frankest-looking  
face it would be possible to meet  
in a day's march.

Her words and tone still  
further reassured her self-constituted jailer, and he set her  
free again so far as to content  
himself with only keeping a retaining hand on her arm. At the  
same time he retorted, coolly—

"I beg your pardon, young lady, but I think it has a good deal to do with me, and I may as well tell you that unless you can, or choose to give some satisfactory account of yourself, you will have to remain my prisoner until I make you over to—well—let's see," pausing and regarding her with a mischievous smile, "to whom shall it be; to a policeman or your mother?"

"I am afraid that it must be the policeman," answered Kathleen, with mock gravity, "unless you would like the trouble of escorting me over to Ireland."

"I am afraid that you would not be worth the sacrifice," was the off-hand answer. And while Miss Crofton's cheeks flushed somewhat, he added, "But what does your mother mean by remaining in Ireland, and letting her madcap daughter run wild like this, and risk bestowing an unenviable notoriety upon my pet mountain by committing

suicide from its summit? It's something of a puzzle, you must admit."

"I am not going to admit anything," replied Kathleen, divided between laughter and indignation, "except that I wish you would not talk nonsense,

that you would let go my arm, and that you would stand out of my way a minute, and let me go on, now the mist is lifting, and see what sort of a path is down there."

His face grew instantly very grave. "Stand still for a moment," he said, earnestly, at the same time releasing her arm, "I will soon show you the sort of path that lies down there, and for which you were making when I caught you."

Having spoken, he stooped and picked up one of the stones scattered at their feet. "Now watch carefully," he said. And with a slow, straightforward throw, he cast it from his hand. He had chosen as large a stone as he could well hold, and it sank quickly downwards. Kathleen watched it as directed for about six feet. Then it was gone. Some seconds later there was the faint sound of a thud far below.

The stranger turned and looked at Kathleen. Her face had grown pale and startled. He stooped, without speaking, and picked up a second, and a third stone, and threw them somewhat to the right and left of his first throw with the same results. Then he asked quietly—

"Do you cease to wonder now at my unceremonious treatment of you, and do you forgive me for it?"

Kathleen frankly held out her hand, and rewarded her deliverer from an awful and sudden death, of which she stood literally on the very brink, by a bright look of gratitude out of her blue eyes.

"It is, indeed, fortunate for me that you were in the neighbourhood, and so prompt. I suppose—I suppose—you thought—"

"Yes," he interrupted, finishing her sentence for her, "I certainly did think, when I heard your mournful exclamation in this dangerous place, that you implied some irresistible impulse to go on to the end of your life. And, pardon me, but I confess I feel almost more puzzled now to imagine what your cry could mean than I did before, and how you came to be wandering alone in a situation of such peril?"

Kathleen's explanations were, of course, soon given. She wholly retracted her determination to admit nothing and explain nothing, and her

feet of her ear. She made one terrified bound forward as she shrieked, and the next instant was struggling in terrible fear and helplessness in a pair of strong, firm, determined arms, that held her a fast prisoner as easily as if she had been a baby.

"Oh! let me go, let me go; I beseech you to let me go," implored poor Kathleen, in her powerlessness curbing her proud spirit to descend to entreaty. "Oh! be merciful," she added, "be merciful to me."

"That's just what I am being, and what I mean to be," was the cool reply, in a voice so rich and musical that, involuntarily, she lifted up her face to look at her captor. Their eyes met, and simultaneously she ceased her struggles and the man's grasp relaxed.

"Why, my dear young lady," he exclaimed in a tone of the most intense astonishment, "what in the name of patience and the nineteenth century has



avowal of her own and the Gilbanks' state of helpless bewilderment was ended with a half-laughing—

"And now, if you please, since you have prevented my finding a short cut back to the village at the end of that path, I think I have a fair claim upon you for guidance to a better one."

"Most certainly," was the quick answer. "Lead me back to where you left your friends, and you may depend upon it I shall not leave you until I have put you into a safe and right road. I will just collect my traps first."

The fog had almost cleared and given way to a sort of transparent twilight, through which Kathleen could see the young artist's umbrella tent close by. It was placed against the shelter of a huge grey block of stone, not wholly detached from the mountain, and consequently some safeguard, even in that exposed position, from a sudden gust of wind.

"What dreary subject had you chosen for your picture in this dismal region?" asked Kathleen, whose late experiences had put her rather out of conceit with bare mountain tops. She stepped aside as she spoke to let her own eyes answer her question, and thus gained an answer to a former one as well. On the other side of a hollow in the mountain was a striking scene enough in its own way. Half-a-dozen roughly-put-together huts of loose gray stones, a perfect crowd of men in white blouses at vigorous work in the stone quarry, and the stone trucks rolling with their iron chains up and down the steep shafts leading by stages to the shore below. Kathleen discovered, rather to her disappointment, that the mysterious sounds she had heard had no more strange or romantic source than the hammers of an industrious body of well-known workmen. The next minute she was eagerly leading the way back to where she had left her friends.

### CHAPTER III.

"I HOPE SHE WILL GET WELL SCOLDED."

"YOU are sure you are going back the way you came?" asked the artist, at the end of two or three minutes' rapid ascent.

"Oh, I do hope so; I do hope so," replied Kathleen, wringing her hands together in her growing anxiety at not yet having come in sight of her friends, whom she had really left farther above her than she had supposed. But fear lest she was straying from the route that led back to them was speedily set at rest to give way to a far greater alarm. A cry suddenly rang downwards through the air:—

"Kathleen! Kathleen! Where are you, Kathleen? She is dying."

At the sound of this terrible cry Kathleen seemed rooted to the ground. Her heart stopped beating, and she turned to her companion with pale, parted lips, and gasping for breath.

She looked as though she were about to faint, and for want of any other and gentler restoratives the young man had recourse to an assumption of harshness.

"Well," he said, contemptuously, "you don't mean to say you are going to give credit to that frightened child's information, do you? I shouldn't much care to have you for a nurse, if I were ill! A nice help you would be on a field of battle, wouldn't you?"

The pretended sneer proved as useful

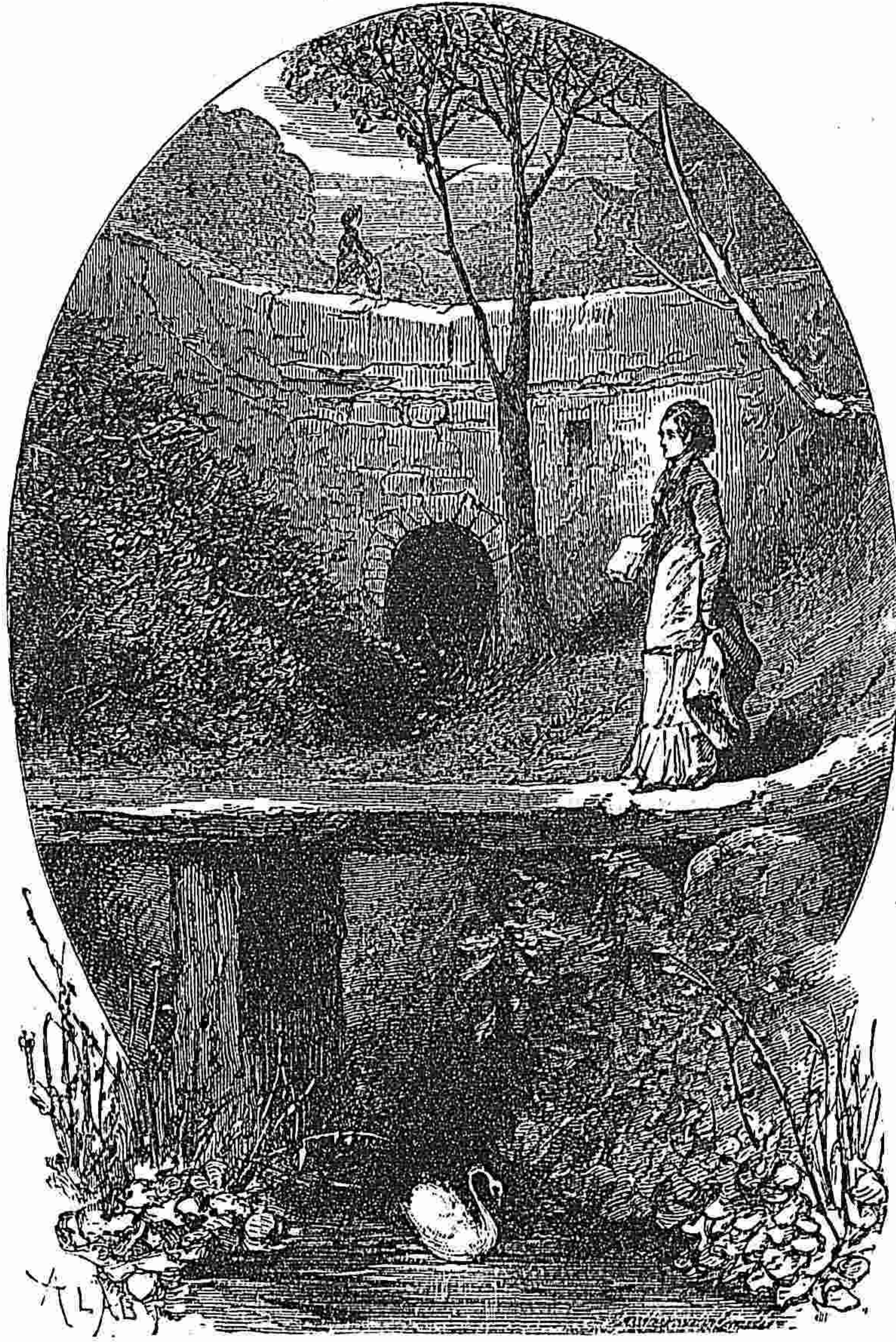
yielding in the slightest degree to her friend's efforts to bring her back to consciousness. Meantime the fog was once more rapidly growing in density.

"What *are* we to do?" asked Miss Crofton at last, despairingly, of the stranger.

"Well, there is only one thing that can be done, as far as I can see," was the reply, "unless you are to remain up here all night; and really, if you were my sisters, I believe I should feel inclined to tell you that would be a very proper punishment for your wickedness in getting yourselves into such a pickle. If you were only boys instead of girls I should have the very greatest satisfaction in giving you a good thump all round as a gentle reminder to keep within your own proper bounds another time."

But while his mouth was administering sharp reproofs he was engaged in lifting the fainting Dorothy with the greatest tenderness from the ground, and now, carrying her in his strong arms, he proceeded to lead the way down the mountain in the exactly opposite direction from that by which Kathleen had so nearly succeeded in effecting a swift entrance for herself by the roof or chimneys into the most outlying of the village cottages.

(To be continued.)



"I WANDER ON, IN BLISSFUL DREAM."

a tonic to poor Kathleen Crofton as the artist had hoped. The colour rushed back to her face and strength to her limbs, and in another minute she was kneeling beside Dorothy Gilbank, who had fainted from pain and exhaustion.

"Spare your tears for the time when they may be wanted," said the artist, laying his hand kindly but firmly on Angela's shoulder, who was crying most bitterly. "There is nothing more the matter with your sister than a good night's rest will set right. At least," he muttered to himself, "I hope so." And again he looked at the lovely, still, white face lying at his feet, upon no better pillow than the stones.

The girl was only in a fainting-fit, that was perfectly evident, notwithstanding poor Angela's fears; but it was a very heavy one, and showed no signs of

### MORNING.

When all is still o'er dale and hill,  
Ere man to labour goes,  
I love to rove thro' field and grove,  
Refresh'd by calm repose;  
To hear the lark pour forth his lay  
That ushers in the opening day,  
And rises like a morning prayer  
To God for His protecting care!

When all is still, o'er dale and hill,  
Ere man to labour goes,  
I love to rove thro' field and grove,  
Refresh'd by calm repose!

When balmy breeze stirs grass and trees  
And wafts the breath of flowers,  
Like incense sweet, with joy I greet  
Those early morning hours!  
I wander on, in blissful dream,  
Till Life a Paradise doth seem;  
And, all my youthful cares forgot,  
On earth I crave no happier lot!

When all is still o'er dale and hill,  
Ere man to labour goes,  
I love to rove through field and grove,  
Refreshed by calm repose!

LEWIS NOVRA.



## HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.



WHAT is an essay? An essay, taken in the strict and original sense of the word, was intended to be a brief and concise account of any given subject, leaving it suggestive to the reader of

further considerations and reflections, and in short, to awaken in his mind a desire to be more thoroughly familiar with that subject.

An essay, taken in the modern sense of the word, is not so, but is intended to be a regular and complete treatise—a brief summary of elaborate research on a particular theme.

A good style of essay-writing includes sufficiency of matter, adaptation of style to the matter, grammatical structure, originality, accuracy of detail, and vivacity of style. Style must be adapted to the subject to be treated, whether it be historical, biographical, critical or social discourse, science, or natural philosophy. It is necessary to follow the nature of the subject, that the choice of words and the length of sentences be well adapted. Hooker, Tillotson, De Quincey, Temple, and Swift may all be studied for style in all its varieties.

But matter must come before style. It has been well said, "To your expression be attentive, but about your matter be solicitous." Mental picturing is indispensable to good descriptive essay-writing.

We may read books and books on "Rome and her wonders," but if we fail to see them with the mind's eye, the learning is but that of letter. By the aid of vivid description it is possible to see St. Peter's, gaze at its immense dome, designed by the immortal Michael Angelo! Then see Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and "The interview of the Child Jesus with the Doctors in the Temple."

The best means of cultivating a good style of essay-writing is by studying the style of the best authors. No one will ever become a good writer who has not some amount of self-confidence.

Read good writers—not for the sake of imitation, but to catch the contagion of a good expression. Too much cannot be said for originality in writing. We like to find a reflection of the old masters in the modern painters. Now, writing differs from painting in this respect; we want to acquire taste, sentiment, and command of language of eminent authors; but we must make use of what originality we ourselves possess.

We would say to the tyro: choose your subject well, be sure you understand it, be careful in analysing it. Accumulate matter by observation, by reading, by reflection; distribute it under the heads of the analysis of the subject. Use English words and constructions, and, as a rule, avoid old-fashioned phrases. Read what you have written, cut out what is superfluous, substitute clearer and more vigorous words if they occur to you, revise carefully, copy in an amended form.

It is best not to think of rules while writing. Whatever has been learnt from rules, to be really of service, must have entered into the habits of mind and taste, and be a part of that power which we use, as we use the power of nerve or muscle, unconsciously.

## OUR COOKERY CLASS.

## IV.—BAKING.



IN many parts of England baking is spoken of as if it referred to bread alone. I do not want us to consider it in that way, but rather as a means of cooking food of different kinds, such as meat, pastry, and puddings, as well as bread. Baking is really but another form of roasting, the difference between the two being that in roasting the meat turns before the fire in the open, so that a current of air can play upon it, and in baking the meat lies motionless in a confined space.

There is no doubt that meat roasted before a fire is very much superior to meat baked in the oven. Those who have been long accustomed to the first cannot enjoy the second. They can detect it at once, both by its taste and its smell, and consider it both unpalatable and unwholesome.

The old-fashioned open ranges are certainly very objectionable for a great many reasons. They consume a great deal of fuel, and they are exceedingly dirty, all saucepans that are put upon the fires becoming so sooty that it is scarcely possible for those who have to use them to help being grimy also; and with them food becomes smoky very quickly; but there is no question that with them meat can be roasted to perfection.

We have, however, to do with things as they are, and these open ranges are rapidly becoming things of the past. We may quite expect that in the course of a few years they will be done away with altogether, and on the whole it will be a very good thing. The principal reason why I shall be glad to see close ranges universally used, is, that I believe ladies will practise cookery more when they are common, than it can possibly be expected they will when they cannot cook a mutton chop without blacking themselves and their dress. With closed ranges they can put on an apron and a pair of sleeves, and with their own hands prepare little delicacies for their husbands and fathers; remove the apron, and, without further trouble, take their places at the head of the table, looking as fresh as a summer flower.

And, in addition, they can practise cookery and still keep their hands white and soft. This may, to strong-minded people, seem an unimportant detail, and I do not quite know that I ought to speak of it here, but I may as well confess that I admire soft, white hands, and I think every girl is justified in taking pains to keep hers so. If she could not do this whilst doing useful work, I would certainly say, let your hands go; but this is not always the alternative.

And now for the best way of roasting meat in the oven, or, to speak correctly, baking it. In the more modern closed ranges a special provision is made for ventilating the oven, in order that fresh air may enter and the vapours given off by the meat may be carried away, and so the saturated taste peculiar to baked meat be re-

moved. Meat thus baked in a ventilated oven is generally called roast meat; and it is very nearly, though I cannot say I think it is quite, as good as that which is roasted before the fire.

The same general rules as to hanging meat and basting it will hold good in baking as in roasting. When first the meat is put in, the ventilator should be closed, and the joint should be placed for about five minutes in the hottest part of the oven, in order that the outside may become quickly browned, and so the goodness of the meat may be kept in. After this the ventilator should be opened, and the meat be gently baked till done. The opening of the ventilator will slightly cool the oven. A small vessel containing hot water should be put by the side of the meat in order to keep the air of the oven moist. When the air is dry the meat is more likely to become hard and scorched. Cold water must not, however, be put in, as it would lower the temperature of the oven.

Meat should be placed on a stand in the dripping tin, in order to raise it and prevent its soaking in its own dripping, and thus becoming saturated and disagreeable. Small stands made for the purpose are to be bought for a few pence.

When placing the joint on this stand it is well to put the fat side uppermost in the first instance, in order that the fat may melt and drop down upon the leaner part. If there should be but little fat upon the joint, a piece of kitchen paper that has been thickly spread with dripping should be placed over it to keep it from burning too quickly—of course, printed paper will not do for this. In any case the meat should be turned over two or three times, or it will not be equally cooked.

As to the time that a joint should be baked. When the ventilator is made use of, the same rules may be followed as in roasting before the fire. If there is no ventilator in the oven, ten minutes to the pound and ten minutes over will be quite sufficient. As in ordinary roasting, solid meat needs to be cooked longer than thin meat, and white meat longer than red meat. It must be remembered also that cakes and pastry should not be put into the oven when meat is being baked, as the steam that rises from it will be likely to make them heavy.

A very important point in baking is the temperature of the oven. No rules as to the time of cooking can be of the slightest use unless the oven is of the right heat. The very safest way of testing it is to have a thermometer set into the front of the oven and regulate the heat by this. Bakers in Paris and Vienna, who make most delicious bread, never bake it by guess, but are guided by a thermometer. If we have one of these useful articles in our oven door we only need be careful that the quicksilver shall rise to 300 deg. for baking small articles of puff pastry, to 280 deg. for larger pieces of pastry, such as pies, tarts, &c., and to 240 deg. for cakes and meat. Bread will require 280 deg. of heat to begin with, but this heat should be lowered after the bread has risen.

Not many ovens, however, are provided with thermometers, and therefore we must have some other way of finding out the heat. Ovens are particular concerns. They need to be looked after and managed and understood, and if they are neglected they are sure to revenge the insult. There are so many varieties amongst modern stoves, that the particular kind each has to do with must be studied, or the most carefully mixed cake or the lightest pastry will be "spoiled in the baking." An experienced cook could tell by putting her hand into the oven whether it was of the right temperature; but until we can gain this experience we must adopt some simple test.



Perhaps the easiest way of testing the heat of the oven is to sprinkle a little flour in it. If this should turn black in one minute the oven is too hot. If it should be of a bright brown colour the oven is hot enough for baking. If it should remain uncoloured, the oven is slack.

An oven that is too hot is, however, to be preferred to one that is "slack." It is always easy to put an additional baking sheet underneath, or a strip of paper over what is to be baked; but an oven that is too slow never bakes well. It will make bread and cakes heavy, pastry hard, and meat dry and flavourless.

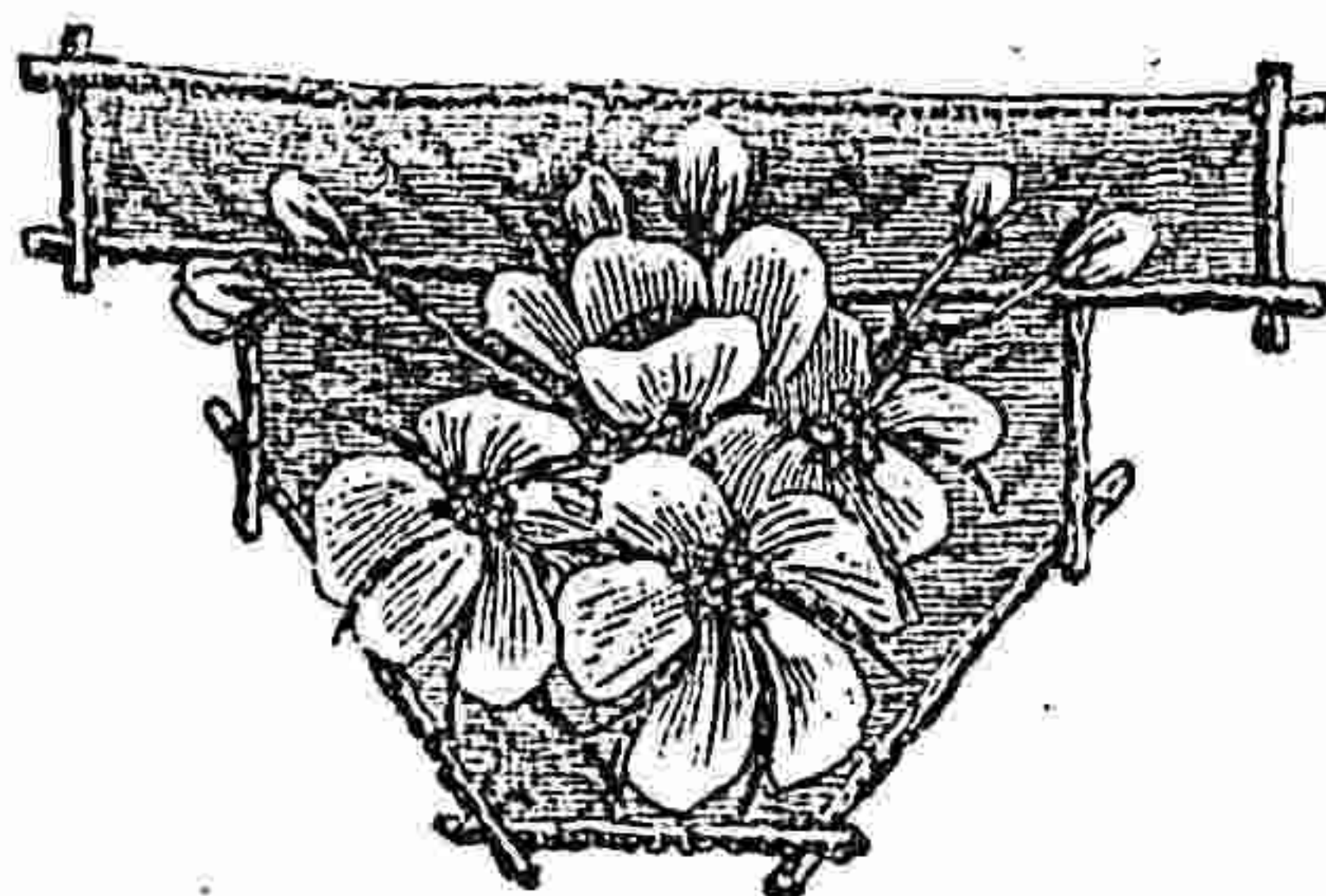
There is generally one part of the oven that is hotter than the other. I have already said that meat should go into this first, in order to brown the surface quickly; and so also should cakes and pastry, and anything that contains flour or any starchy substance. The small starchy grains need to be burst with the heat, and after this is done the mixture can be allowed to bake more slowly. If it is not done the preparation will be heavy.

Bread requires peculiar management, which must be the result of experience. As a rule, brick ovens are to be preferred to iron ones for baking bread, because the heat in them is more equal. Iron ovens, such as are attached to kitchen ranges, quickly become over-heated, which causes the surface of the bread to become hard before the heat has reached the centre of the dough, and this keeps the bread from rising. Therefore, if an iron oven must be used for this purpose, it will be found that small loaves or rolls are more easily baked than large ones.

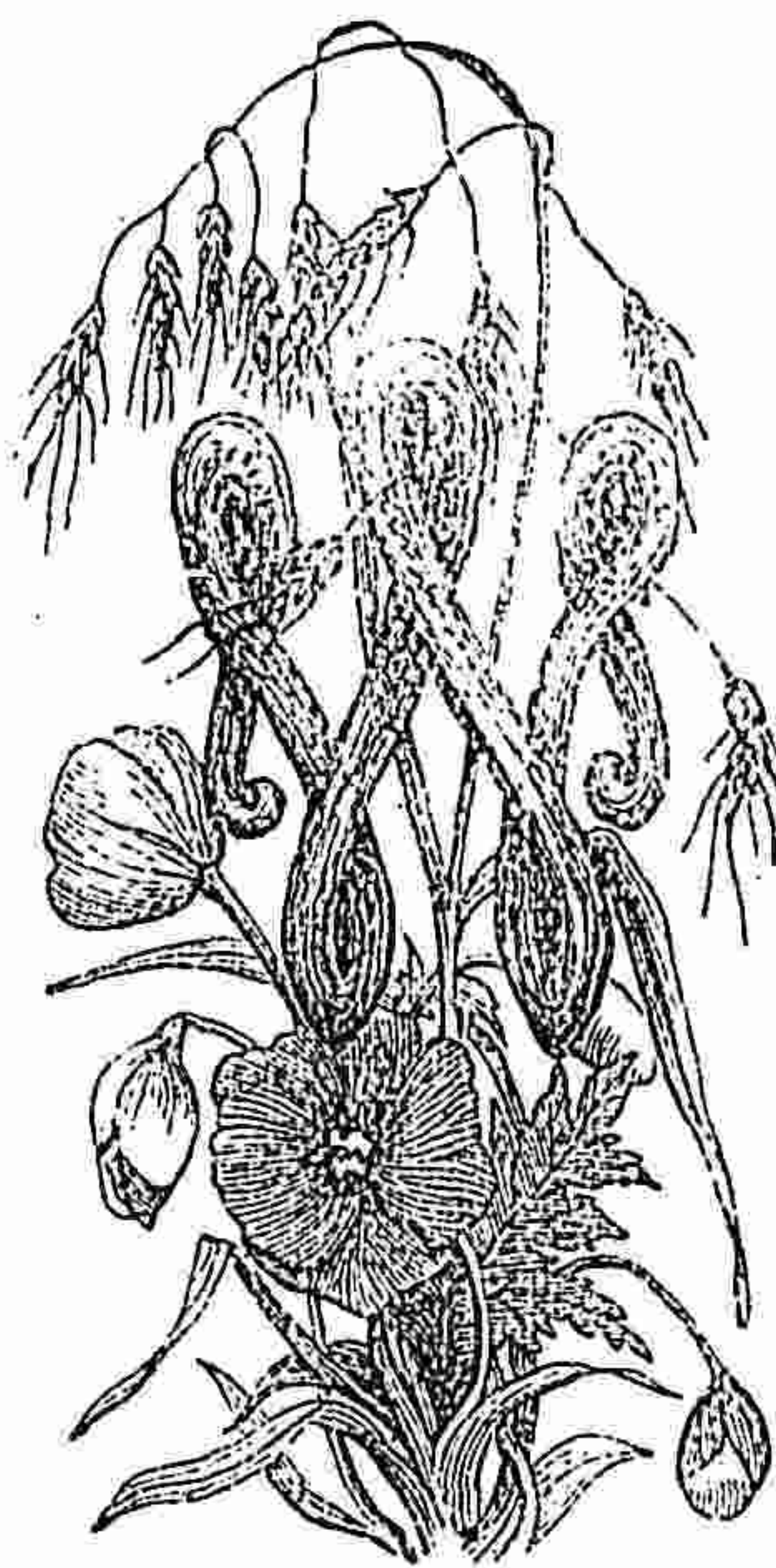
There is one thing in baking that we must bear in mind, and that is that "an oven will not look after itself." The numbers of carefully prepared delicacies I have seen spoilt through forgetfulness of this simple fact. Only the other day a young friend of mine announced her intention to make some buns. She collected her materials, selected the recipe, mixed the ingredients in the most satisfactory manner, and put her buns into the oven. The whole family was in a state of expectation, when suddenly an odour more strong than agreeable diffused itself through the house. The melancholy fact slowly forced itself upon us. The buns were burning. My friend had forgotten to look after them whilst they were in the oven, and they were all burnt as black as our shoes.

One objection to an oven is that it is not always hot when it is wanted. Those who want to do a little cooking in a hurry and find that the oven is cold and the fire low, may make a substitute for the oven out of a saucepan. Small pieces of meat, poultry, and game are excellent thus "baked in a pan." Take a common iron saucepan (a tinned or an enamelled one would not answer for the purpose). Melt a slice of dripping in it, and rub the meat or bird that is to be cooked all over with dripping. Place it in the pan, put on the lid, and turn it about every two or three minutes till it is equally browned all over. Cover the pan closely, draw it to the side of the fire so that the meat can cook slowly, and turn and baste it frequently. It will be done in about the same time that it would take to cook in an ordinary oven, and few would guess that it had not been dressed as usual.

PHILLIS BROWN.



## CHINESE AND FRENCH.



OMEN have no souls, said a Chinese mandarin one day, with a very self-sufficient air of superiority; and when the missionary with whom he was conversing maintained that "women possessed immortal souls as well as men," the Chinese laughed loudly. "That is good," he said, "I will tell my wife when I return home that she has a soul, and I expect she will be considerably astonished at the information." He laughed again, apparently very much tickled by this new notion, for in China the popular belief is that a woman is an inferior being, and cannot even aspire to go to heaven. Women in China are entirely under the control of their parents until her marriage, and should a wife give birth to sons she is supposed to have the privilege of returning to earth at some future time in the form of a man. In this event she may hope to reach the Buddhist paradise, but under no other conditions. Thus the great desire of all Chinese girls is to return to earth as a man.

In France things are very different, for in that country women are supposed to possess souls, and it is not thought strange that a woman should prepare herself for the life to come. It is generally otherwise with the men, of whom the greater part do not appear to believe in a future state, at least very few amongst them make any preparations for it. Most of them live as if their existence ended in this world, and as if immortality were a fiction. It is not then very consoling to reflect that it is not much better to be a man in France than to be a woman in China. Fortunately for both the Gospel gives us all hopes of eternity—for Christ said, without making any distinction between man or woman, "Whosoever believeth in Me hath everlasting life." May these blessed words enlighten our fellow-creatures in every country, and lead them to look over the horizon of this world to a limitless future! May Christians soon encourage and console the poor Chinese women, and teach them how far better from being men here below it is to become angels in heaven—a blessed aim and end open to the whole human race by faith in Jesus Christ, through Whom we may enter the kingdom of heaven, and attain to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

## VARIETIES.

**MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.**—In Germany elopements are never heard of, and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. The proposal being formally made and accepted, then comes the betrothal. This takes place, for the most part, privately; shortly after which the father of the bride (as she is then called) gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world—who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information. The cards of betrothal are then circulated amongst the friends and acquaintances of each of the lovers.

**KINDNESS** will soften the heart of the most obdurate, if patiently persevered in. Even an enemy may be won over by oft-repeated acts and words of real sympathy and love. Our own happiness greatly depends upon our endeavours to promote the happiness of others.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Can you by any means the cause divine  
That U and I together ne'er can dine?  
O yes, the reason all must plainly see,  
Who know that U can't come 'till after T."

**AVOID** all forms of affectation in speech or manner—it is a deception easily seen through, and gains contempt instead of admiration.

## DOUBLE DIAMOND ACROSTIC.

The centre lines from top to bottom and from left to right will give the name of a well-known London suburb.

My first in cork is to be seen,  
A little letter 'tis I mean.  
A measure long my next will be,  
In trains by ladies worn, you see.  
A little word without delay  
Is opposite to strong, you'll say.  
A fourth will name a district well  
To those who in the south do dwell.  
The pallid cheek my fifth describes,  
Alike of scholars and of scribes.  
An animal my sixth, you'll say,  
With reel or cotton oft will play.  
A letter in the word muzzle  
Will conclude this little puzzle.  
My central down words spell in full the  
name,  
And my fourth you'll find will do the same.

A NAUGHTY, rough schoolboy lately threw a ball so hard at his little sister that he hit her on the back of her head, and the *barrel* came out of her mouth.

**PRINCE BISMARCK** is the possessor of 482 decorations, received from all sovereigns but that of Great Britain. To display them all at once would require a breast *only* twenty-one feet wide!

1. What article of apparel does a girl who cannot sleep resemble?

ANSWER.—A wide-awake.

## SQUARE WORDS.—1.

My first is a useful piece of furniture.  
My second can never be put under.  
Climbing the Alps my third is thought to be.  
My fourth is often joined to science.

## SQUARE WORDS.—2.

Where ladies meet my first is sure to be.  
With pleasure men my second would allure.  
My third belongs to houses you oft see.  
My fourth ne'er cause, let sympathy be sure.

A WIFE should be her husband's dearest and nearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of heart and mind; as capable of advising as of consoling him; a true woman, to be his helpmate and companion, not a goddess to be set on a pedestal and adored with prostrate homage; or a doll to be tricked out with the gauds of ostentatious and degrading partiality.—*Davenport Adams.*

**LITTLE Cecil**, at his reading lessons, comes to the word "corrode." "Corrode, to eat away. I say, mamma, dear, didn't I corrode at that jam pudding to-day?"

An Irishman who wore a very ragged coat was asked of what it was made. "Begorra! I think there's more *fresh air* in it than anything else."



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## RULES.

- I. No charge is made for answering questions.
  - II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
  - III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.
  - IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
  - V. All questions must be brief, clearly worded, written upon one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.
  - VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.
- N.B. Answers, as a rule, are published about a month after the question reaches the Editor.

## ART.

BESSIE.—If you have been in the habit of making any original designs or paintings, we should think that you must have some sketch from last spring which might form the basis of one for the competition. You might finish one already begun, or take ideas from it.

A. L.—Photographs for tinting, and orders for their execution, may be obtained from any photographers who may require them. Endeavour to procure them for yourself.

VIOLET.—Flowers will travel fairly well if carefully and lightly packed in cotton wool. We have received boxes of well preserved camellias from Guernsey, only one or two having turned rather yellow at the edges of the outer petals. To revive withered flowers we believe the best plan is to plunge the stem in boiling water, and by the time that the water is cold the flowers will have revived, then cut off the ends of their stalks and put them in water.

LEILA.—The instructions given at the various schools of art are extended to men as well as women. We advise you to inquire at the Birmingham School of Art for all necessary instructions in reference to both learning and methods of disposing of paintings on china. They may give addresses, and names of manuals, which are all without the limits of our advice. Any artists' colourman may tell you all you wish to know.

NAVY BLUE.—Any contraction of the throat induced by singing is a matter for a doctor to consider. We cannot give medical prescriptions.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Any artists' colourman should be able to give you the name of a book of instruction to enable you to paint photographs. We must again remind our correspondents that we cannot recommend the publications of other firms, nor advertise the articles sold in shops, in our replies. We shall in a short time insert a paper on the subject of colouring photographs.

## COOKERY.

GINGER.—1. Our Editorial office is at 56, Paternoster Row. 2. You should not use the yolk of eggs in making jelly, the whites alone are required. If you attempt to squeeze the gelatine through a flannel bag you will make it thick. It should be allowed to run through untouched.

FANCIFUL FAN.—1. Break up a stick of chocolate in a pint of water, using a perfectly clean stew-pan, and boil very slowly until all be dissolved, stirring occasionally, half fill two breakfast cups with milk, and pour in the chocolate. This will be sufficient for the two. 2. You do not name your age when asking for a prescription to clear and strengthen your voice. Do not attempt to learn singing as a study unless you have reached the age of sixteen. For a relaxed throat there are many good gargles and lozenges prescribed by doctors. Ask the advice of your own. 3. Catwayo should be pronounced as if written "Ketch-way-o."

A. LOVER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—A whole ham is rarely seen at table except at breakfast. "Heavy tea" is an essentially homely institution. Rashers or fried slices of ham may be served at any meal. We advise you to pay a little more attention to orthography.

MIGNONETTE.—Lentils (or foreign peas) should be soaked in cold water for twelve hours. Then skim off any that float on the top, drain, and place them in a saucepan with plenty of cold water, boil till sufficiently soft to be rubbed through a coarse sieve. They should be soft in three hours. When perfectly smooth, mix (if you please) with broth, or in the water in which they were boiled. Boil up again, adding a piece of butter of the size of a walnut. Toasted or fried bread should be served with it. If liked, flavour with celery.

LEITIA.—1. If the recipe for toffee proved a failure, you probably stirred it too much, or boiled it too short a time. Try it again, and mix the ingredients in the saucepan before putting it on the fire. Stir the treacle and sugar well together, and add the butter broken into small pieces. Place it on the fire, and stir slowly till all be incorporated. After this cease stirring, or the toffee will "sugar." Also be careful that it does not burn. 2. For making

orange marmalade, to every pound of pulp allow one and a half pounds of loaf sugar. The oranges should be fine Seville ones. Put them whole into a stewpan, with sufficient water to cover them, and stew till perfectly tender, changing the water two or three times. Then drain, take off the rind, remove the pips, weigh, and to every pound allow one and a half pounds of loaf sugar and a half-pint of the water in which they were last boiled. The sugar and water should be boiled together for ten minutes; and then the pulp should be added to them, and all boiled together for ten minutes more. Add the peel last, cut into strips, and boil the marmalade for a third ten minutes, completing the process. It may then be poured into jars, allowed to cool, and afterwards covered with bladders or tissue paper brushed over with white of egg. Altogether, the time taken will amount to two and a half hours. It should be made in March or April.

A. S. K.—A good recipe for mincemeat is given in No. 4 of this paper, page 64. We must request our correspondents to refrain from asking questions that have been already asked and answered. 2. Apple jelly to be preserved in pots is usually made in September, October, or November. We therefore presume that you only require it for immediate consumption. Cut the apples in quarters—pared and cored—and boil with lemon-peel till tender; then strain off the pulp and run the juice through a jelly-bag. Put the latter, with the sugar and isinglass (previously boiled in half-a-pint of water), into a preserving-pan or lined saucepan. Boil all together for half-an hour, and then pour the jelly into moulds. The proportions required in the several ingredients are as follow:—Two dozen small apples to 1½ pints of water, allowing to every pint of juice ½ lb. of loaf sugar, ½ oz. of isinglass, and the rind of half a lemon.

SUBSCRIBER.—We do not consider that a list or bill-of-fare for a supper party of 36 people would be of sufficient interest to our girl readers to compensate for the space it would occupy.

MIXIE.—We never before heard of what you call a "Jew's pudding"; at least, by that name.

EVA D.—1. For baking pears, try the following recipe:—Peel and halve 12 large ones, place in a baking jar with a cover. Add the rind and juice of one lemon, cloves, and allspice, and enough water to cover all; half a pound of sugar supplied to every pint of water. Bake in a cool oven for five or six hours, very slowly. 2. This is not the time for preserving cherries.

ZARA.—The detailed recipe for orange jelly is as follows:—Put one pint of water into a saucepan, with 2 oz. of isinglass, half pound of loaf sugar, and the rind of half a lemon. Stir these ingredients over the fire until the isinglass be dissolved; then add the juice of a Seville orange and that of a lemon, and sufficient juice of ordinary oranges to make one pint in all—from eight to ten will be required. Stir all together over the fire until just on the point of boiling, and skim well. Then strain the jelly through a fine bag, and when nearly cold put it into a mould that has been rinsed in cold water. When set, turn it out. It is difficult to make a clear orange jelly.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

DOLLY VARDEN.—A great many girls would like to dispose of their work in sufficient quantities to clothe themselves, but it is very difficult to find a sale for it, as everyone seems to do their own fancy work. We think you might do better if you made your own clothes first, for that would enable you to dress on about £12 or £15 per annum. You would find very little time for fancy work.

TOTTLES.—1. We do not inquire who selected the "Famous English Women" designed to be the subject of the prize competition. You may freely accept a suggestion on this point from a friend. 2. Girls of nineteen are not eligible for any of our prizes, but may compete for a certificate.

RUBY.—We recommend you to read our serial story, called "A Sister's Love." From this you will perceive the great difficulty that exists in finding any lucrative employment that may be carried on at home. 2. Law copying or engrossing is anything but easy to accomplish, and requires training, like other employments. Your only plan is to inquire for an engagement at some lawyer's office.

MADCAP.—Weak eyes are common enough in young girls of fair complexion and a somewhat feeble constitution. Weak cold green tea is the best and safest application, but cod liver oil—a dessert-spoonful three times a day often works wonders in such cases. The oil should be gradually increased till a tablespoonful can be taken. Steel drops or tincture of iron should also be taken; the dose is from five to ten drops thrice daily in a little water. Frequently bathing the forehead in cold spring water also does good.

J. W. C. F.—1. The simplest remedy for tightening the teeth when they are inclined to be loose is the tincture of myrrh. A few drops should be put in about a tablespoonful of water, and applied three times a day with a soft tooth-brush. Also use any astringent tooth-paste, say that with rhatany root in it. The causes of loose teeth are generally indigestion or general weakness. A few drops, say fifteen, of the tincture of gentian before meals does good. 2. The best plan to make the hair

grow thick, soft, and glossy is to wash it once a week in lukewarm spring water, using the yolks of two eggs instead of soap. No oils should be used, but a natural gloss may be got by daily brushing and combing for some minutes every morning. This treatment stimulates the growth of the hair. 3. The best application known for softening the skin and preventing its injury from cold irritating winds is rose glycerine.

POLLY DUNSTONE.—Your little black-and-tan terrier, you say, has taken cold. You do not give us the symptoms, however; but if it is hot and feverish, get a little minderer spirit and give it a dessert-spoonful at night, and a teaspoonful of castor oil in the morning. Then, after two days, let it have three times daily ten drops of paregoric and about twenty each of the honey of squills and syrup of poppies. Keep warm and dry, and feed well.

DAISY.—Make your confirmation dress of white cashmere, or fine white serge, which you could wear in summer for the afternoon. Black boots are worn, not white.

EVA.—1. To take oil stains out of a white wall-paper, heat a flat-iron and hold it close to it, without scorching it, and we think the grease will thus be drawn out. 2. We regret to hear that you find all our competitions too difficult for you. Surely you ought to know enough of plain needlework to make a night-dress?

HONEYSUCKLE.—1. We have not heard of any of the evil effects of which you speak as being occasioned by a paraffin stove. They require, however, great cleanliness and care, which, perhaps, you have not given to them. The severity of the winter may have killed your gold fish. 2. The *Sardonyx* is a very hard semi-transparent stone, of a slight violet-shade of grey, and sometimes having a warm blush or orange hue. *Chalcedony* is also semi-transparent, of varied shades, chiefly of white-of-egg. The *Chrysophrasus* is of a light opaque pea-green, with rather a bluish tinge. A *Sapphire* is transparent, of a dark indigo-shade of blue. An *Agate* is a semi-pellucid, uncrystallised variety of quartz, clouded with dull colours of various tints. An *Onyx* is formed in layers of colours—red, white, and various shades of dark hues, deepening into black, and often beautifully zigzagged in acute angles. A *Beryl* is semi-transparent, of a pale and rather dull green. The *Ligure* is a hard transparent gem, supposed to be a kind of fossil of animal origin, and of a yellowish hue. The *Chrysolite* varies in colour from a pale green to a bottle or rifle green. *Jasper* is an opaque description of quartz, of red, yellow, and other dull shades of colour. The *Sardius*, a precious stone allied to the *Cornelian*. The latter are of two kinds, the red and the white. There are works by lapidaries, to which we advise you to refer, if you take an interest in stones and gems.

FRANK.—We advise all young girls to rise at 7 a.m. and to be in bed by 10 p.m. Should breakfast be at 8, you should not take anything previously. Only an invalid should take any description of food or drink before rising when breakfast is served so early. 2. Perhaps your tooth requires stopping, or you may have caught cold in the jaw. Getting the feet wet is a common cause of toothache. We have heard that using flour of sulphur as a tooth powder will prevent your being attacked by it. 3. What do you mean by "straightening yourself"? If you mean that you stoop, the old-fashioned "face-board" stuck into your belt is the best cure that we can recommend. This can easily be made for it. It is shaped like a battledore with the middle cut out, only of a flat piece of wood. 4. Your last question, "Is it right to be ambitious?" is too vague. A certain amount of ambition is very justifiable; as, for example, for a man to "covet to be a bishop," according to St. Paul. But there should be a limit to its indulgence, and ambition must be well balanced with other qualities, and so kept in proper check, or it may become a vice. Much also necessarily depends on the direction which the ambition takes.

ISABEL.—Stir the starch with a wax candle—as before recommended—for the glazing of your collars and cuffs.

FRANK.—You should wash silver jewellery with warm water and soap, and polish with a little hartshorn powder and a leather.

RAG BAG.—The song, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," was written by Thomas Moore, and the music to which it is set was composed nearly at the same time. Any music-seller would have it.

FERNERY.—"Burr" is only another name for what is also known as a "clinker," or partially vitrified brick, a substance commonly used for the tops of walls. Rough irregular ones would suit rockery, being full of holes, which might contain earth; and also, if grouped, would make a kind of bracket or pocket for holding ferns.

\* \* The Publishers cannot undertake to post numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER weekly from the office. If there is any difficulty in procuring the magazine of local agents, the MONTHLY PARTS will be forwarded on receipt of P.O. Order or stamps for 7s. 8d. for twelve months, or 3s. 10d. for six months (in advance). P.O. Orders should be made payable to JOSEPH TARN, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, to whom all business letters also should be addressed.





VOL. I.—No. 12.]

MARCH 20, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA: OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

### CHAPTER XXI. RUGGED PATHS.

It was sunset when they returned to the boats. Fred had insisted on remaining on the Point until the tide turned, and then he was in a fidget because they could not get home quickly enough.

He shivered with cold, said he felt ill and tired, for the rowers made but slow progress against an adverse current. Nellie Lester spread a warm shawl over his feet, sat by his cushions, and as it was too dark for her to read aloud to



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"SOFTLY FANNING HIM WITH HER SPANISH FAN."



him, she repeated scraps and snatches of poetry in a low musical voice.

"You are a good little thing, Nellie, and have a wonderful lot of patience with a surly old fellow like I am."

"Now that's mean of you, Fred, to call yourself names!"

"They are perfectly true, notwithstanding. I am growing old. I feel a couple of decades older than I did two years ago."

"That is because you have not been strong."

"I suppose so. I am growing aged in feeling and in suffering."

"Poor Fred! Pain is a hard master, they say."

"It should not be so, Nell. Did we learn its lesson aright, we should not think it a hard master. I am quite disgusted with my impatience sometimes. People do everything to please me, and I reward them with a bear's growl. Wait until I grow better; I will make amends for all, and we will have some splendid times together."

"That will be very nice."

"You must keep your friendship for me warm and fresh and bright, and we will call it *love* then. Promise to keep it for me, Nell."

"Yes, Fred. I will promise, if you like." She looked up at him with misty eyes; for she knew, and everyone else knew, except, perhaps, poor Fred himself, that there would be no growing better for him. He was fast going to that Land where friendship blooms to love eternal.

The other boat was a little behind, and over the darkening waters floated sounds of pleasant song—

"Viens! ô viens avec moi sur la mer azurée;

Qu'aux vents capricieux ma barque soit livrée."

Harry Ashleigh's voice, his sister's, and Mr. Kenrick's made a good trio, and Harry looked to Paul and Annis to join in the chorus.

"It is too bad of you, why don't you sing?"

"I like listening better," said Annis, a little nervously.

Paul did not hear the question, he was watching Annis, and neither singing nor speaking; he started when Harry Ashley asked him what he was thinking about.

"Come, rouse yourself! These Sea-bright boatmen are rowing against tide, and a song helps them on; by the bye, I think I shall take an oar myself, for it looks as though we shall not reach home before midnight."

"Don't, don't, Harry; you'll run us on the rocks," his mother called out.

"All right, mater. I will spare your weak nerves, and pitch another tune."

"Song lightens our labour,  
Keep time with the oar,

Now we are nearer

That happy shore,

Row, row, onward we go," &c. &c.

It was nearly dark before all the party had landed; the moon had not risen, and a grey damp haze was creeping in from the sea, that threatened rain at no distant period, and that made the sands of Seabright damp and gloomy.

Fred's placid mood had vanished. He grumbled and fumed while Josh helped himself and his crutches and cushions out of the boat. His chair had been brought down to the water's edge, and Josh essayed to help his master into its seat.

"I shan't go back in the chair; for I don't mean to be dragged over the loose stones and boulders until I am shaken to a jelly. Josh, give me your arm, and call Mr. Tench to help me."

"I don't see Mr. Tench, sir."

"Not see him! He landed from the other boat not three minutes ago, and must have walked on with Miss Venn and the other ladies. Run, and call him back. Nellie, I will take your arm until Josh returns."

Fred rested, leaning half on his chair, half on Nellie's arm, and the gathering mist struck painfully on his breath, and made him cough.

Presently Josh returned from a fruitless mission.

"Mr. Tench ain't with Miss Annis, nor yet with any of the other ladies—I can't see him anywhere, sir."

"How provoking! Where can he be gone?"

Mr. Laurie came towards them.

"May I assist you, Fred? You will catch cold standing so long in the grey mist."

"I am sure I shall get my death of cold. But I must decline your aid. I am a queer, captious invalid, full of aches, and pains, and whims, and odd fancies, and I can never get on with any one except they are used to my ways. I will go home in the chair, after all, and if I'm jostled to death, I shall thank Paul Tench for it."

"Here's the master coming," exclaimed Josh.

The vicar had been talking to the boatmen, and was seen looming through the mist, stumbling and picking his way over the rough beach.

"Why are you all waiting here?"

"Fred thinks the chair would jolt him if he was drawn over the stones," replied Nellie, who had the invalid leaning on one of her arms, and who was grasping his shawl, large umbrella-folded-up chair, and manuscript in the other.

"How you are burdened, my child! Josh, put some of these things in the chair, and wheel it as far as the smooth sand. Lean on me, Fred. It is not the first time I have helped you over a rough way, my boy!"

And so, with his father's help—with his crutch, and with pretty little Nellie Lester to cheer him with her pleasant talk, poor Fred reached the lodgings at last—tired, faint, and hungry.

Tea was waiting—high tea, that had in it many of the elements of a substantial dinner. It was refreshing to the wearied party to gather round the well-spread table and enjoy the vicar's hospitality.

All the guests had returned there, with one exception, to spend an hour or so and finish their evening.

Annis, seated at the head of the table, busied herself with pouring out unlimited cups of tea, but all the time her thoughts were still more occupied, for

she was wondering what had become of Paul Tench.

This was the second evening of his mysterious absence. The moment the boat had touched the shore he had looked round, satisfied himself that Harry Ashley and Mr. Kenrick were helping the ladies out of the boat, and then, without a word of apology, had darted away, and vanished out of sight in the mist.

Annis schooled herself with determined energy lest her uneasiness should appear. She would fain seem her own natural self without a tinge of anxiety or vexation in her thought, as she entertained her company; but she failed most completely, for the minute tea was over Mrs. Ashley beckoned her over to sit beside her on the sofa.

"How pale and worried you are looking, my dear!"

"Am I? Perhaps I am tired, for I often think a large dose of sea air is rather exhausting, though one is all the better for it afterwards."

"Perhaps; Mr. Paul doesn't appear to be tired of rowing; he has not come home yet, I believe?"

"I don't think he has."

"Has he many friends stopping down here?"

"None, except those we know—mutual friends, one might call them."

"Will he be home before we leave this evening?"

"I really cannot tell."

"Oh!" A long-drawn "Oh!" with a degree of meaning in it, and a gaze of scrutiny at Annis that sent the hot blush to her cheeks. "Oh! I thought you had Mr. Paul's full confidence."

"Don't you see you are mistaken, Mrs. Ashley? At this moment I can give you no tidings of Mr. Tench's whereabouts."

"I am astonished at that. When he is your husband, my dear, you must keep a sharper look out."

There was still the keen glance of scrutiny, and Annis, growing vexed, half rose from the sofa.

"Now, you are not angry with me, surely? An old friend like I am may speak the thought that comes uppermost. The reason that I inquired so particularly about Paul Tench is that I want to ask him a question. We talk of having an evening party at our lodgings shortly; just the present company and two or three more, and I want to make sure you will *all* come. I will not fix the day until I can be certain you have none of you any other engagement. Will he be able to come with you to-morrow evening?"

"You had better write to him, and let him answer you."

"That would be the correct way, I know, but surely you can enlighten me thus far?"

"I cannot, indeed."

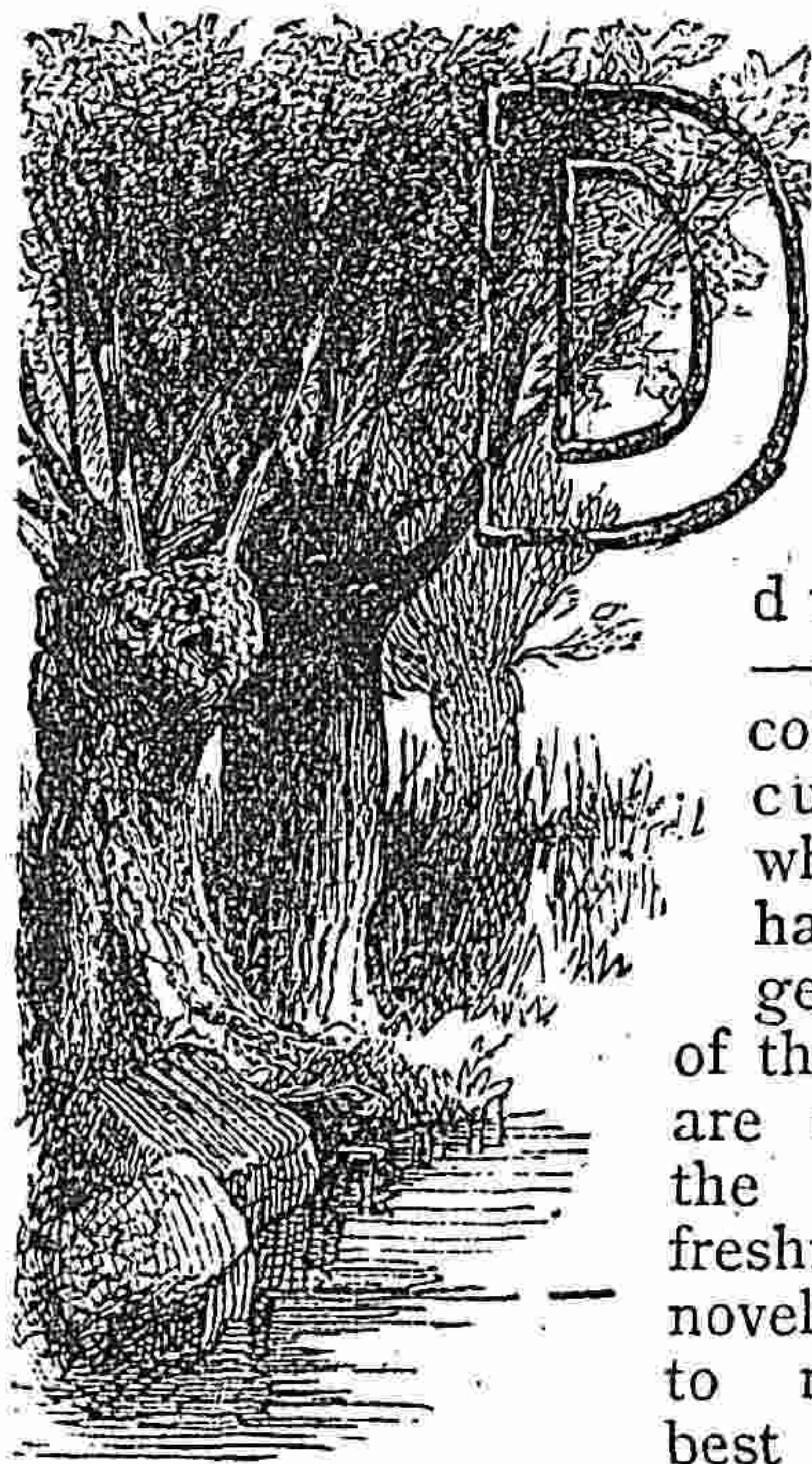
"Then I will write to Paul myself," said Mrs. Ashley, nodding her head, and looking much puzzled, and a little annoyed. She was one of those mild, inquisitive people, who like to get to the bottom of every mystery. She pushed searching questions with an air of guileless innocence, so well simulated, that



one could not be angry, though they might hesitate to answer. Let her guess at a secret, or ferret it out, and it would soon be general gossip. But trust her honestly with a mystery, appeal to her confidence, and Mrs. Ashley would never reveal it, her sense of pride and honour prevented that.

Add to this, she was very good natured, very fussy, and very much interested in Annis Venn, because her son Harry liked her, and she would fain have had Harry's liking crowned with success. So she believed she had some cause for complaint in Annis Venn's reticence. If there was a lover's quarrel or a misunderstanding, or a little coldness, better say so at once, or else she must try to find out the truth for herself.

## CHAPTER XXII.



**D** ES P I T E Annis Venn's strenuous exertions, the evening was rather a dull one—a not uncommon circumstance when people have been together most of the day, and are met, with the gloss of freshness and novelty worn off, to make the best of each other's company

in the evening. Every one was a little wearied, and no lively conversation had sprung up amongst the young people.

True, Jane Lester and Mr. Kenrick were seated at a little round table, looking over photographs of cathedrals, and were waxing eloquent about gems of ecclesiastical architecture and marvels of antiquity. True, Harry Ashley had taken advantage of Paul's absence, and was devoting himself slavishly to Annis Venn. But the two latter, at any rate, understood each other, and Harry was not likely to damage a long-standing friendship by appearing to be anything more than a friend.

The vicar and the Rev. David Laurie were deep in discussion about Sanscrit and Coptic writing and Greek letters, and kept up a lively passage of words betwixt themselves. "Dry and dusty talk," some might have deemed it, but they appreciated it thoroughly. The vicar's benevolent face grew radiant as he reckoned on his fingers some of the languages derived from that language of perfection, Sanscrit.

Poor Fred was utterly exhausted. He stretched himself on a low sofa, and did not attempt to talk. Nellie Lester seated herself on a low stool beside him, softly fanning him with her Spanish fan.

Annis was glad when the evening was

over and the people gone, and she could get to the quiet retirement of her own room.

Josh stopped her just as she had said "Good night" to her papa, and was going upstairs.

"Please, Miss, must I wait up for Mr. Tench again to-night?"

"Yes, Josh. Perhaps he will not be out late."

"Shall I have supper ready for him, Miss?"

"Certainly. Lay the table as you did last evening; and, Josh, whenever Mr. Tench is out, prepare supper for him unless you have orders to the contrary."

At length Annis was alone, and she sat down to think. The day had been an exciting one to her, with flashes of great happiness, but it had ended in gloom.

She was puzzled and angry with Paul. In those brief moments on the rugged height of the tower he had revealed a glimpse of the intensity of his affection for her. His passionate burst of tenderness had surprised her; never had he before been so demonstrative, never shown such irrepressible feeling. Surely any girl might be justified in taking his words and actions as expressive of true, honest love!

But then almost at the same moment he had talked of "drifting away," and now he had gone she knew not whither.

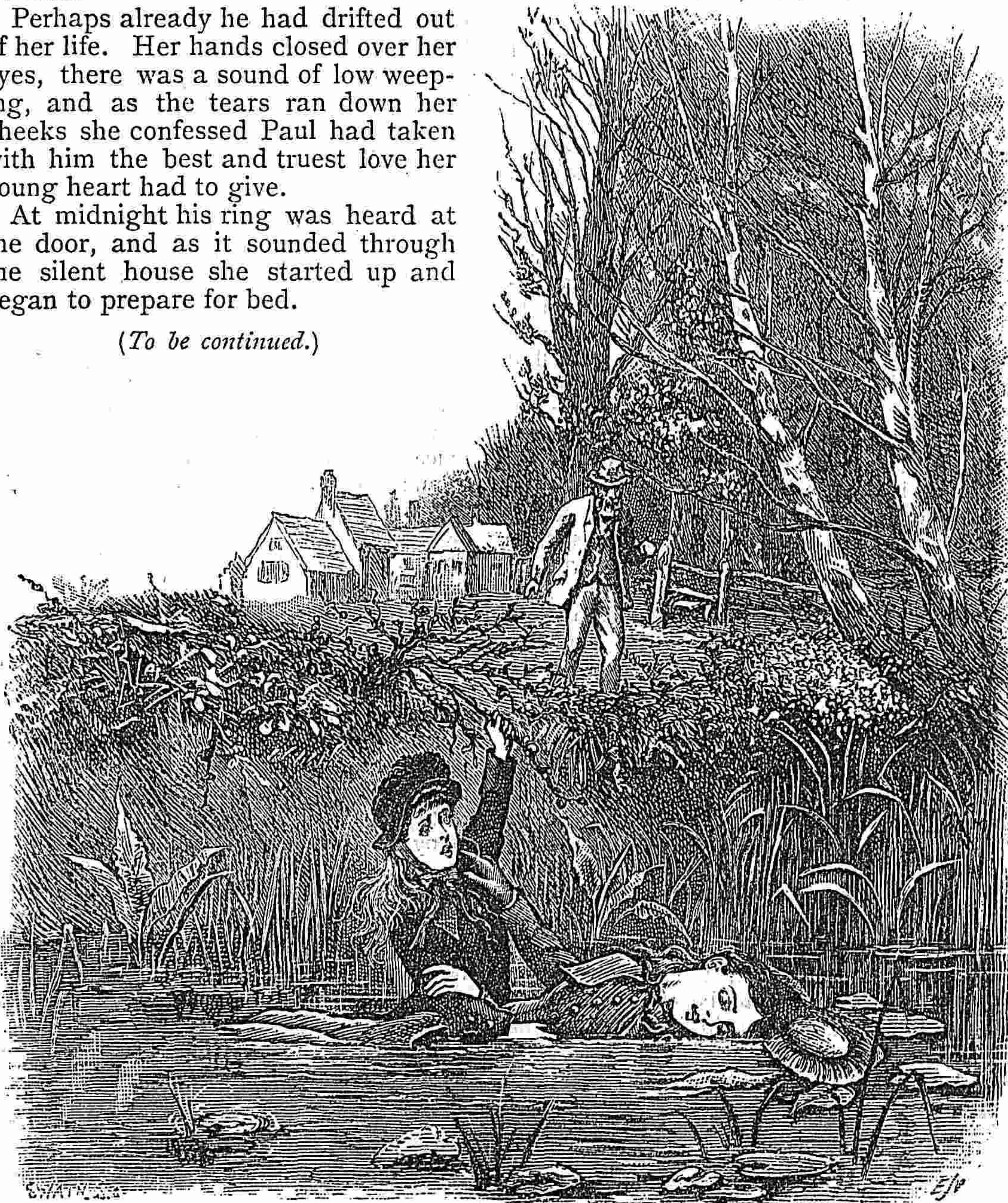
Perhaps already he had drifted out of her life. Her hands closed over her eyes, there was a sound of low weeping, and as the tears ran down her cheeks she confessed Paul had taken with him the best and truest love her young heart had to give.

At midnight his ring was heard at the door, and as it sounded through the silent house she started up and began to prepare for bed.

(To be continued.)

## A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

A VERY young heroine, Miss Esther Mary Cornish-Bowden, aged eight years, has just been awarded by the Royal Humane Society its medal and a handsome testimonial explanatory of the circumstances under which she bravely entitled herself to receive that medal. She is the daughter of a gentleman living at Black Hall, Avonwick, Ivybridge, Devonshire, and she saved the life of her governess, Miss Bradshaw, who, when returning from Sunday-school on the 30th of November last, with the youthful heroine and her younger sister, turned giddy, and fell into a pond six feet deep with water. Dispatching her younger sister to the keeper's lodge, Miss Cornish-Bowden bent over the pool, trying to lay hold of her drowning governess. This she did, but in the effort, she overbalanced herself, fell into the pond, and sank. Never losing her presence of mind, she retained her grip of the governess, and when she rose to the surface she still held her by the right hand, while with the left she caught hold of some short bushes. In this position they remained for about five minutes, the child calling for help. Eventually a passing workman heard the cries, and assisted Miss Bradshaw and the child out of the water. The former was partially insensible, but her brave little rescuer appeared quite unconcerned.





## HOW CAN I LOOK MY BEST?

BY MEDICUS.



To look her best is the desire of every young girl, but I will even go a little farther and say that not only is it her desire, but it is also her duty, for the sake of those around her. To enable her to do this in a natural way, I am going to place at the disposal of the young reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, some of the fruits of experience, and give advice which, if followed, can only result in good. In some future papers I hope to have something to say about the hair, as well as the hands and the feet. In this I will confine myself as much as possible, to a friendly chat about the face and the complexion. And first and foremost, it will do no harm if I introduce here just a tiny, wee morsel of physiology. I know there is a disagreeable schoolroom sound about the word "physiology," and so there is about all "ologies," and "graphies" too for the matter of that; but the lesson I want you to learn is a very short and an exceedingly useful one. It is just a word or two about the skin. Nature formed the skin not merely for a protective covering to the face and body—though, to be sure, that is one of its uses—for it has a great many others besides, and, taking it all in all, it is one of the most important organs of the body. There are millions and millions of what are called pores spread over its surface, and from these are constantly passing off in a manner insensible to us, what, if retained in the blood, would tend to make us sick and ill and shorten our lives on earth. If the skin be not kept in a state of purity and activity we cannot enjoy either health or happiness.

The skin of the face being more exposed to sun and rain, as well as to dust and smoke, is more liable to suffer than that even of the hands, and consequently requires far greater care and attention. The signs of health, as depicted in the face of a young girl, are many. The skin should be pure, soft, and transparent—what is generally called a clear complexion. It ought to be white on brow and nose and chin, and smooth around the eyes, while the blood should mantle in the cheeks in the tenderest of rosy tints—at times rivalling in beauty the delicate hues of some lovely sea-shells. The eyes ought to be rather full, and tender and bright, the white portion showing no tendency to be either yellow or red; the eyelashes should be soft and long, and the teeth of alabaster whiteness. But ah! I am sorry to say that it is too much the fashion of the day to attempt to gain the healthy complexion I am trying to describe, in quite a wrong way. Too much artificiality is had recourse to. I do not mean in the matter of powders or rouge—very young girls do not

require such aids to beauty, but in the use of many advertised lotions and nostrums, most of which had better be done without, and many of which are positively hurtful. It cannot be too generally known that although applications to the face are oftentimes necessary, beauty and clearness of complexion cannot be maintained by their use alone.

Now roughness of the skin and a sallow, pale, or pasty appearance are, in nine cases out of ten, the results of impurity of blood, and, again, in five cases at least out of ten, this impurity of blood is caused by errors in diet. Few girls, indeed, have the slightest notion of how intimate is the connection between personal appearance and a good digestion. The errors in diet I refer to are more particularly intemperance in eating, eating between meals, eating too freely of fruits, pastry, and sweets—things that are only good in moderation—eating hurriedly, and, I may add, taking wine or malt liquors, neither of which young girls ought to touch, unless commanded to do so by their family physician.

Eating injudiciously acts injuriously upon the complexion in more ways than one; it may heat the blood to an almost feverish extent, causing flushing of the face, and that in itself may mean very serious injury to the skin, through the distention of the small blood-vessels therein, and consequent weakening of its nerves. Again, the stomach becomes deranged through the same causes, not probably to any very great extent, a feeling of languor being more often present than actual pain or uneasiness, but just sufficiently so to have an action for evil on the liver.

Now the function of this latter organ being to eliminate or release bile from the blood, and bile, if circulating in the veins, being a poison, it can at once be seen that little attacks of indigestion, especially if of frequent occurrence, can be highly inimical to the complexion. If you wish then to retain your youth and beauty, be most careful how you eat and drink, for there is nothing that will age one sooner than errors in diet.

Plenty of healthful exercise in the open air tends greatly to purify the blood and render the complexion delightfully clear; it also keeps the pores of the skin open, and prevents the formation of those nasty little black ticks that are so disfiguring to the face of a young girl. Remember that these can always be more easily prevented than cured, and that when they are numerous, although they may be squeezed out, they actually leave small pits behind them and a disagreeably roughened appearance of the skin. I shall have to speak more particularly about exercise another day, but here just let me give a hint or two. The time for taking it is before and not after meals; it should be moderate to be beneficial—that is, it should not be carried to the verge of fatigue. At the same time I advocate for young girls a little running and leaping, and even occasional gymnastics, for all these tend to spread a healthful bloom on the cheeks and render the skin soft and pliant. But pray remember this, no exercise of the nature of a task, no exercise that you do not thoroughly enjoy, no exercise that does not make the time fly as if it had the wings of a swallow, can do much real good.

Observe, too, that I said the exercise should be taken in the open air. Oh! if my young readers only knew the healthful, beautifying effect of pure fresh air, they would hardly ever be within doors unless by compulsion. Every hour spent in the open air goes so far to keep a girl young and lovely; and every hour spent in a dull, stuffy room goes to age her and render her complexion sallow. Badly ventilated bed-rooms are terrible enemies to good looks, and they are all the more so in that one is really more apt to sleep longer in them.

The air being dull and heavy causes drowsiness, but the sleep is not of a sweetly refreshing kind, and you do not wake from it happy and gay and light-hearted as you ought to—as the birds do, ready to burst into song the moment they open their eyes. In the summer months the windows ought to be open all night. If you try the effects of this for one night only you will be astonished, and not like to have them closed again. Of course you must take care of catching cold, for no one should sleep in a draught. A young girl should have eight hours' sound sleep, but not more. If she has more it is not really proper sleep, and I'll tell you what often occurs. She awakes in the morning slightly puffy about the eyes and eye-lids; this may not hurt for once in a way, it may not hurt for fifty times, but woe is me! I know it ends in early wrinkles and crow's-feet, and a consequent banishing of youth and beauty long before its time.

I must now say a word about water and ablution. A well-known living authority makes the following wise remark. "Water," he says, "the medium of ablution, hardly receives a just appreciation at our hands. It is the most grateful, the most necessary, and the most universal of the gifts of a wise Creator."

Now, if you would live long and still retain your youth, if you would look your best, and have both health and beauty in abundance, I pray you look upon pure water as not only a faithful servant, but a kind friend. Happy is the girl, I say, who can take and enjoy a bath in pure cold, soft water every day of her life. She ought to be as plump and pretty as a partridge, and as fresh and "caller" as a little trout. Well, but if you are not strong enough to have a bath every morning, an occasional tepid bath in the evening, with plenty of mild soap, will do a deal of good to the whole system, and the face and hands ought to be washed and sponged several times in the day. And here is something that ought not to be forgotten—never, if you can help it, wash in hard water, for water that curdles the soap will, so to speak, curdle the complexion. Procure rain or the softest of river water for the hands and face, even if you have to send for it in bottles. I can assure you that many a fair face is ruined, so far as beauty goes, by the use of hard water.

And talking of the benefits of ablution, I shall do good service if I call attention to two mistakes that are commonly made. One is the use of bad soap; that is, soap which contains too much alkali. Avoid coloured and over scented soaps. Another mistake is the use of too rough a towel, and this rough towel, I am sorry to say, is often recommended by people who know no better. A moderate degree of friction is all very well, but, dear me, you do not need to rub your pretty skin off. I repeat, then, rain or river water, *neither warm nor too cold*, good soap, and gentle friction; so shall you avoid a roughened or irritable skin and chaps on lips or fingers.

I must now touch on a delicate subject—medical men must at times, and this is nothing very dreadful after all; but young girls, on looking into the glass, are sometimes startled by seeing a slight wavy down on the corners of the upper lip. Let it alone—think nothing of it. In ninety cases out of a hundred it decreases with maturer years, but interference is in all cases dangerous and injurious.

I have now shown you that sallowness or pastiness of complexion is caused by impurity of blood, and can only be removed by proper diet, exercise, pure air, proper ablution, and healthful sleep. These will remove it, but, mark me, no application to the face will or can. Medicines, however, often do good, but as I do not believe in young ladies taking



much to drugs, I shall only mention one or two that greatly help to beautify and clear the complexion. If, then, the appetite is not what it ought to be, from half to a whole teaspoonful of quinine wine should be taken three times a day. If there be weakness and paleness of face and gums, nothing is simpler, better, or more elegant than the common citrate of iron and quinine mixture, which any chemist can compound you, and tell you the dose according to your age. If the flesh is not so firm and plump as it ought to be, I commend to you the use of cod-liver oil. Yes, I admit it is nasty at first, but one in this world must oftentimes bear present pain for future profit. An occasional camomile pill is most innocent medicine, yet it helps to keep both stomach and liver right, and it clears the eyes and complexion.

Pimples on the face and brow are not, as a rule, to be cured by applications, but by attention to the laws of health, to regularity of diet, exercise, and ablution; but here is a small lotion which may be of use, and which may be compounded by any chemist. It is two ounces of the best eau-de-cologne, with about a grain of corrosive sublimate dissolved in it. It will be labelled POISON. The tender parts of the face are simply wetted with it three or four times a day. A far better and not dangerous preparation for redness, sun-browning, or tenderness of any kind about the face, is rose glycerine. No toilet table should be without this little elegance.

In summer, young girls who wish to look their best should always after washing bathe the face with a soft sponge and soft water without a particle of soap. Sun-burning may be removed by a weak decoction of gould water, or by applying buttermilk to the face before going to bed. This last application, I admit, is not very elegant, but it is very useful. But probably the most harmless of all cosmetics, and certainly the best, is wetting the face with May-dew—I'm not joking, gentle reader—and if you have to get up quite early in the morning to go and look for it, and have to walk a mile or two before you find any, all the better.

## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

### CHAPTER IX.

WHAT HESBA OVERHEARD.

"It is no use shedding tears over the inevitable, Frances. In your weak state it is excessively imprudent, and implies a doubt of my motives."

"Oh, no, Mr. Mason —, but I had hoped —." What she had hoped was lost in the slightly sarcastic interruption—

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mason, I know you had hoped, and expected, that your reckless and audacious son should be sent to college, and become a shining light either at the bar or in the pulpit!"

"It was his grandfather's wish, and I —" sobbed the lady addressed, more slight and fragile than when we saw her last, presiding at dinner parties and receiving the visits of her new husband's friends—the new husband who made capital of her delicacy, then more the effect of habit than reality. Now, her delicate health was attested by her thin, white fingers as well as by the

cushions supporting her languid head, and the fleecy Shetland shawl in which she was closely wrapped, although the month was June and the fragrance of rose and jessamine floated in through the open casement, close to which her invalid-chair was drawn.

"But his *own* father's wish, Frances, expressed to *me*, his confidential friend, the very last time I saw the poor fellow alive and in my office, was that his son should follow his own profession and be trained to the sea as he had been; and for nothing but the sea is Brian fit," asserted Mr. Robert Mason, with more emphasis than was consistent with regard for her health or the claims of veracity, as he confronted her from his seat behind

the opposite lace curtain, with his elbows on his knees, the palms



"THEN SHE DISBURDENED HER MIND OF AN OPPRESSIVE SECRET."



of his hands pressed together, and his body bent forward so as to bring face and voice nearer, and carry conviction to one not willing to be convinced.

Ignoring his closing remark, she replied feebly, yet with no lack of astonishment, "Dear me! His *father's*? Are you sure there is no mistake?" (She did not venture to say, "Are you speaking the truth?") "Bri—Captain Stapleton promised me—I always understood—the boy's education was begun for a learned prof—"

"Quite a misconception of yours, Frances, I assure you." The speaker's furtive eyes half-closed, and his hands separated until only the tips of his fingers and thumbs were pressed together, as he went on, "In fact, Stapleton laughed as he said to me, 'Fan and the old folk have a notion to make either a doctor, or a lawyer, or a parson of the lad; but I've no love for any of the black-coats. I mean to make a seaman of him; a bluff, hearty, English sailor, to knock about the world with me; to be my mate in time, and my successor on the *Ariel* when I've lost my own sea-legs. I've begun his nautical education already. He can swim like a fish, and he's been his first voyage!' This is absolutely what he said. Crowe was present; he could confirm my statement were he here."

She shivered and shuddered; an icy chill came over her, but not from the open window; the cold breath of falsehood was playing upon her. Which of the men she had trusted and married was she to doubt? The frank, outspoken husband of her youth, who kept his Bible with his charts, and for a like use; or his plausible successor, whose silken glove began to have the hard, inflexible grip of an iron gauntlet?

"Incredible!" she murmured, "poor Brian would never have misled me so cruelly!"

"Thank you, madam, for the inference. That is generally incredible which we are not willing to believe;" and the words, cool, deliberate, incisive, cut like knives, though spoken with a smile.

I presume the boy *has* been taught to swim or he would not have spoiled a new suit of clothes last half by plunging head first into a muddy stream, reckless who paid for them?"

"Oh, Mr. Mason, that was to save a child's life!"

"And risk his *own*, regardless of mother or sister, or even that girl Mercy he is always running after; that is, supposing he had *not* been taught to swim. And of Master Brian's first voyage I should think you needed no reminder, so long as that child remains a burden on our hands."

"Poor little Mercy," sighed Mrs. Mason; "dear Bri—" Mr. Mason's black brows met. She corrected herself: "Captain Stapleton never thought of her as a burden. He considered her preservation miraculous, and said that God had thrown the infant lovingly on our care, either in *mercy* to us or to the child, and that is why he called her Mercy. Brian might be a rough seaman, but he had a gentle heart."

"He must have had a very thoughtless

one to leave the helpless child of strangers on your hands whilst there were orphan-ages open for the reception of such waifs. It is not as though you were robust, Frances. You were never strong within my memory: And it is partly to save your nerves the harass of Brian's frolics and escapades that I have determined to send him to —. I protest, he is up at the top of the great sycamore now!" and up bounced Mr. Mason, overturning his sick wife's footstool, and startling her nerves by a shout from the open window.

"Hallo! What are you doing there, you graceless monkey? Do you want to tear the clothes off your back or break your neck?" a *sotto voce*, "No such luck!" inaudible to common ears, following as a commentary.

"Mercy's kite has caught in the tree, sir; I'm only disentangling the string," came as an answer to the stepfather, who by that time stood out on the iron balcony which ran along the front of the villa.

"Mercy's kite! A nice plaything for a young lady! But what can be expected with a great hulking lad for a playmate?"

He turned round as he spoke. Mrs. Mason had fainted!

Before a startled servant could obey the alarm which rang through the house and gardens, Hesba Stapleton, wherever she sprang from, was by her mother's side, applying eau-de-cologne to her forehead and lips.

In the wake of the domestics had rushed in her brother, the very counterpart of herself; with fearless front, a broad reflective forehead beneath his light-brown hair on which the sunbeams seemed to glint and shimmer, a mouth not small, but mobile, above a firm round chin, and long blue-grey eyes, kept well apart by a nose sufficiently human to set off the face without statuesque classification.

At his heels came a little romp with a soiled pinafore and dark chestnut curls all in a tangle, trailing after her the tail of a home-made paper kite, whilst the other held the kite-string wound on a bit of stick.

Barely had the youth time for a glance towards the window or a hurried, "What's the matter? Oh, mamma!" than he was clutched by the collar and shaken with no gentle hand, whilst the voice of his stepfather, apparently in great agitation, exclaimed, "This is all *your* doing, you young rascal! You will be the death of your mother if you remain here much longer!" the open-eared servants glancing at each other and wondering what it all meant.

"I do not think it was *his* doing, sir," put in Hesba firmly but respectfully, and surely in one of the sweetest voices in the world. "Mamma could not see the tree or Brian from this seat; she must have been startled by your calling to him, or," she added, seeing the scowl on her stepfather's brow, "she may have fainted with the heat, or the fatigue of conversation. But, hush-sh-sh, mamma is coming round, she opens her eyes; do not disturb her."

"Disturb her! It is not *I* who disturb

her. But I shall disturb someone before long," muttered the black-browed gentleman, angrily, as, with another shake, he released his stepson's collar, and stalked from the room.

And now, as though an ominous thunder-cloud had dispersed, the atmosphere of the room seemed clearer and freer. Mrs. Mason, whose eyelids had once more closed, slowly revived, and looked wonderingly around to find her beloved and loving boy Brian kneeling at her feet, gently chafing one thin hand in his, and showing his deep anxiety in every feature; Hesba bending over her and watching just as anxiously, whilst little Mercy, with her pinafore to her eyes, was sobbing piteously as much for her "brother" as for her "mamma."

"It was not my fault; was it, mamma?" asked Brian then. "I should be so sorry if I had frightened you; I only climbed the tree for Mercy's kite, and was in no danger."

"No, my boy, no! Who said you were to blame?" and the mother's thin hand smoothed lovingly the shining locks, doubly disordered by the sycamore twigs and Mr. Mason's muscular salutation. And then she faltered forth, "I was fatigued—and troubled—and I think I was startled; that is all I remember. No, Brian, dear, it was not you."

"Hush, Brian, you must not talk. Mamma must be kept quiet. Help Ann to carry her to her own room," put in Hesba, with her finger to her lip, seeing that her brother was about to reply. "And Mercy, dry your eyes, or I cannot let you stay here. You will make dear mamma worse," she whispered, stooping to the tearful child, as the strong-limbed housemaid and Brian carried Mrs. Mason in her chair to her own chamber across the wide landing, an apartment tastefully fitted up with all requirements for comfort, not to say luxury.

"So you have removed your mamma, I see, Hesba. I hope she was sufficiently recovered. Young girls should not take so much on themselves; they are apt to be rash. You should not have taxed your mamma's strength to walk from room to room immediately after a fainting fit."

"She did not walk. Brian and Ann brought her chair in very carefully, and without shaking."

There was again a slight contraction of the black brows, but he smoothed them, and his tongue also, as he said—

"Well, well, we shall hear what Dr. Mitchell says; I have despatched Joe for him. No doubt you did it for the best."

"I am sure she did, Mr. Mason, and I feel better for the change," put forth the invalid on behalf of her young nurse.

"I wish *I* were a doctor!" ejaculated Hesba, involuntarily, as she folded up the disused chair to set it aside.

"Hesba!" Mr. Mason's tone seemed to call her to order.

"Yes, I do," she added, though in a lower key. "I want to know what ails mamma, and what would cure her."

"You shall know that when Dr. Mitchell comes, Miss Stapleton," was his answer, in a tone as low, "and what he thinks of your unladylike wish. At pre-



sent your mamma can dispense with your services; she appears drowsy, and I shall remain here."

The young girl had no alternative but to retire. She sought her brother, whom she found on a garden-seat under the sycamore endeavouring to soothe Mercy, inconsolable because, "mamma," had neither kissed nor spoken to her.

"Mamma is going to sleep now. Perhaps Dr. Mitchell will permit you to kiss her when she awakens," said Hesba, drawing the dark tangle of chestnut curls to her own breast, perchance for mutual comfort. Then she disburdened her mind of an oppressive secret.

(To be continued.)

## THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.



CLEAR and bell-like sang a voice, wakening the echoes among a grand range of mountains, which stand in their quiet dignity looking down on the valleys below, seeming to say, "We are watching and waiting, whilst you, cumbered with little cares, busy with little pleasures, fret out your lives." In the stillness of a spring evening this sweet, bright voice, with its pretty song, arrested the attention of a young traveller, who, on a walking tour in search of the picturesque, was mounting the small incline which led to a cluster of cottages in the shadow of the Alsatian mountains. He stopped for awhile to listen, and then went forwards in the direction of the sound.

By a fountain, at some little distance from a vine-covered cottage, sat a maiden of some seventeen summers, spinning, and singing as she spun—the fountain keeping, as it were, a low accompaniment to her song. Her golden hair, in waves like the ripples of the water, was as a glory round her pretty face; and as she sang a smile of bright and innocent gladness parted her ruddy lips.

"Adé! Adé! Adé!" then she started and put aside her spinning and sprang to her feet, for a low voice behind her said—

"Fair maiden, I am a weary traveller. Can I find bed and board here in this peaceful valley?"

She raised her sweet eyes to his face, and murmured "Yes."

"I have been led here by strains like the siren's," he said, "sweeter than the Loreley on your lovely Rhine, which has led so many to destruction. Sing to me, now I can see as well as hear you. Will you?"

He spoke in her native tongue, but with an accent which proclaimed him a stranger; and her little heart fluttered like a prisoned bird as she drooped her eyes beneath those glances of his, which spoke so plainly of his admiration. There was André the vine-dresser, and Jacques the miller, and Pierrot, who was so rich, and kept a large shop in Strasbourg—they had spoken words of love to her, but never had she felt for them as now in these brief moments she felt for this stranger.

She laughed when they called her beautiful; tossed her pretty head with its rippling golden hair when they besought her to listen to them. She loved her goats, her pigeons better than they—far, far better; but a sudden, strange sensation had made her heart beat quicker at the gentle tones of him who now bent down to gaze in her flushed and beautiful face, and though she would gladly have done anything

for him she could not steady her voice to sing again. But he threw himself on the ground beside her, and talked on in his gentle voice, speaking as courteously as he would to any princess; and wrung from her the story of her brief simple life. She had no one but Nanette and André, she said. Nanette Duval was her grandmother. Yes, she lived there in that cottage, and André was her cousin; he was a vine-dresser, he lived in that cottage further on. And then she laughed such a bright, hearty laugh, that the stranger, jaded and worn out with the world's heartless dissipations, felt freshened and brightened, as when a breeze passes over a fevered brow. Then he bent down, gazing with loving eyes into the sweet, pure, innocent face, and whispered of a bright home in England, which would be made still brighter if she would only share it; and the fountain rippled and sparkled, and the Angelus rang out in the clear air, and the goat bells rang, and Grand'mère called, "Ninon, Ninon!" and the moon rose and glittered in the fountain, but the young girl heard only the whispered words—"words the sweetest she had known"—until the voice of Nanette, calling more loudly her name, made her move from the fountain, bid farewell to the stranger, and with a new pain at her heart—a strange pain mingled with a strange joy—go slowly back to her cottage home. Poor little Ninon! she lived now for one hour in the day—that hour which beside the fountain she passed with her stranger-love. She was more than ever short and abrupt with André, cold and indifferent to Jacques and Pierrot. What were they in comparison with him? And Grand'mère liked him, too.

So he lingered on, sketching all day and loitering by the fountain in the pleasant evenings, listening to the sweet voice singing her plaintive songs, never thinking what would her life be like when he was gone. He meant her no harm, pretty child. It had been such a happy time for him and her. And when it was over? Well, it would do to look back on like a pleasant dream, and she would be the wife of that heavy-looking André, and be a fat, buxom contented dame, with an array of little flax-haired children when he came again to Alsace. Ah! Yes. Still it was not pleasant to say good-bye to her; and as he never did anything unpleasant that he could avoid, he did not say "good-bye," but went away one morning from beneath the blue Alsatian mountains, haunted, even to his far-off English home, with the sweet "Adé, Adé, Adé," he had heard beneath their shadows.

"Ninon! Ninon!" rang through the valley when the sun had set that evening, but the call had many times to be repeated before she came with sad, slow step, and strange, wild eyes, and dry, white lips. And poor old Nanette flew forward and, taking her cold hands in hers, exclaimed—

"Oh dear! what ailest thou, *petite*, hast thou seen a wolf, or—"

"He is gone," she murmured between her pale lips.

"Monsieur? Oh, there, poor little one, do not grieve, he will come back, depend on it," and soothing and petting her as though she had been the tiny child she had first taken charge of, the good grandmother led her to the cottage, and, seating her in her own chair, rubbed her poor little cold hands, and bid her be of good cheer. He was gone to make pictures, that was all, he would soon be back. Why, was it likely he would go away without saying good-bye, if he was going for long? A wan smile spread over the pretty face as the kind old woman strove to reassure her. But something seemed to tell her "she should never see the stranger where the fountain falls again." Each evening she went to the old tryst and sang her old songs,

but he came not. The grand old mountains looked down on her; the moonlight silvered the water of the fountain. The spring flowers gave place to the richer blossoms of summer, autumn winds sighed amongst the trees, and winter snows covered all around, and spring came again; but, not he for whom she sighed. And now André came to speak to Nanette seriously about his cousin. He was quite rich now, he said, he was going to take a larger cottage, and finer gardens, and he should soon be *millionaire*. Ah! yes truly, he must have Ninon now, and she should be dressed as well as the wife of M. l'Avocat, and ride to church, and never soil her hands. Grand'mère having given up all hope of the return of the stranger encouraged André, in his hope, and strove to persuade Ninon to listen to him, but in vain. She only shook her head and said, "He will come again. I will wait and watch as they do, pointing to the mountains towering above her head.

"Ah child! it is silly, he is a deceiver like so many," said Nanette. "He will never come again. And what is to become of thee, child, when thy old grandmother is gone—no husband to protect thee? Oh! truly you mistake André, a good man and a good home must not be despised."

"No, no, grand'mère, do not ask me, do not speak of André. If he does not come back, I shall have a fairer home than André can find me—there! there, *petite mère*, above



and burying her poor, pretty pale face in her hands, she wept as though her heart would break.

The spring came again; the flowers sprang up once more; they came back, but not he so anxiously longed for. Paler and paler grew Ninon, and she looked like a withered flower pining for the rain. André grew angry. He would wait no longer to persuade her. Madeleine Dupont would be glad to have him, and she would have money, as her father was a watch and clock maker in Strasbourg, and attended to the clock in the cathedral, for which he was paid handsomely—a saving, careful man, every one said, and Madeleine his only daughter. Ah! Ninon would be sorry when she saw her, on his arm, enter the church.

And the spring came and went, and André's wedding was celebrated in the little village church—André and Madeleine were married. The wedding procession went past Nanette's cottage, and, lying back in an arm-chair, white as the flowers in the bride's hair, Ninon watched them pass.

"Oh! my little one, would it were thou!" said Nanette, the tears coursing down her cheeks as she contrasted the ruddy, healthy hue of Madeleine with those of her once bright and beautiful grandchild.

"Hush, grand'mère, hush! I shall be much happier than Madeleine soon," said Ninon. "Do not fret for me, I am so content;" and the procession passed by, and Ninon sank back on her pillows with a little sigh, and poor old Nanette, wiping her eyes, went back to her work. She had it all to do now, for Ninon was too weak. She had never seemed really ill—never had been laid up; but she faded gradually, and before the summer had ended Ninon's little sad heart was at rest.

The years pass away, the grand mountains still keep their silent watch, and it may be that at their mention one heart feels a pang of regret, as they bring back to his memory the little peasant maiden and her song, with its burden of "Adé, Adé, Adé."

It is well to remember that "Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart."





PARTING.

A Trio for Female Voices.

Words and Music by C. H. PURDAY.

*Softly.*

1st VOICE. V. I. Good night! good night! and peace be with you, Peace, that gen - tle

2nd VOICE. V. I. Good night! good night! and peace be with you, Peace, that gen - tle

3rd VOICE. V. I. Good night! good night! and peace be with you, Peace, that gen - tle

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*



part - ing strain; Soft it falls like dew on blos - soms, Cher - ish - ing with -

part - ing strain; Soft it falls like dew on blos - soms, Cher - ish - ing with

part - ing strain; Soft it falls like dew on blos - soms, Cher - ish - ing with -

- in our bo - soms Kind de - sires to meet a - gain. Good night! good night!

- in our bo - soms Kind de - sires to meet a - gain. Good night! good night!

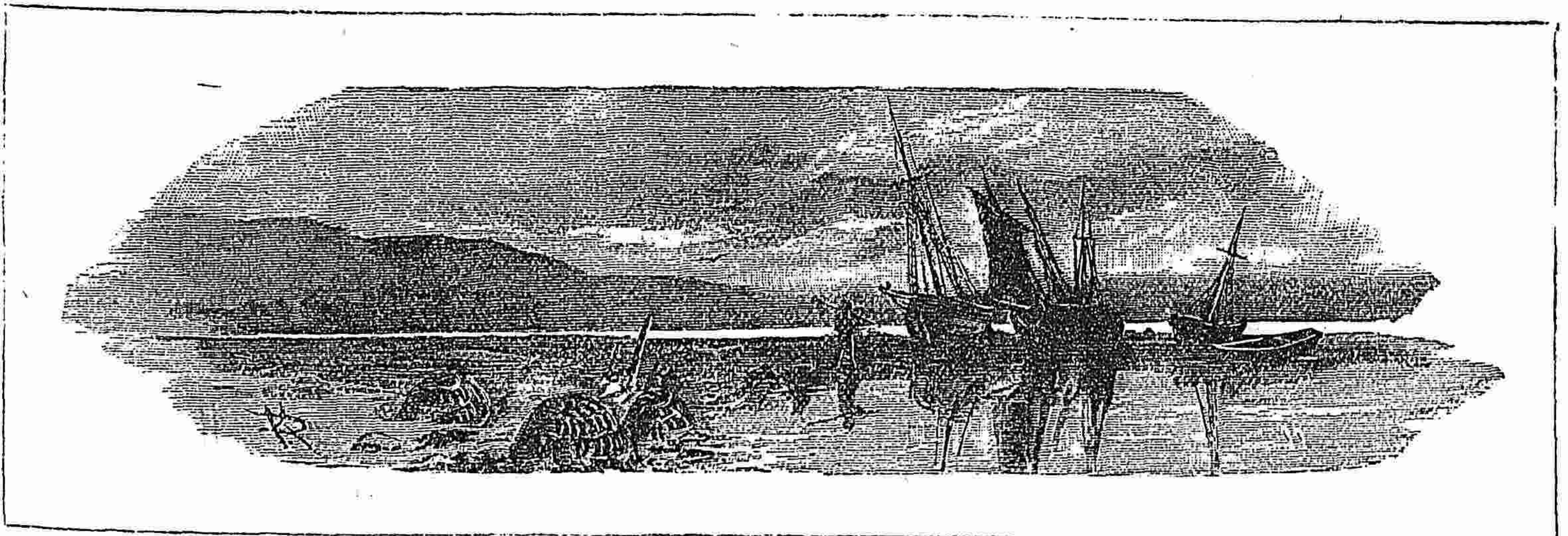
- in our bo - soms Kind de - sires to meet a - gain. Good - night! good - night!

2.

Good night! good night! but not for ever;  
 Hope can see the morning rise;  
 Many a pleasant scene before us,  
 As if angels hovered o'er us,  
 Bearing blessings from the skies.  
 Good night! good night!

3.

Good night! good night! O softly breathe it,  
 'Tis a prayer for those we love;  
 Peace to-night, and joy to-morrow,  
 For our God, Who shields the sparrow,  
 Hears us in His courts above,  
 Good night! good night!





## CATHARINE TAIT.\*

(EXCELLENT WOMEN.—II.)



CATHARINE TAIT, the lamented wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, presented a remarkable example of many of those qualities which make a woman lovable and a blessing to all around her. The beautiful words of her devoted daughter in the preface is a key to the whole Memoir:—"If it be thought that the history of my mother's life is likely to do good by helping and encouraging anybody in good living, then let the thing be done."

Few girls or young women, we believe, can peruse the simple details of her early life, both before and after her marriage, without benefit, and many will echo the prayer of the editor, "that it may go forth as an example of the life of many a one, and that God may bless it to His glory."

Catharine Tait was born at Elmdon Parsonage on the 9th of December, 1819, of which parish her father, Archdeacon Spooner, was Rector. She was the youngest daughter of a large and happy family. One who knew her in infancy says, "On her sweet, bright childhood I will not dwell. There are those still who know what a ray of hope she was in the house. My mind turns to a subsequent period when we went to stay at Elmdon. She was then seventeen, an exceedingly lovely girl, the sunshine and joy of the whole household, full of mirth, elasticity, and buoyancy of spirits. Even then, young as I was, I could not help watching with wondering admiration the earnestness, thoughtfulness, and conscientiousness which, under all the brightness, marked her daily life."

"We were confirmed about the same time, and her life was from that period wholly given up to God's service, and she commenced those habits of prayerfulness which flowed on with ever-increasing devotion to the end. Her days were a constant round of duties lovingly and energetically performed. No hours, no moments were wasted. Can I ever forget our daily walks to the cottages, when she used to read and minister to the old and sick poor; her constant attendance at both Sunday and week-day school, and her care for the instruction of the younger servants in the house? Often have I seen her when the whole family were assembled in the drawing-room in the evening, and she, one of the brightest, quietly disappear for an hour or more to her own room for the purpose of instructing some of

the younger servants, whose day, until then, had been occupied.

"Then her tender, reverent attention to her parents manifested itself in a thousand different ways. Her mother's room was sought the first thing in the morning, that they might read a portion of the Holy Volume before she rose. Although she had lately been released from the routine of school-room life, she thirsted for knowledge, and pursued her studies single-handed with all the energy and enthusiasm peculiar to her character. Thus she gently drew me to rise with her at a very early hour in the morning even in winter time, and after joining in prayer we used to study together History, French, and English theology."

Another friend, who, in childhood visited Elmdon Parsonage, says—"Every evening at my early bed-time she came with me for a little talk and prayer. On Sundays it was her habit to gather her younger brothers and myself for reading the Bible and prayers. Those prayers of hers, so simple and so real, are fresh in my memory to this day. Prayer was the very pulse of her life."

This constant habit of prayer seems to be at the root of all her work, and accounts for the bright joyousness which all agree in marking as the characteristic of her life. So bright and joyful that, writes another relative, "we familiarly called her 'our kitten.'" "She would return to her father's or brothers' different homes, only to adorn and enliven them, and make every member of them happier by her bright cheerfulness and full sympathy in every interest they afforded. The oneness of her purpose was felt wherever she was. In the most unguarded moments I never knew her bring persons with whom she did not sympathise under censure or ridicule. Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar, writes:—"I knew Mrs. Tait from my earliest boyhood. It was a gala day to us all at the quiet vicarage when Catharine Spooner came to pay us a visit. . . . She won the hearts of everyone at Dunchurch."

The Archbishop, in his touching outline of her life, says: "It is impossible to judge rightly of the character of my dear wife without considering the influences which surrounded her early days. . . . the beautiful Parsonage, the Hall and its inmates, the relations, and the leading Evangelical clergy who came to visit the truly venerable Archdeacon Spooner. When I first met my dear wife, she, a girl of under seventeen, was full of zeal for the Irish clergy; her mother, an O'Brien, with her Protestant kinsfolk, bringing this association with the sister island. It was not till some years later that the marriage of her sister to Edward Fortescue . . . brought a totally strange element into the family. . . . As life wore on she saw and deeply deplored the many points of divergence between her convictions and those of her brother-in-law, who afterwards joined the Church of Rome. But all through life that marked love for the ceremonial of the English Church with which he had indoctrinated her, continued as the outward form in which her deep inward piety embodied itself."

Another friend writes to the Archbishop: "Nothing would give a true impression of her which did not reiterate the one trait which shone out above all others—namely, her constant prayerfulness. How often she has prayed with me as no one else has ever done. I remember being struck when a very little girl that just before you and she started (from Rugby) she asked you to kneel down and pray for a blessing on the journey."

It is assuredly delightful to find such thorough life and work for Christ, even while we deplore the scaffolding of ritual in which it was set. The grace of God is exhibited

under various ecclesiastical forms, or even without any external forms, as it was with Mrs. Fry. The only danger is that those who are not spiritually minded may think that the Divine life exists in virtue of, instead of in spite of, much outward ceremonial. Those who knew Mrs. Tait's inner life could not make this mistake. The constant habit of prayer about everything and—may we not add?—with almost everyone who came under her influence, seems, in her case, to have thrown a sacred halo over every outward service; so that instead of external service being a substitute for, it was with her only an aid to private devotion.

Assuredly all girls may learn one lesson from such a record—that true religion is not a sad and gloomy thing, but that when it is real, even in the young, it sheds joy and brightness over the whole life. Every testimony speaks of the sunny influence which, even as a girl, she shed on all around her. Yet her life until marriage was, for one in her position, a singularly quiet one, free from all outward excitement. The archbishop tells us that a visit to Cheltenham or Hastings and one to the English lakes were the only changes from the quiet parsonage life till she was three and twenty.

The daily routine was to read some interesting book of history or poetry, philosophy or theology, to teach in the Sunday School, to visit the cottages, to take a long walk with the much-loved father, and to tend the failing health of the dear mother.

She was a living example of the truth of our poet's lines—

"All other joys are less

Than that one joy of doing kindnesses."

After her marriage to the head master of Rugby the large, sympathising heart seemed to have wider scope. One who was then a little boy writes: "I lost my mother when at Rugby, and through all the intervening years have never forgotten the tender sympathy of the doctor's beautiful young wife; how she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the home above to which my mother had been taken, and to follow her there."

Another writes: "She found room in her heart for everybody—the sick in mind, the sick in body, the lonely, the suffering. I can see her now, her hand full of instructive or amusing books, wherewith to beguile the lonely hours of the boys in the infirmary. She constantly visited them, read and prayed with them."

"It was her habit, too, to draw the young to unite with her in works of charity, in visits to the sick and poor in the almshouses, and in collecting money for clothing or shoe clubs. It was thus that the listless, purposeless, self-pleasing young-lady life was often by her gentle influence directed into useful channels. She used up all the spare moments of the day, giving them to work or pleasant and profitable reading, instead of wasting them. How she contrived to go on reading through all her busy life has been a wonder to me. I don't think there was ever any one like her in combining all the small things with so many great undertakings, and doing everything so well, and never seeming overwhelmed with anything."

In sickness, she was a most resolute, yet sympathetic, tender nurse. She calmly went through everything that had to be done, yet no duty to her children and household was intermitted.

In after life it was a joke in the family that she made her house a sanatorium. One of her last visits was to the sick mother of a gipsy boy whom she had casually met, who lay ill in a wagon. The boy, a wild specimen of his tribe, was greatly attracted by the stories she told him while lying to sow some good seed

\* Catharine and Crawford Tait, wife and son of Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury. A Memoir. Edited by the Rev. W. Benham, Vicar of Margate. Macmillan and Co.



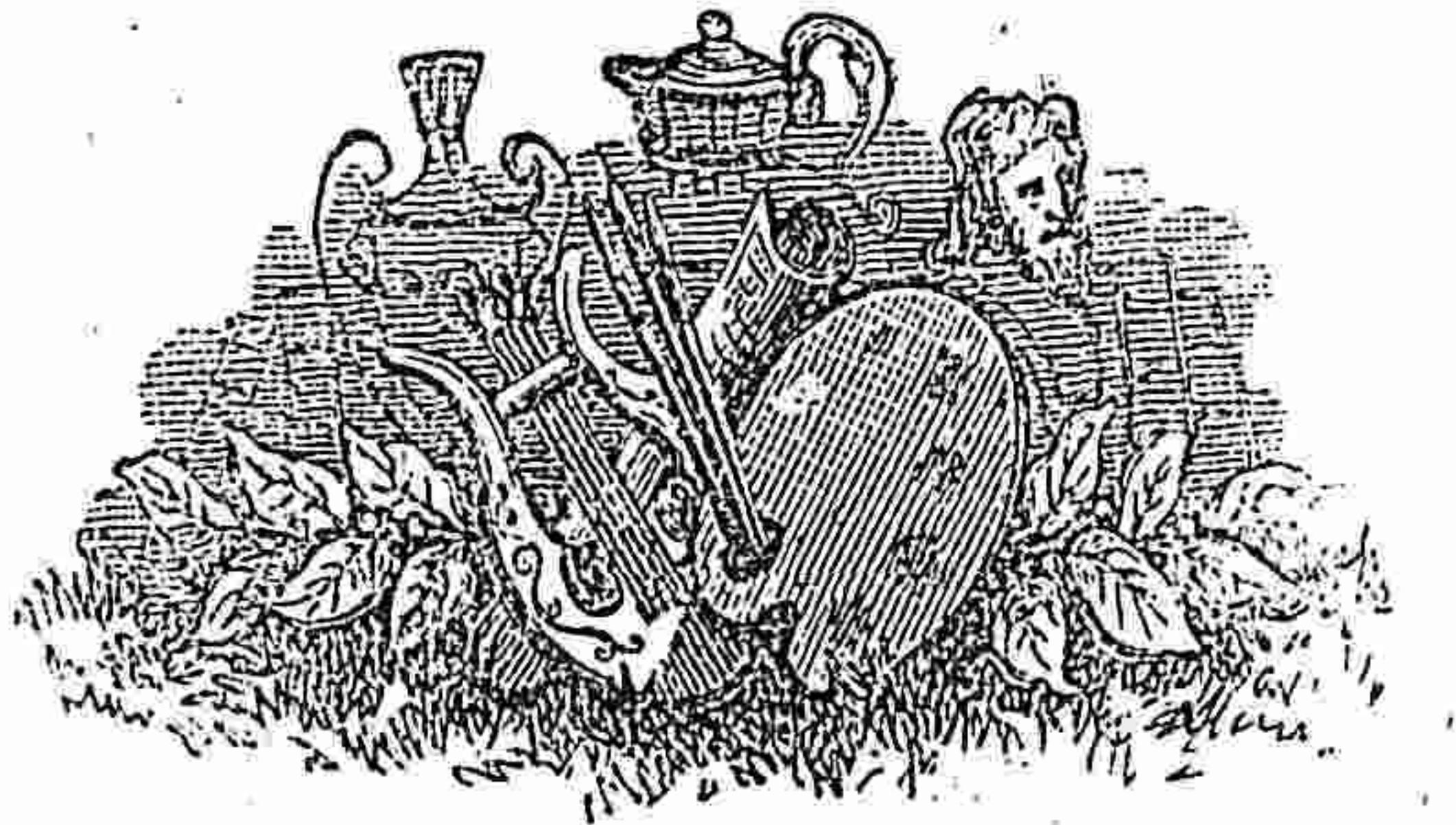
in that passing visit. Even a few days before her death she went to see the inmates of her hostess's cottage hospital.

Among the many letters called forth by the sad news of her death is one from the well-known Miss Marsh, who writes: "My first remembrances of her are of a dream of loveliness. I remember the enthusiasm of her admiration for anything like high intellect or genius amongst the public characters of the day, both in their speeches and writings. I never saw Catharine again, so far as I can recollect, until I met her as the wife of the Dean of Carlisle. At the time of her last great sorrow she wrote to say that she should like to see me before I left London. I had left, but gladly went back to secure the privilege of being allowed to sympathise with my early friend in her sorrow, and to see how sweetly she was bearing it through the grace of God."

The natural joyousness of Mrs. Tait throws out in greatest contrast the sad trials by which her spirit was chastened. Her own narrative of that terrible time for a mother, when five girls were cut off within five weeks by scarlet fever, is of deeply painful interest, but was written with the hope that it might whisper loving sympathy and godly comfort to other mourners. In the darkest part of her sorrow she says that these words were never absent from her mind: "O, tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong, and He shall comfort your hearts; and put you your trust in the Lord." Neither did she ever sorrow as those who are without hope. With their daily prayers the bereaved parents were wont to say a thanksgiving and commemoration: "Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace. Into Thy hands, O God, we have commended their spirits, for Thou hast redeemed them, O Lord, Thou God of truth! . . . Thou hast guided them through the valley of death. Now they see Thy goodness in the land of the living. . . . Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with Thy saints in light."

We can understand how the venerable Archbishop speaks of her as "the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work which he was called to promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul, while still tempering, by the associations of her early Oxford bias, whatever might otherwise have been harsh in his judgments of the good men from whom on principle he differed."

And we cannot conclude better than with the words of the Superintendent of the Orphanage, at St. Peter's, Margate, which she had founded, and in which she was deeply interested: "We owe much to her example, much to her loving intercourse. In her departure from among us, we feel that we have lost a true friend, a faithful associate, a cordial and genuine co-worker; but the remembrance of her beautiful life will never fade from our memories."



## DRAWING AND PAINTING.

FEW persons have ever been met with in this, or almost any other part of the world, who could say seriously they never cared for flowers; but very few, again, have been so impressed by the sight of their brightness and beauty as to affect their inmost and deepest

mind and love, as instanced in Wordsworth and Burns. But between these extremes, there are, and have been, multitudes in every clime, and of every race not absolutely savage, who have delighted in them and tended them with constant care and solicitude, and the choicest decoration of cottage and palace equally is found in flower and shrub and tree.

This love or sympathy or admiration, or all of them, for nature, in her simplest as in her grandest and most beautiful forms, is the very base of much that is most precious in man himself, and of all that is of any value in the arts he practises, though most palpably so, perhaps, in that upon which we are now about to enlarge. The direct effect of this love of nature, assuming it to be very genuine, should show itself in the young in an earnest effort to know somewhat more of it than a general survey with untrained eyes can enable them to do. The education of the eye, its development in the increased appreciation of the charms and subtleties of form and colour, must at once be seriously entertained and set about, the expression of which will be an attempt at least to imitate—to draw these forms. The element of colour succeeds to this being much more subtle, and requiring, for its highest expression, special organisation as to sensitiveness in this direction. But the forms, the outline or general contour of flowers and leaves, can only be represented satisfactorily after some practice in drawing has been earnestly proceeded with.

This, therefore, is the beginning of all art, the ability to imitate correctly such lines as may be seen in nature, their varying curvatures, or otherwise. This ability can only be acquired by a systematic devotion of a portion of each of the six days to drawing, as commonly understood; and the very foundation of all productive work in this elementary stage of art is a knowledge of practical geometry, not necessarily very extended, but very thorough, as the appreciation of, and the power to render without the aid of instruments, oblongs, triangles, circles, ellipses, and combinations of these. The beginner in art, therefore, must thoroughly acquire this power, testing the accuracy of his work with compass and rule until he is independent, in a measure, of such test, and can appreciate easily, with trained eye alone, any irregularities in these elementary forms. The trained hand will then correct them, first, perhaps, and in all likelihood, with some difficulty, afterwards with ease and facility, but not until this power has been acquired must the practitioner vary his exercises.

A single leaf may then be taken as a model, less regard being given to drawing it the actual size of nature than that it shall be in all its parts exactly proportioned to the original. It will be well, too, to make a practice of collecting specimens of the various leaves, such as oak, maple, willow, laurel, &c., using some as examples and drying others for future reference by keeping them under pressure for a time.

In making these studies the student must be most careful to render the veins as seen in nature with their delicate deviations as to thickness from root to point. This may be done by making the lines as they reach the latter thin and faint, whilst the main vein may be more vigorously treated, often with two lines as indicating its varying width. Accuracy as to the outer form may be tested sometimes by applying the leaf itself to the drawing; but this can only be of the least service when the drawing is barely appreciably larger than the actual leaf.

Thus far the student has been concerned only in representing lines upon flat surfaces, or forms in nature which are, or have been made approximately flat, and this, for purposes of design, if facility has been acquired

in exactly reproducing such forms, brings the student and future "designer" to a time when another element, *arrangement*, must engage his serious attention. To arrange a bouquet tastefully as to form, quantities, and colour requires taste, and the habit and practice of arranging flowers or other objects will develop this taste. Outside the immediate realm of Art this faculty is constantly brought into play, for no shop-window can be fitly and properly "laid out" with its varied colours and stuffs, or room, indeed, seen at its best in relation to furniture, pictures, &c., without its aid. Necessarily the element of colour has much to do with all this, and the sense of colour varies in all likelihood in intensity in every individual, whilst some few are what is called colour blind, having no power to distinguish the paler hues from each other, as pink, and light blue. These cases, however, are very rare, but the majority of persons are safest in using, whether for pictorial art or otherwise, the less positive tints, as grey in all its variety, low-toned greens, and drab, or brown; the more positive colours, if used at all, should be so only in such small quantities as shall make them unobtrusive or gem-like in a field comparatively extended and retiring.

In the practice of arrangement, the specimens of leaves will be available, and no better or more decorative object for this purpose can be obtained than the common hedge-row maple, a few sprays of which may be without much difficulty arranged to fill agreeably a given space.

At this stage, too, the practice of tinting may be introduced, and upon the use of the brush a few directions as to procedure will be necessary. In the first place, the paper used, as common cartridge, must be flat and to keep it so it is usually *strained*, that is wetted with pure water and a sponge specially free from soap or grease. The edges for about an inch at the back must then be pasted and referred to a clean board, care being taken that they shall be perfectly secured by rubbing and pressing with the fingers, so that they may be dry in advance of the rest of the paper, otherwise the operation will fail. When the whole is perfectly dry, and therefore flat, the outline or limit of the space or pattern to be tinted must be neatly and precisely prepared, but before any colour is applied to it, the board must be supported so as to incline at least as much as the surface of an ordinary writing desk. The student then, with well-filled brush, must commence with the upper portion of the work, so as to give the colour used the natural advantage of running itself evenly over the space intended, and proceed gradually and carefully downwards, with strokes from left to right, to the base, where, if more colour is found than is needed, enough may be removed to make the whole even by applying to it a partially dry brush or a little blotting paper. Thus the student has reached the first stage of water colour art, and if his practice is to be in the direction of design for manufacture, thorough and regular practice in tinting with the simple earth pigments as umber and sienna (raw and burnt), varied with neutral tint, is not only desirable but necessary.

The student may now be said to have arrived at a point from which, in the practice of painting, the ways are divergent, the one being that of pictorial art, such as figure and landscape representations, the other, and by far the simplest, and in the majority of instances the most remunerative, is that of design for manufacture in its many branches and applications.

To follow with any promise of great success the former the aspirant should be possessed of a very delicate perception of and love for the varying phenomena of nature, an exceptional



physique or strength of body if he be a landscape painter, and an energy of mind which knows no change, but to increase, and therefore wholly undaunted by failure or shortcoming in his representations of the subjects he attempts to depict. In pictorial art, however, many, more especially ladies, have succeeded admirably in flower painting, or the rendering in oil or water colour flowers and objects in groups as they are actually seen; and there are but few exhibitions of pictures at any time which do not contain beautiful specimens of this branch of art.

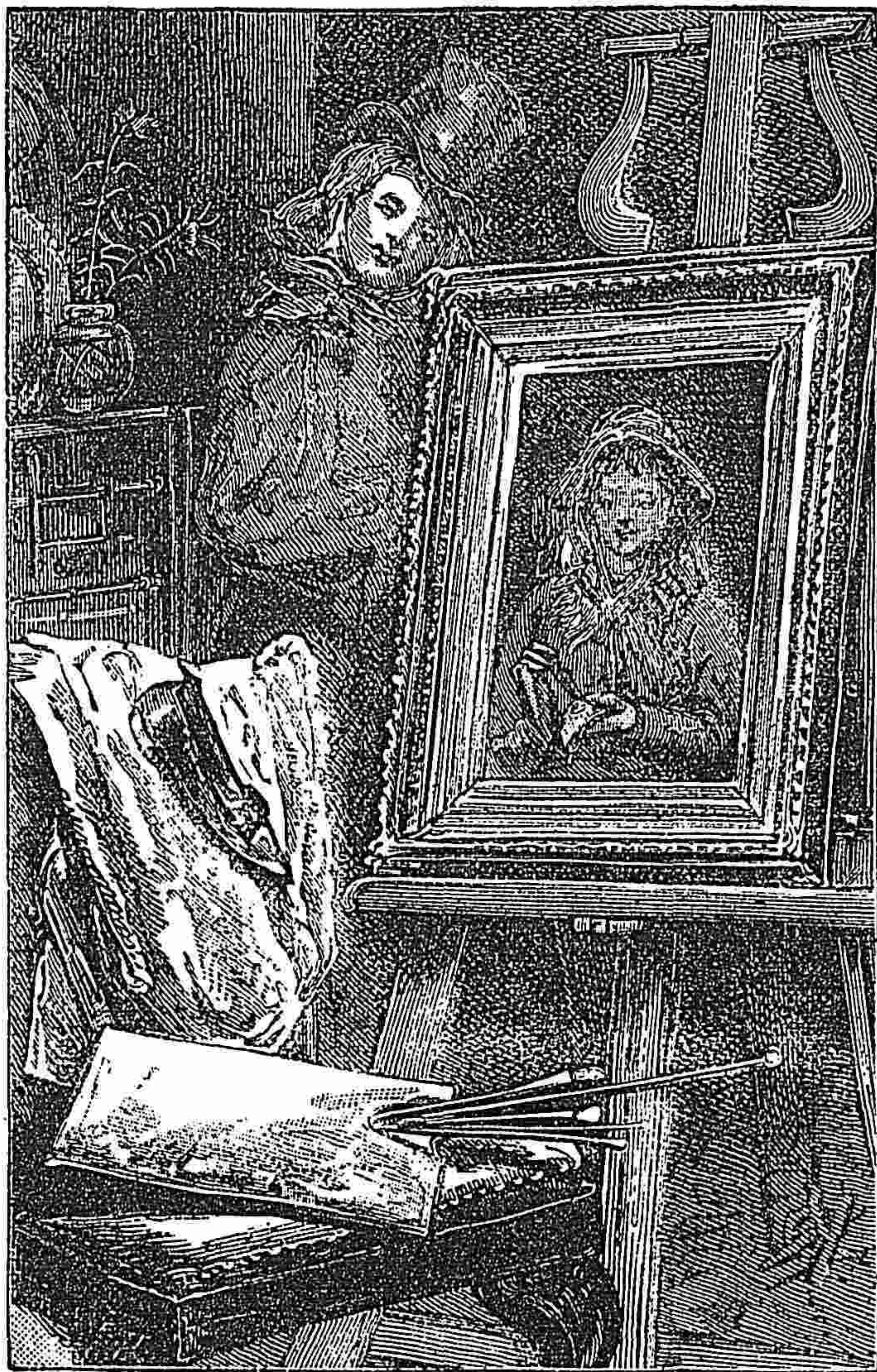
Hitherto, it must be observed, our remarks and directions have been confined to the treatment of flat objects or forms, but these in a strict sense are seldom or never found in nature. For example, if we take a convolvulus and look directly into its centre the edge of the flower will be seen somewhat circular, but if it is turned a quarter circle what appeared curved before will now be comparatively straight, and the long back of the flower with its calyx will have become visible. To represent objects rightly, as they are seen from varying points of view, some knowledge of what is termed in art *perspective* must be acquired, and upon this we cannot touch here, but must return to consider more particularly that other walk in art, viz., that of design, in which so many more persons succeed than in that upon which we have just touched, and for which there is a greater demand. We have already, it will be remembered, considered a little the importance of cultivating a taste and an aptitude for arranging forms, and now we purpose to bring this practically to bear and take an example in the way of the potter's art.

Let the future "designer" press into a saucer a piece of paper, so as to get the impress of the size of the base and edges of it. It will be seen that, though a circle represents the base of the saucer, when the paper is flattened, the sides, being conical, will be a portion of a flat ring.

And here we must pause, for we have now to decide upon the kind of design we are about to make for a similar object. Upon this point we must be very clear, or very much time will be wasted in rubbing out and altering. Before we put pencil to paper, therefore, we must make up our mind thoroughly as to what kind of pattern we are going to make. Well, we look around for a suggestion perhaps to help us in our choice as to style. Perhaps, as specimens of Japanese and Chinese porcelain are now happily very common, we get a glimpse of a dragon or some monster. Well, we English have not much sympathy with dragons, except when our St. George overcomes one, which tradition says he was good enough and strong enough to do. But there is that charming little spray of japonica or sloe blossom, blue on white—may we not try something of that kind? We should like to, but no sloe blossoms are obtainable now as models, so we must wait, and next summer make many notes and sketches of sprays of some such growth that we may apply them at a future time. Well, we will try then some geometric or conventional form, which our dry leaves may help us to do. And first the circle representing the base of the saucer may be divided equally by radiating straight lines from its centre into five equal parts, and each angle so made may be again divided into two equal parts or angles. These latter divisional lines may be regarded as the centres of the unit or design, which will be

repeated in all the five spaces, and so the pattern of the base be completed.

When the half of such unit has been carefully drawn, tracing-paper must be laid over it and the pattern marked upon it with an H.B. pencil, if this can be had. This tracing must then be turned upside down and so placed as to form with the first drawing or portion of the design a complete unit. Mark over very carefully this second half with the pencil so placed, and a reprint of it will be found upon the original paper. Repeat the process in each of the five spaces, and then tint carefully the forms, that you may see how far your work is agreeable, as to what is termed its quantities and general effect, making such additions and corrections as may be needed. The sides of the saucer may now be considered, and such a number of equal divisional spaces made in



AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

it as shall harmonise with the design for the base. These spaces must be made by lines radiating from an ascertained centre of the arcs in the pattern corresponding with the rim and limit of the base of the saucer. This centre may be found by using a pair of compasses.

Make now the design for one of these spaces, and proceed to transfer, and repeat as in the base, noting that, as a rule, it is well that the pattern should be continuous, and not radiating, as it was in it. Practice and experience alone will fill up and, as it were, complete what is here necessarily but briefly touched upon: but the designer will do well frequently to repeat or transfer the main characteristic masses or important passages in the design before the final enrichment and completion is attempted.

We have taken, it will be seen, an example in design, from a model in commonest use, by no means with the view of limiting future choice as to subject, or taking pottery and its fitting decorations as other than one of the many groups in pursuing which the faculty

of design may be developed. Wall papers for example, are almost everywhere in use, and therefore in constant demand, upon which branch of manufacture the designer may at once proceed to try his taste and invention, not thirsting for mere novelty, but suiting the treatment, as to form of pattern, colour, and tone, to the requirements of the case. It will be evident to all that as the walls of our rooms are generally backgrounds as it were, for pictures, they should in no sense interfere with these, but be kept in due subordination to them. Again, in wall or paper decoration the pattern should tend from the base upwards, or obliquely, as in the lozenge diaper, as agreeing best with the construction of the wall.

Considerations of this kind must always be most carefully kept in view by the designer, as what would suit one circumstance as to material and form might be in the worst possible taste in another.

There is another class of design and character of work which has from the earliest times been that in which ladies have been conspicuously successful, that of Needlework.

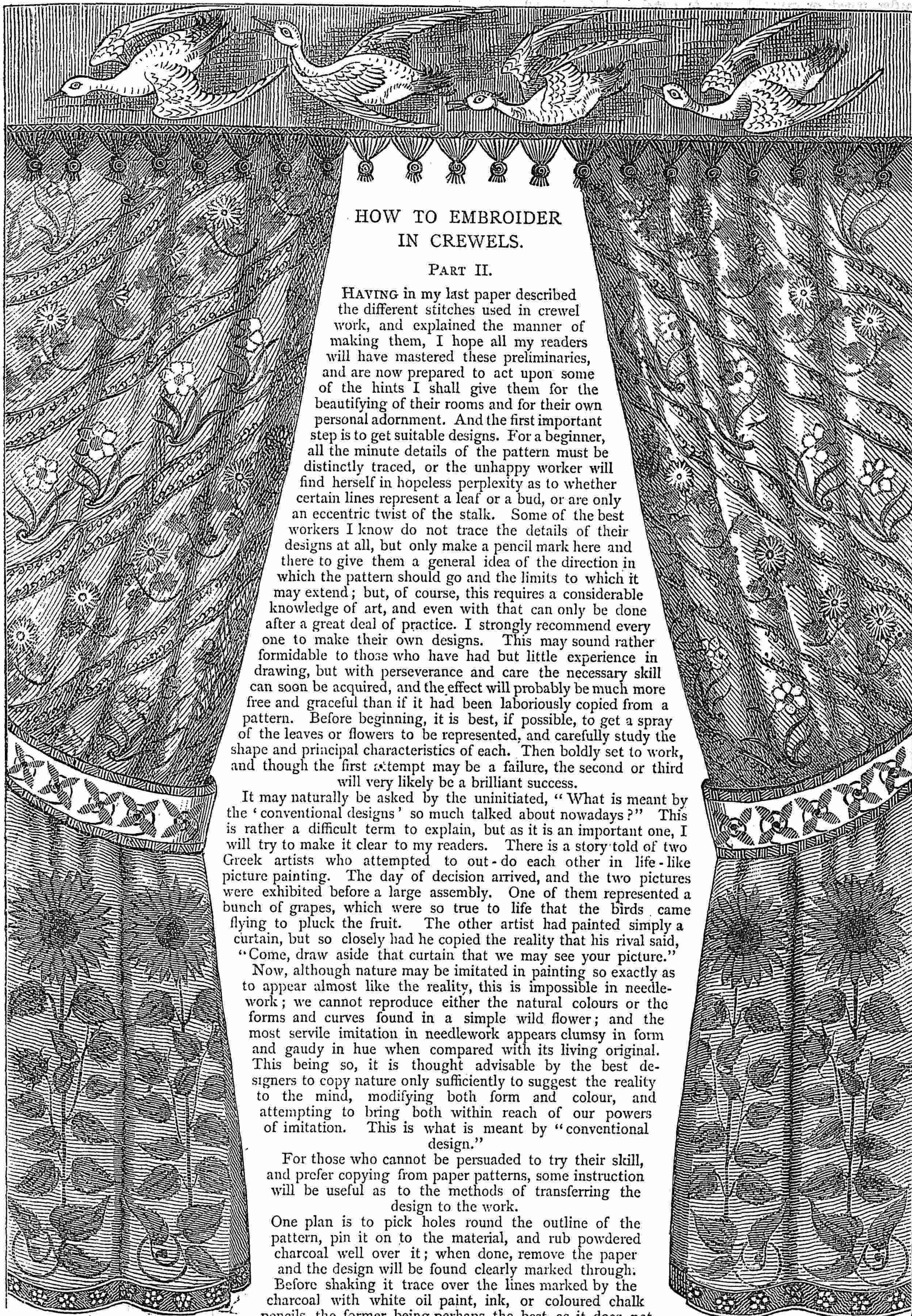
The demand for this has been within the last few years very great, worsted work of tasteful treatment, on coarse canvas, for furniture decoration being in constant request, and charming in its effect.

And now, young ladies, for it is to you that what we have said is specially directed, we must draw this article to a close. Is the field of labour we have touched upon of interest to you, as we trust it is? Take heart, and do to your utmost whatever your task may be in it, for as you gain power and increased facility of expression, as you will do by steady practice, it will be a delight to you, and is sure to bring its reward and honourable distinction.

Increase of knowledge and experience will teach you what you are individually best fitted for, *i.e.*, in what particular field, as it were, you should work. Why it was but the other day—and this little story should encourage you—that a gentleman was standing somewhere in Wales watching a sunset of unusual splendour, and within a few yards of him was a woman, whose honest boast it was that she could make more clothes pegs in an hour than anyone else she knew. They were too close to each other to remain altogether silent under such an influence as that, before and around them, so the gentleman remarked and enlarged upon the beauty of the scene. "Ah," said the woman, after a pause, "you talk about it, and I let it soak in." To make clothes pegs had been this woman's work, and to sell them her walk in life, no other path seemingly being open for her. The only visible and practised art she knew of or had ever seen, in all likelihood, was that of the house painter. Had it been otherwise, her love and sympathy with nature, being what it evidently was, strong and deep, who knows but that the next century would have seen on the walls of our National Gallery, other skies, flaming and resplendent or flushed with red on gold and grey than those signed J. M. W. Turner? Who knows? Only One.







## HOW TO EMBROIDER IN CREWELS.

### PART II.

HAVING in my last paper described the different stitches used in crewel work, and explained the manner of making them, I hope all my readers will have mastered these preliminaries, and are now prepared to act upon some of the hints I shall give them for the beautifying of their rooms and for their own personal adornment. And the first important step is to get suitable designs. For a beginner, all the minute details of the pattern must be distinctly traced, or the unhappy worker will find herself in hopeless perplexity as to whether certain lines represent a leaf or a bud, or are only an eccentric twist of the stalk. Some of the best workers I know do not trace the details of their designs at all, but only make a pencil mark here and there to give them a general idea of the direction in which the pattern should go and the limits to which it may extend; but, of course, this requires a considerable knowledge of art, and even with that can only be done after a great deal of practice. I strongly recommend every one to make their own designs. This may sound rather formidable to those who have had but little experience in drawing, but with perseverance and care the necessary skill can soon be acquired, and the effect will probably be much more free and graceful than if it had been laboriously copied from a pattern. Before beginning, it is best, if possible, to get a spray of the leaves or flowers to be represented, and carefully study the shape and principal characteristics of each. Then boldly set to work, and though the first attempt may be a failure, the second or third will very likely be a brilliant success.

It may naturally be asked by the uninitiated, "What is meant by the 'conventional designs' so much talked about nowadays?" This is rather a difficult term to explain, but as it is an important one, I will try to make it clear to my readers. There is a story told of two Greek artists who attempted to out-do each other in life-like picture painting. The day of decision arrived, and the two pictures were exhibited before a large assembly. One of them represented a bunch of grapes, which were so true to life that the birds came flying to pluck the fruit. The other artist had painted simply a curtain, but so closely had he copied the reality that his rival said, "Come, draw aside that curtain that we may see your picture."

Now, although nature may be imitated in painting so exactly as to appear almost like the reality, this is impossible in needlework; we cannot reproduce either the natural colours or the forms and curves found in a simple wild flower; and the most servile imitation in needlework appears clumsy in form and gaudy in hue when compared with its living original. This being so, it is thought advisable by the best designers to copy nature only sufficiently to suggest the reality to the mind, modifying both form and colour, and attempting to bring both within reach of our powers of imitation. This is what is meant by "conventional design."

For those who cannot be persuaded to try their skill, and prefer copying from paper patterns, some instruction will be useful as to the methods of transferring the design to the work.

One plan is to pick holes round the outline of the pattern, pin it on to the material, and rub powdered charcoal well over it; when done, remove the paper and the design will be found clearly marked through. Before shaking it trace over the lines marked by the charcoal with white oil paint, ink, or coloured chalk pencils, the former being perhaps the best, as it does not

rub off easily; but it should not be used for any hairy material. When this is finished, beat or flap it at the back to shake off the charcoal, but it must on no account be rubbed.

Another plan is to place a piece of black or coloured carbolic

paper (which can be bought at most stationers) between the pattern and the work; trace over every line of the design with a knitting-needle, or any blunt instrument, and on removing the paper a clear impression of the outline will be found on the cloth. It should



then be inked or painted over in one of the methods described. In case of a false line being made with the oil-paint, the only way of removing it is to apply a little turpentine as quickly as possible.

The favourite piece of work for beginners

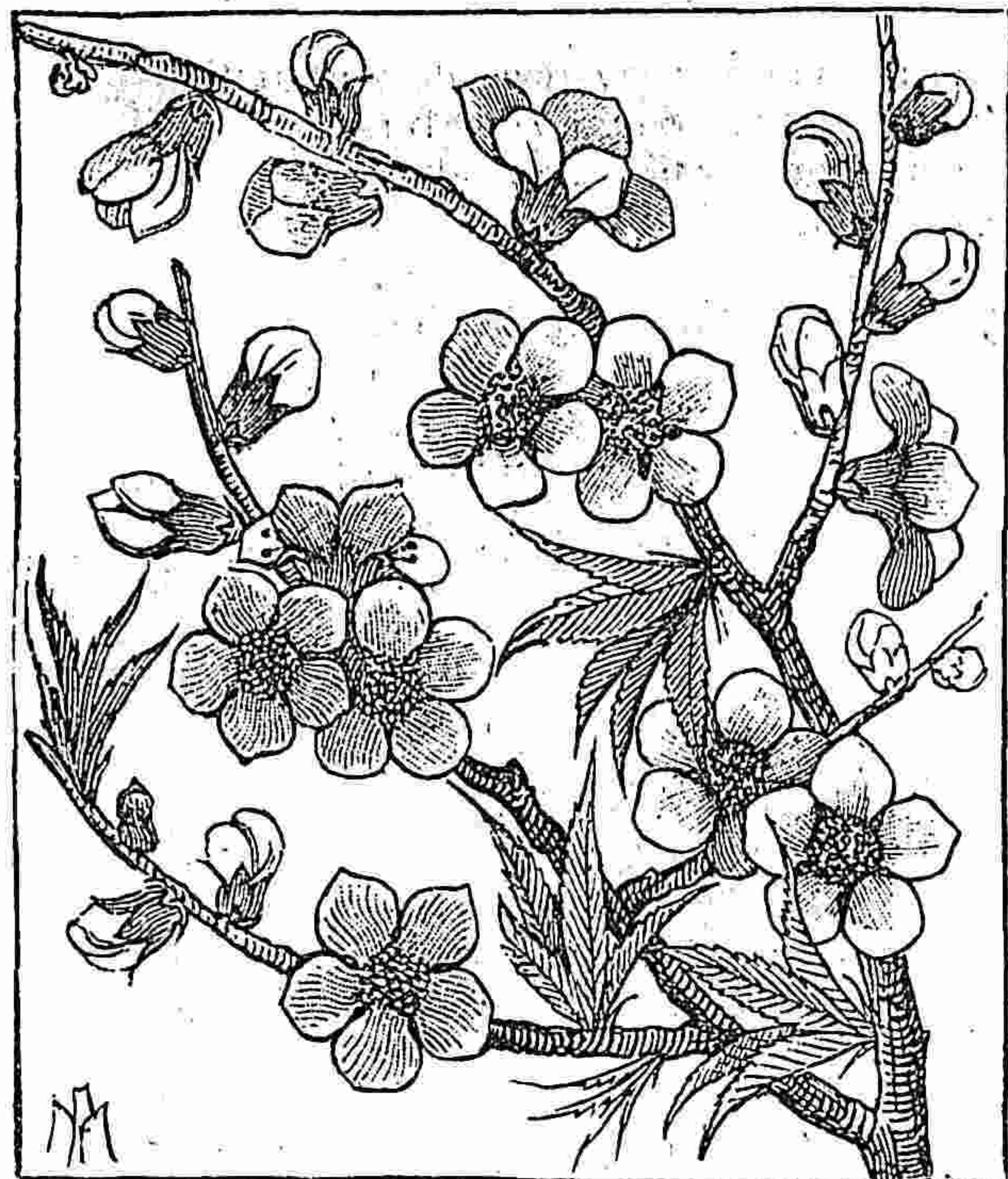


FIG. I.

is an antimacassar. They can be done on any material, and a very simple design is quite sufficient for them. I have lately seen a charming one, a young girl's first attempt both at designing and working. It was a straight piece of soft, coarse linen, hemmed at both sides, and fringed at each end. The pattern consisted of a spray of wild roses, which is one of the easiest things that can be chosen; there were two or three full-blown blossoms, one or two half open, and some buds and leaves, with a small, thorny piece of brown stem from which the spray sprang.

The illustration (fig. 1) represents a branch of peach blossoms for working on a chair seat or a cushion. The stems should be dark brown, the leaves light green, and the flowers

broider each of these with a tiny spray or bunch of flowers, such as forget-me-nots or daisies. This fashion of drawing the threads improves linen and crash very much, giving it a light and lacey appearance. It may be applied to many other articles, such as d'oyleys and mats of all kinds.

Having heard that a great many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER intend competing for the prize offered for a worked bed-pocket, an illustration of which was given in the number for January 17th, I propose giving some suggestions on the best way of treating it.

The designs would look very well on dark green or peacock-blue, but should linen be used, it will have the additional advantage of being washable. If the competitor does not feel able to copy the flowers straight on to her material, she should make use of one of the methods for transferring I have described. First cut out the pockets and back piece; the smaller pocket is a

straight piece, the larger one is wider at the top than the bottom. The design will, of course, have to be considerably enlarged from the illustration. It will be very easily transferred to the lower pocket, but the peach blossoms will have to be very carefully done. Lay the small pocket on the back piece in the exact position it is to occupy, having previously turned in the edges, then put the design on, using either the charcoal or carbolic paper. Both pockets must, of course, be worked before fastening on to the back.

The poppies require two or three shades of red and black for the centres. The daisies are white



FIG. II.

with centres of a medium yellow shade. The peach blossoms may be worked in satin stitch, that is, sewing each petal over and over; they should be salmon-pink, not too pale, with yellow centres, the stalks dark

brown, and the calyx light green.

When the flowers are done, the small pocket can be button-holed all round and stitched into its place. The top edge of the large pocket must be button-holed, and the

border of leaves worked round the other three sides and also round the back of the satchel. Then tack it in its place and button-hole it round, continuing along the edges of the back. The colour of the border leaves and the button-holing must depend on the material. If it is worked on crash or linen, use different shades of china blue; if on dark material, gold silk instead of blue would look well.

Now that Afternoon Teas are so fashionable, it is necessary to give some attention

to the arrangement of the tea-table; and much thought and ingenuity are expended in the choice of pretty and suitable designs for the tablecloth and tea-cosy, which, of course, are made to correspond. The material generally used for both is either white or unbleached coarse linen, and where practicable a design should be chosen in which the colours will harmonise with the tea-set. For instance, at a kettle-drum the other day, where the hostess prided herself on her good taste, I noticed that the crockery was Japanese, with stiff red flowers on an ivory ground, and the tablecloth and cosy were worked with sprays of red japonica. If there is nothing specially characteristic in the china, any design of fruit or flowers can be used. Figure 2 shows one corner of a tablecloth worked with blackberries. The full-blown flowers are white with yellow centres, the buds a pinkish white. The berries should be done in French knot, and of different colours, as though in varying stages of ripeness. Sometimes two threads of different colours are used together—for instance, black and red—which gives the effect of unripe fruit very well. Some of the leaves should be dark green and some shaded with warm reds and browns. The natural autumn tints of blackberry leaves are among the most beautiful we ever see, and reds and yellow-browns may be freely used in the imitation of them, of course supposing that the shades are well chosen. The latest fashion for tablecloths is to embroider them simply in outline, but of this we shall treat in another paper. The subject of tablecloths, however, would not be complete without mentioning the handsome ones which can be made of thick materials for ordinary use. One of the prettiest I have seen was in a lady's boudoir, the hangings of which were all peacock-blue. The cloth, of a rather dark shade of that colour,

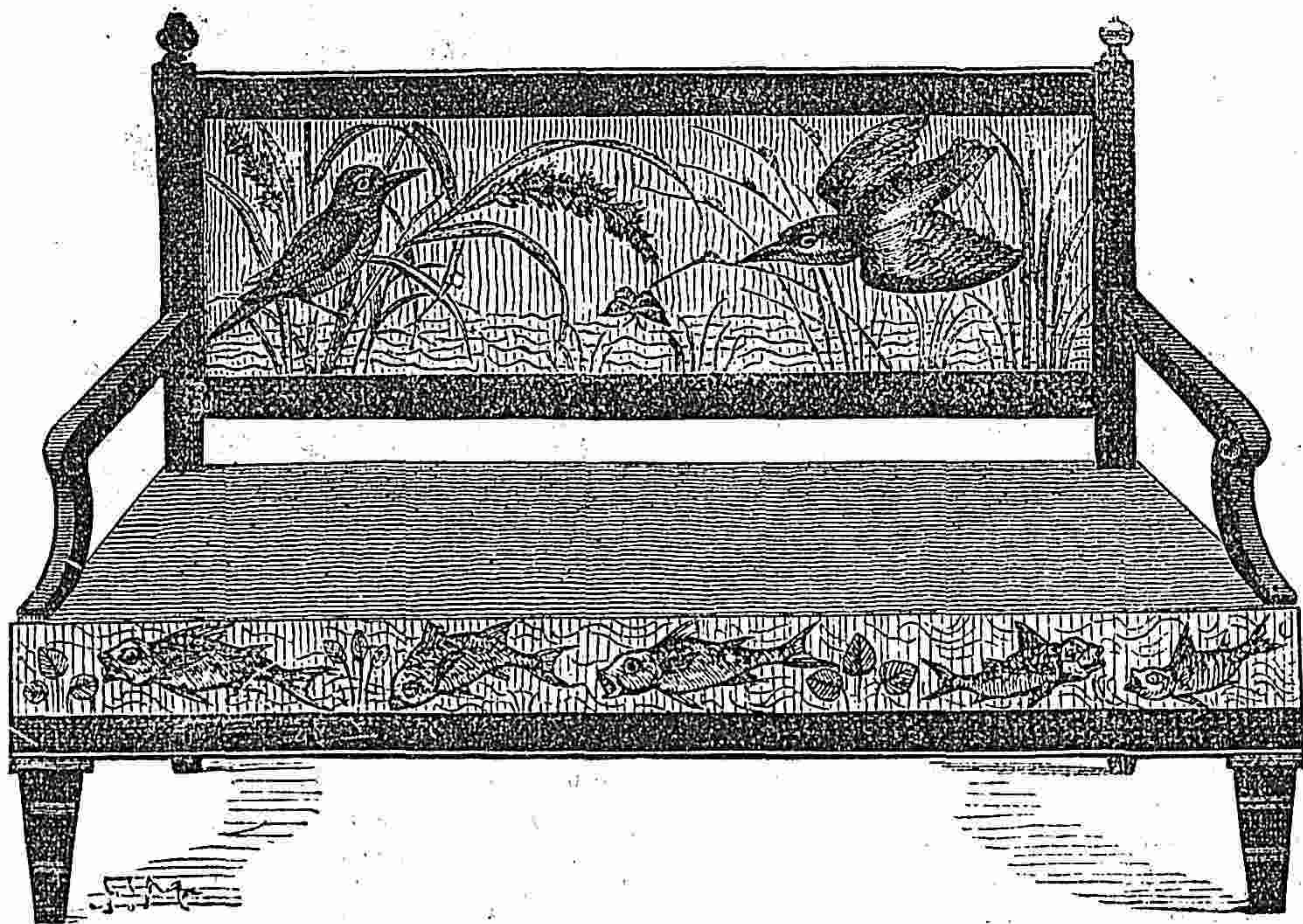


FIG. III.

salmon-pink, getting lighter at the edge of the petals, and yellow centres.

Another new and very pretty style for chair backs is to draw the threads of a piece of coarse linen so as to form squares, and em-



was worked in each corner with a group of yellow daffodils and moon-daisies, and the centre was occupied by an elegant monogram in yellow silk. For hard wear, table-covers are best made of thick serge or cloth, which is very pleasant to work upon and wears well.

The room altogether was so prettily arranged that I think I cannot do better than describe some of the other charming things I saw there. A glass door, which led from the room into a conservatory, was half hidden by heavy curtains. The upper part of the curtains was quite plain, but they were held back, about three feet from the ground, by broad bands of the material, with an outline arabesque pattern worked in yellow upon them. Below the bands were tall, very conventional sunflowers, the work being continued quite to the bottom of the curtains, which, of course, only just touched the carpet, so that it gave the idea of the plants growing out of the ground.

The mantel-board was worked on velvet, with little bunches of primrose leaves and flowers, the bunches being about six inches apart, and the velvet curtains which fell from under it had each a yellow iris with leaves and buds.

The covers of the couch and chairs were also embroidered, and had a very good effect. Space will not allow me to describe all the other beautiful things I saw there; but I left the house fired with fresh enthusiasm for this style of decoration, which could transform an otherwise plain and unpretentious room into so charming and tasteful an abode.

A few words of caution may be necessary to those who think of decorating their rooms on a large scale and composing their own pattern.

For any large piece of work, such as a couch or a curtain, do not attempt to design it spread on a table. It is astonishing how different things look in different places; and you may be quite satisfied with your design while on the table, but when put into its proper place it will probably look small and insignificant. For a curtain, choose as heavy a material as possible, to insure its hanging well; and having cut it to the size you require, if possible hang it up where you intend it to be when done, before beginning to draw on it. If you cannot manage this, hang it over a door or screen and sketch in the design roughly with white chalk. You can then see the effect, and, as the chalk shakes off very easily, you can make any alterations you think necessary. Then take it down very gently so as not to shake off the chalk, and copy it over with ink or white paint, according to the colour of the work.

The picture at the head of this article is a design for a pair of curtains, valance, and bands. They may be made of any nice, soft fabric, the colour being either dark olive, green-brown, or peacock-blue. The carrying out of this design will involve a good deal of work, and therefore, to take less time, the flying wild ducks on the valance might be appliquéd on; this kind of work has not been mentioned yet, but will be fully described in a future paper. The upper part of the curtain is embroidered with alternate rows of conventional narcissus and chrysanthemum. The top row is narcissus, the flowers of which are creamy white, with yellow centres. Some of the chrysanthemums may be light yellow, the petals tipped with red; others should be of a darker yellow colour; in fact, almost any combination of yellow and red may be employed with advantage. The sunflowers, occupying the lower portion of the curtain, are a rich, dark yellow, the petals getting rather lighter towards the tips; the centres are brown, and give a fine opportunity for the practice of French knot. The small designs on the curtain-bands, and on the border at the bottom, may be of gold-coloured crewel,

or of any colour harmonizing well with the rest and with the material, and the same should be used for the lines separating the rows of flowers on the upper part of the curtain. The valance should be edged with handsome fringe, in which the chief colours employed in the work are blended.

A novel and pretty style for a sofa is to have it covered with embroidered cloth or serge. Figure 3 is an illustration of one worked on dark green art serge. The back has a design of grasses growing in water, with a couple of kingfishers. Along the front edge of the sofa water is represented by blue lines, with gold and silver fish swimming along it.

If this is considered too fantastic, a very pretty design can be made of oranges or pomegranates. Trace a long branch of flowers and fruit on the seat, and either a smaller spray of the same or a bird on the head. If flowers are used for the head, a swallow or some other small bird can be worked on the back. Oranges require some care in working to make the shape look natural. Begin them in rounds, starting from the point where the stalk joins the fruit. Having worked straight round two or three times, and come back nearly to the stalk, slip the needle under the work to the other side of the fruit, and continue up that side, nearly to the top. Then slip the needle under again to the opposite side, in the same way as at the stalk end, and so on till the rows of stitches form a sort of oval; and, by the time you get to the middle of the fruit, the rows will be straight up and down. A little practice will soon enable the worker to judge when she has worked sufficient rounds, and having once decided that point, she will find them very easy and pleasant to work. It is better not to attempt shading oranges unless you have a painting to copy from.

Generally speaking, fruit of any kind is the most difficult design to choose; as in nuts and cherries, &c., there is the same necessity for making the fruit a natural shape, and the same difficulty in doing so, as in the orange. The worker, therefore, who has little experience to guide, and no friendly advice to direct her work, will do better to keep to the simpler and equally effective floral designs, until she has acquired sufficient confidence to enable her to undertake more ambitious work.

(To be continued.)

#### A FEW HINTS UPON THE MANAGEMENT OF A WATCH.

1st.—Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. Care should be taken to avoid sudden jerks.

2nd.—Be careful that your key is in good condition, free from dust and cracks. It should not be kept in the waistcoat pocket, or any place where it is liable to rust or get filled with dust.

3rd.—Keep the watch while being wound steadily in the hand, so as to avoid all circular motion.

4th.—The watch when hung up must have support and be perfectly at rest, or, when laid horizontally, let it be placed on a soft substance for more general support, otherwise the action of the balance will generate a pendulous motion of the watch, and cause much variation in time.

5th.—The hands of a duplex or chronometer watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence, but to avoid accidents it is much better to set them always forward.

6th.—The glass should never be opened in watches that are set at the back.

7th.—Keep your watch-pocket free from dust or nap, which generally accumulates in the pocket when much used.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



DRESS.

PHYLIA.—We think there is sufficient liberty in all the fashions of the present day to allow you to wear your own hair as you like it the best, and for everyone else to do the same.

AMY.—We think that dresses worked in crewels will be as fashionable this year as they have been, but there seems to be a doubt as to whether embroidered gloves and stockings will be fashionable, excepting for evening wear. How could we tell you "how long it would take to work a dress in crewels," or "how much it would cost," without seeing the design, the amount of dress to be embroidered and also knew how quick a worker and how practised in this art you are? In all fairness we advise you to reflect before asking such questions in future.

ELLA.—1. It appears likely that a kilted skirt, with a scarf, will continue to be worn; and the hat will be the small toque, with a loose crown, and a velvet brim. 2. Unless you know that the introduction will be mutually agreeable, certainly never introduce people in the street, nor anywhere else—not even in your own house, when coming in as chance visitors.

J. T. (Dalkeith).—The pattern you enclose us would look well on a dark green dress as you suggest or on a navy-blue. We shall give an idea how a "Tam o' Shanter" cap is to be knit, at an early date, in "My Work Basket."

JULIA.—Hold the crape over the steam of boiling water, and that may remove the stains from it; if not, you must send it to a professed cleaner.

F. S. M.—Rabbit skins are more suitable for linings than trimmings. You could not dye them yourself. Send them to a furrier.

IRENE VERNON.—1. If a good velveteen, it is worth being sent to a dyer's. 2. The shortness of your hair in front has nothing to do with the eruption on your forehead. Wash your face with soap, and consult numerous answers to correspondents on this subject.

C. W. W.—We fear that a description of "how to make a Pinafore Polonaise" would not be of much use to you. A pattern could be purchased for a shilling. They may be made of any material from velvet to cotton.

DAISY.—The dark green cashmere dress for your little girl will look best if mixed with velveteen of the same shade. Make a new yoke and sleeves, and add a scarf to tie round the neck. You might also buy a shape, and make a little hat to match.

C. M. B.—See Rule 6. In London they may be obtained almost in any first-class draper's shop.

POPPIE.—Dip a sponge into cold tea, and damp the black lace. Then place brown paper upon it, and iron it.

A YOUNG READER.—Try one of the shops in town for American paper-patterns.

CLEOPATRA.—We fear that if your serge show white when the mud stains are removed it cannot be a good one. Perhaps benzine might be of service, and is at least worthy of a trial.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

NELLY NEWMAN.—You would have to be apprenticed to a milliner and either give a premium, or a certain amount of time. Make enquiries in the trade for yourself.

ADA, KITTY, and MABEL are anxious about their teeth. "Ada" is referred to an excellent recipe for dentifrice in No. 6, page 95, of this paper. In reply to "Mabel," ordinary brushes made of bristles will answer well for her use. Let them be narrow, and bevelled-off at the edges, so as not to rub the gums; and so inflame or make them recede.

MARY E. D.—We are much obliged for your



correction. 2. The sequel to the "Wide Wide World" is "Queechy."

EMMELINE B.—1. There is no machine for winding the silk of silkworms in this country, as they are not raised here in sufficient quantities. 2. Send the answer to your riddle before we insert it.

ADLINE.—We know of no method for taking notes of sermons, excepting by short-hand. There are two or three to be had, enabling you, we believe, to teach yourself.

ADALINDA.—If you require another magazine we advise you to subscribe to *The Leisure Hour*.

WINIFRED.—So far as we are aware, no premium is required in entering a shop, but "time is given," the amount of time, and the salary, varying much. It is necessary to write a good hand and be a quick accountant, and in that case your age would not much signify, unless very small. Your handwriting needs much improvement.

GLADYS.—1. First rub them well with fresh mutton suet, to heal your chapped hands, and then use glycerine a little diluted with water; wearing gloves, with the tips of the fingers cut off and the ends of the seams neatly finished-off. 2. We agree with your friends that your writing needs improvement, but you have written a nice little letter.

LILIAN.—Ingenious people find some use for every thing; but we never heard of any particular use that can be made of date-stones. You might string them together at regular distances, and make them of use to teach poor children to count, arranging them in fives, or tens, with a large glass bead to divide them at suitable intervals.

ROWENA.—We cannot advise you better than to take the song which you wish to exchange to some second-hand music shop, or else make an exchange with some friend.

SANTA CLAUS.—If you suffer from constant headache, you ought to consult a medical man.

VALERIA.—We can give you no recipe by which you can make short sight any longer, as it is occasioned by the formation of the eye. You can only use glasses, but take care to have the right ones selected for you by a good oculist, or you may strain your eyes.

R. CROKER.—The yearly subscription to this Magazine is 7s. 8d.

BELLA.—1. Write to the publisher for the "Singing Primer," which is mentioned in "How to sing a Song,"—Novello and Co., Berners-street, Oxford-street. 2. Pronounce the name "Popocatpetl" just as it is written, and "Ecuador" as Equador.

ANNETTA.—The length of the prize essay is stated in the announcement. You had better read it again. It must occupy three columns of the magazine; and will probably take eight or nine foolscap pages in writing.

ERLINDA and ROSE C. EDYE write to ask us whether books may be consulted in writing the essay. Certainly, or else how would you obtain the necessary information. But you must not copy from them.

W. A. P.—1. We are sorry to hear that you have wasted your time in collecting a million of old postage-stamps. Unless for the manufacture of stamp-snakes, as toys for children, they are utterly valueless. 2. Coffee stains should yield to the application of hot water and soap. If not, place them for a few minutes into one teaspoonful of spirits of salt, and two of water.

ZARA and PHILLIS.—1. There is no permanent cure for corns, except the habitual wearing of loose cashmere boots and shoes; which ventilate the feet. Leather—and especially patent-leather—draws the feet. 2. See our answer to "W. A. P." respecting used stamps. 3. The Hospital for Hip

Disease in Children is at No. 18, Queen-square, W.C. 4. The style of head-dress most suitable for a girl of fifteen is to wear her hair coiled in a plait just above the nape of the neck.

H. T. S.—Lemon juice and glycerine is what we have before recommended for the cure of freckles; and the wearing of a veil in summer, especially at the sea-side.

FANNY B. and IGNORAMUS are troubled about their hair, and are referred to our answer given to "Edinburgh," in No. 7. of this paper.

LYDIA, ADA, CIM, and A. J. all write to us on the subject of Law-copying. None of them writing very good hands, with the exception of "Cim," had better apply for further information to the address already given. Law-copying could only be procured as a regular business by means of personal solicitation and exertion. There is no other "royal road" to obtaining any situation or employment, save this.

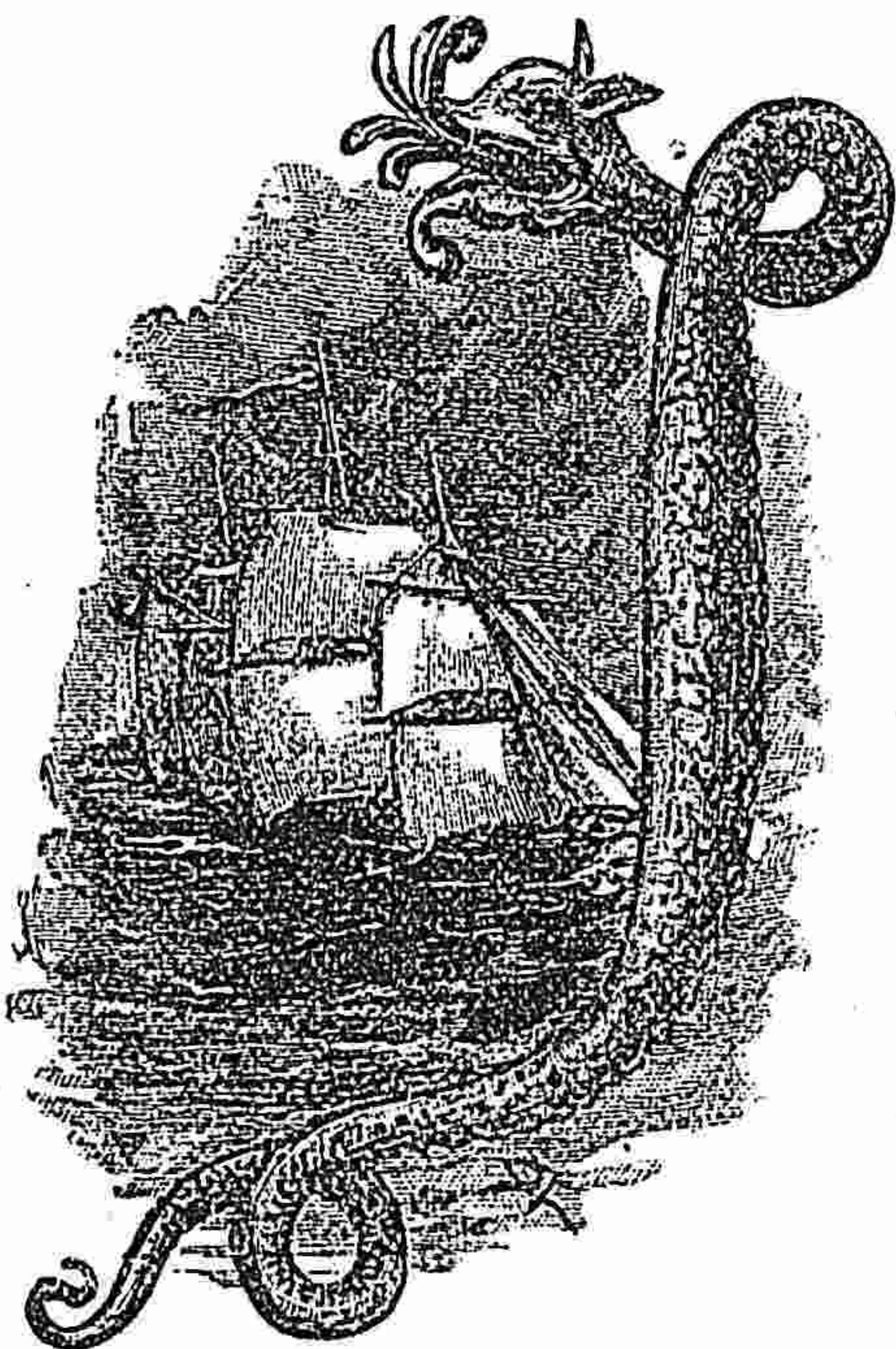
ANNIE.—Ladies entering at St. Thomas's Hospital, must do so as probationers under the Nightingale fund. "Annie" might perhaps prefer the Westminster Training School for nurses. Address Miss Merryweather, No. 8. Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

DOROTHY.—1. When your skates have been thoroughly cleaned and freed from rust, paint them over with a fine coat of varnish or oil, and this will effectually preserve them from injury occasioned by a damp season. 2. October is the time for planting crocus bulbs.

A SCRAPER.—We shall insert an article next month on "How to Play the Violin," by Lady Lindsay, of Balcarres. Her ladyship is a capital performer on that wonderful instrument.

CURIOSITY.—The expression "high falutin" is only a vulgar piece of American slang, meaning high-flown.

## THE PAPER SHIP.



SAILED away in a  
paper ship,  
I sailed away and  
away;  
And never did sailor  
sail so far  
And never was  
sail so gay.  
I sailed away to an  
unknown land  
Beyond an un-  
known sea,  
Where all the people  
were dolls, my  
dear,  
And all of them  
talked to me.  
The town was built  
of card and  
paint,  
The gardens were  
made of tin,

And dolls looked out at the windows, dear,  
And all of them asked me in.

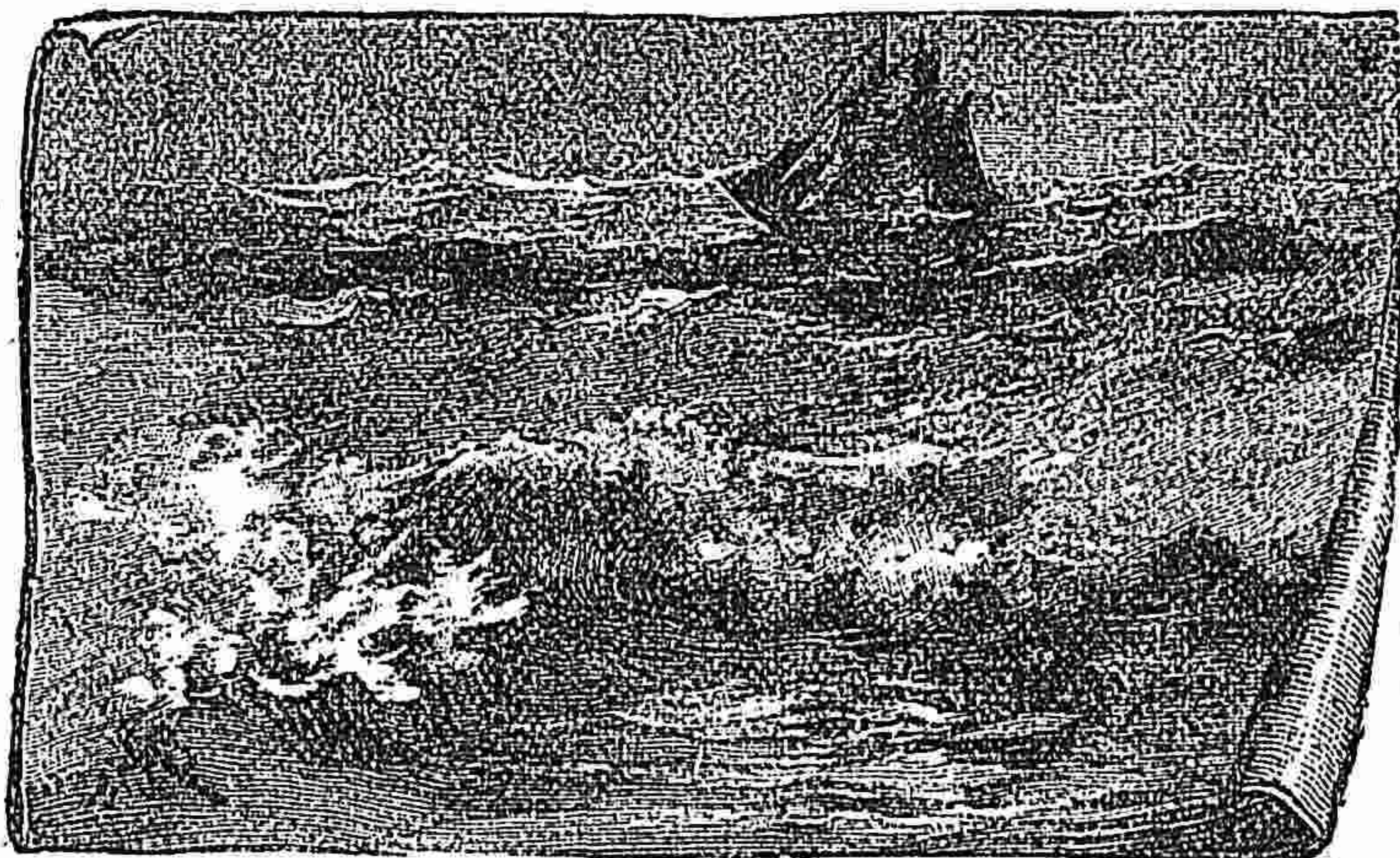
And dolls sat round on the chairs inside,—  
They all were dressed so fine,—  
They stared at a clock that never had ticked,  
And was ever at half-past nine.  
"What shall we do to be real?" they cried,  
"What shall we do to be real?"  
We none of us feel, though we look so nice,  
And talk of the vague ideal."  
And all of them seemed to know so much,  
But none of them laughed or sang,  
And none of the fires had ever ablaze,  
And none of the bells e'er rang.

And people walked and talked of life,  
And all of them looked so grave;

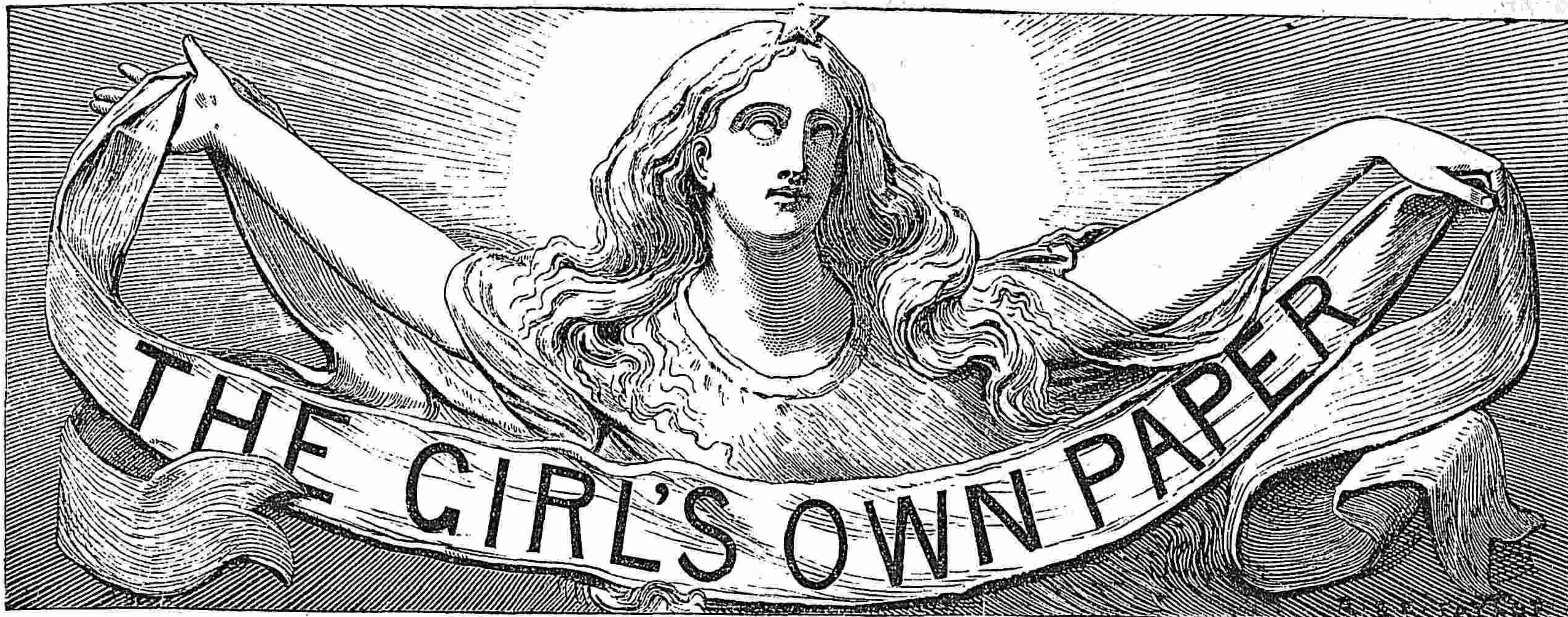
Yet none of them ever had life, my dear,  
Or ever a soul to save.  
I fled away to the woods and fields,  
The trees were stuck with glue,  
And even the skies were false, my dear,  
Though painted a lovely blue.  
And dogs and sheep and cows were there,  
And all of them stared at me,  
With large glass eyes that never had blinked,  
And never a one could see.

Once more I sailed in my paper ship,  
Away on the unknown sea;  
And all the fishes were hollow, my dear,  
And all of them swam at me.  
But on and on and on I sailed,  
I met a great wet seal,  
He seemed to say with his two dim eyes,  
"Not even I am real."  
The strangest sail that never was sailed,  
And sight that never was seen;  
The sail I sailed in my paper ship,  
The land that never has been.

REA.





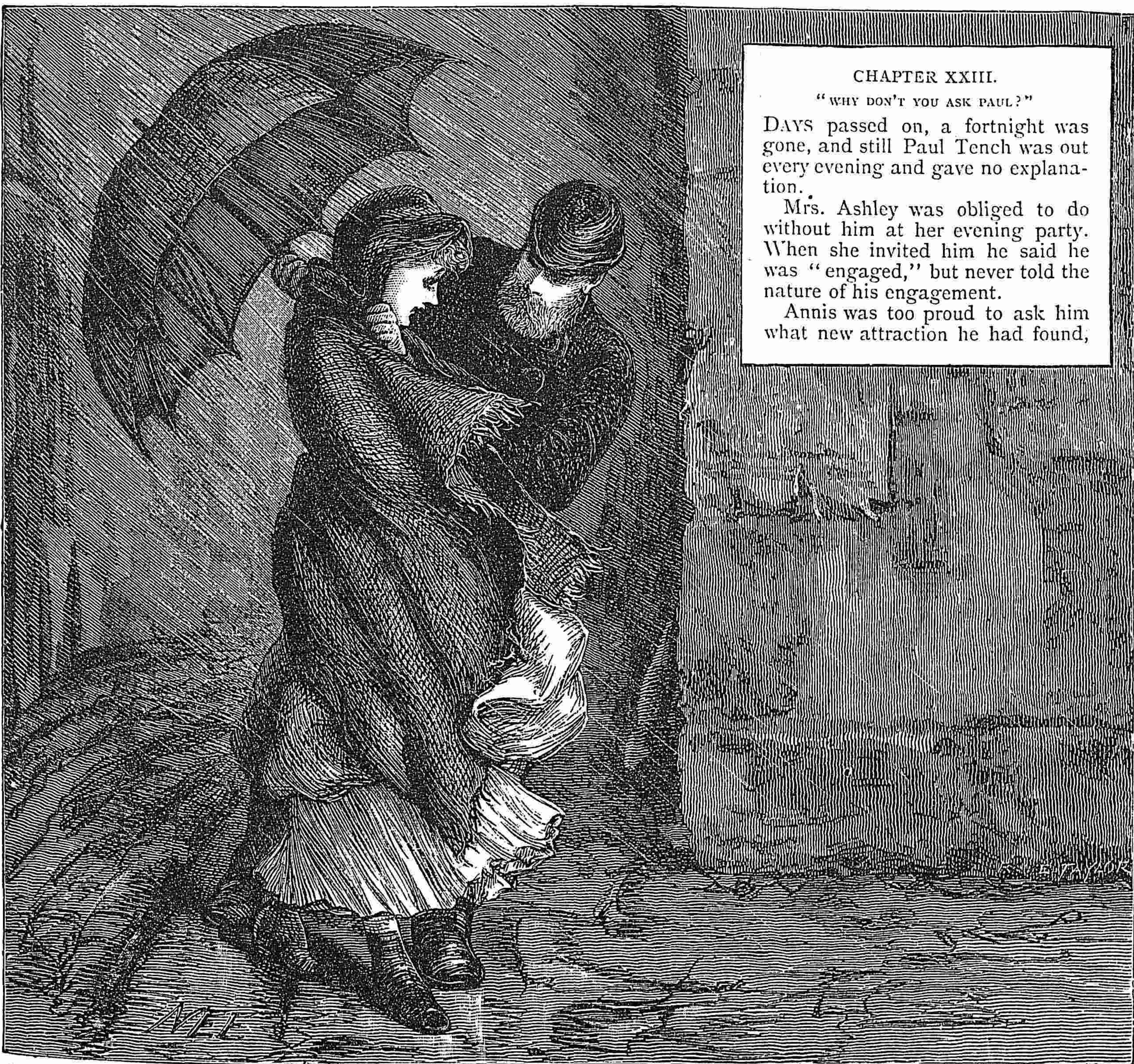


VOL. I.—No. 13.

MARCH 27, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

# ZARA: OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK PAUL?"

DAYS passed on, a fortnight was gone, and still Paul Tench was out every evening and gave no explanation.

Mrs. Ashley was obliged to do without him at her evening party. When she invited him he said he was "engaged," but never told the nature of his engagement.

Annis was too proud to ask him what new attraction he had found,

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"OFFERING HER THE SHELTER OF HIS UMBRELLA."



for, she argued, had he wished her to know he would have told her without being asked. Until he gave her his confidence she would not show the slightest curiosity about his movements.

Fred was not so reticent. He chaffed and taunted him perpetually, flinging forth all manner of possible and impossible suggestions, but was ever met with the same grave, impenetrable silence.

He dashed into the subject one evening when he was sitting alone with his father.

"Why don't you ask Paul what he does with himself every evening of the week?"

The vicar raised his head, looked over his spectacles at Fred, and laid his finger on the page of a Greek Lexicon he was consulting at the moment.

"Why should I inquire, Fred? Paul is of age now, and his own master. He may surely spend his evenings as he chooses. I should be sorry to restrict him, or to act in an inquisitorial manner towards him while he keeps out of evil."

"But *does* he keep out of evil, father? I hate mysteries in a house; they are neither pleasant nor profitable, and make people suspect many things for want of knowing the truth."

"Don't 'suspect many things,' Fred. One thing I feel certain—there is nothing wrong in Paul's conduct nor character, and we must not expect to dictate to him how to pass his leisure time."

"You are far too unsuspicious, father. I feel certain there is some strange influence over Paul that he cannot shake off. He looks ill, harassed, and haggard. He has not a grain of spirit left. He seems to live altogether in a world of his own, into which we dare not intrude."

"I have not noticed all this. Perhaps he has overworked himself, and is ill."

"Nothing of the sort. His is mental disquietude, not bodily, and Annis thinks as I think about it."

"Annis! does she?"

"Yes, and it makes her very unhappy—though she says little."

"Perhaps there has been some little misunderstanding between them? If so, we shall hardly mend matters by interfering."

"We can hardly make matters worse. Annis looks nearly as haggard and harassed as Paul himself, and she is puzzled and fretted in a way not good for her. Don't I wish Walter was down here from Cambridge; he would find out what it means, or I am much mistaken."

"I think you *are* mistaken, Fred. Walter would think as I do: that Paul Tench, a man of strict honour, has a right to be trusted, and, depend on it, were there any mystery that concerned us, Paul would be the very first to reveal it."

"You are very indifferent in the matter, father."

"It is not indifference that makes me say this. I believe Paul to be incapable of acting in any way but as a true gentleman, and we should judge him with courtesy and Christian charity. Let us not draw harsh conclusions while we are ignorant of facts."

The vicar left the room, and Fred grumbled half aloud—

"Just like father! He never thinks ill of anyone."

"Was you a talking about Mr. Paul, sir?" asked Josh, with a knowing twinkle in his eyes, as he came into the room to see if his master was ready for bed.

"What makes you ask, Josh?"

"Because I heard master talk so beautiful about Christian charity, and it do take a deal of that to make anyone think Mr. Paul is going quite on the square."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I know where he spends his evenings. I've seen him there myself many a time, from the first day of his coming down here."

"Where is it? what sort of a place does he visit, Josh?"

"The Harmony Music Hall. It is down in Pedlar's-lane, at the back end of the town. A fine, noisy hall it is; lots of people go there."

"What amusements are there to draw crowds?"

"No end of 'em, sir. Niggers dressed up, and they sing comic songs; and sailors that dance hornpipes, double-shuffle, step, and all. Sometimes a soldier comes out, and goes through a sword dance; and there's lots of smoking and drinking going on. And there's some young ladies that sing lovely sentimental songs."

Josh stopped for want of breath, and Fred replied indignantly—

"You must be mistaken, Josh; those sort of things are not likely to amuse Mr. Tench. You must have seen someone else, and supposed it to be him."

"I'm sure I have seen Mr. Tench there. I could take my—"

"Never mind saying any more about it, Josh. Do you know I don't think the 'Harmony Music Hall' is a proper place for you to visit. You are young, and may meet with influences there anything but profitable. Remember, you are not to go there again," said Fred, in his sternest voice.

"I wish I hadn't said a word about it," replied Josh, gloomily.

"You were perfectly right to tell me."

"But I never expected to be stopped from going; and Mr. Paul would never go there if he saw any harm in it."

"Mr. Tench can do as he pleases. He is capable of judging for himself; but I will judge for you, and forbid your entering the place while you are in my service. Now, Josh, help me into my room. I am very weary, and my back is aching more than words can tell. This is a strange and imperfect world! Things go wrong, and that makes one long and pray for a higher, better state, where there shall be no deceit and no sin."

Fred spoke half to himself as he finished his sentence; then wearily began to prepare for bed.

But he did not sleep much that night. He tossed restlessly about on his pillow, thinking of Paul and his delinquencies; thought how little the best and closest friends really know of each other; thought how shallow may be one's judg-

ment of even the companion of one's daily life.

He mused on what a complex being man is. How, sometimes in even the best, the most carefully trained, some lurking, hideous, lower part of human nature will gain ascendancy for the time being, crushing down the pure and the lovely.

Was Paul Tench an instance of this? He had loved Paul as a brother, and until this fatal visit to Seabright had considered him a model of what true manhood should be in its healthiest, highest, truest form.

But here was Paul setting all these pre-conceived notions of his character at defiance, and proving himself a very silly fellow indeed. What on earth had come over the man when he could be blinded, fascinated, drawn away from his friends by the attractions of a low music and drinking hall, where dressed-up niggers, sham soldiers and sailors, and pert singing girls were the chief allurements?

Fred would tell him his mind tomorrow, that he would, and hear what excuse was possible when the accusation was flung full in his face.

But to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And so the poor invalid tossed and tumbled about, while the clocks of Seabright chimed on through the night. Towards morning he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamt Josh Davis was wheeling him in his chair over rough roads, rocky pathways, through deep, dry river gorges, over craggy hills, miles after miles; but that the way led him to the "Harmony Music Hall," where Paul and a sham sailor were dancing hornpipes together.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE MILLINER'S SHOP.

PAUL TENCH set himself to study Zara. He had some vague, grand, undefined plan of finding out her character and disposition—her strong and weak points—of judging carefully what sort of girl she really was, and then appearing on the scene as a universal benefactor for all her needs and requirements.

He must win the girl from her present life, he must place her in the midst of different surroundings, set her in the position to which her fortune entitled her; but how could all this be accomplished without bringing down on himself all sorts of suspicions, without drawing from its secret hiding-place the dark history of the ten thousand pounds that was hers by right?

As a first step towards his purpose, he established himself "amateur detective" over her actions. Evening after evening he endured the noisome atmosphere, the noisy singing, the crowding, surging audience of the "Harmony Hall" with a stoicism worthy of a martyr. He watched her leave the place each night, leaning on the arm of the faithful Tom Woods. He watched her enter the milliner's shop, and then the curtain fell, his task for the day was over.



When a person sets himself to study another, it is astonishing how much can be learnt without a single word of conversation.

The more Paul saw of Zara the more he pronounced her uneducated, except in her taste for show and glitter. In that she was undoubtedly an adept. Her glaring dress, her gaudy ornaments proclaimed the fact.

Paul noted her artificial tricks of manner and voice, her airs and graces, her pettish tiffs with Tom Woods, who followed her about with a slavish devotion, grateful if he was rewarded with one of her ringing laughs when she allowed him to bask in the sunshine of her approval.

The more Paul discovered about the girl the more he was convinced that heaping money on her in her present untrained state of mind would be the most dangerous thing he could possibly do for her. A foolish fly, when it gets just a taste of honey, may feed on it to its own advantage. But introduce the silly creature to a full "honey-pot," and it will recklessly plunge into its sweetness, soil its feet, clog its wings, and most probably bring about its own destruction.

Zara was so young, so ignorant, and for the latter clause Paul was ready to blame himself with a sort of tacit reproach. Why had he not searched the whole world through for the girl before? Why had he not sooner striven to carry out the trust his mother had so solemnly imposed on him?

Alas! he had taken life as it came—had been weakly contented with the blessings and comforts that had fallen so pleasantly into his lot. Only now had he been roused to discover that all the time he had been enjoying Zara's fortune and Zara's rights, while she, poor child! had doubtless been struggling on through poverty, hardship, and contempt. He made frantic efforts to get some kind of introduction to her; but with the vigilant attendance of Tom Woods in the evening, and her total withdrawal from view during the day, the preliminary step was more difficult than might be expected.

Paul paced up and down the street outside the milliner's shop at least a dozen times in the day; but Zara evidently lived in the back of the house, for she never appeared in the shop nor at the little window above it.

One day his impatience grew greater, or his courage rose higher than usual, for he went up the steps and entered the shop.

Miss White was behind the counter—a little, brisk woman, with keen brown eyes, rosy cheeks, thin lips, a small waist, and a very shrill, sharp voice.

She held a hat half trimmed with blue fringed ribbon in her hand; her needle was flying in and out with what Paul thought wonderful activity. She soon spied out the visitor, as he stood hopelessly peering round the shop.

"What is your pleasure, sir? What can I do for you?" she asked, with a suddenness that roused Paul from his reverie.

He had been looking about the place

trying to find something to buy—something of which he could at least tell the use.

But the shop was full of bonnets, decked out in blue, red, and green, of hats in tempting guise, and ribbons ranged in every width and shade. All tempting articles, no doubt, to feminine eyes; indeed, half the servants in Seabright spent much of their wages over Miss White's counter; but to Paul Tench the goods seemed only trash, nothing of any use, or that he could make available.

"What can I do for you, sir?" repeated Miss White, a little more sharply.

"I want some gloves, and a tie, a black silk one," stammered Paul.

"I don't keep gloves, and the tie is for a gentleman, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"I am sorry I don't keep anything of the sort. This, you perceive, is a milliner's shop. I only sell materials used on the premises to trim ladies' hats and bonnets. Cheap and good they are, as you may tell your lady friends, sir, when they require anything of the sort."

"I am sorry to have troubled you," replied Paul, in a tone of apology.

"Don't mention it, sir. The trouble is nothing. You will find several good shops in Seabright, where they supply gentlemen's clothes. Mr. Wilkins, in High-street, is noted as an excellent outfitter. You are a stranger in this place, I presume?"

"Quite so. I have only been a short time here. By-the-bye, I was at the 'Harmony Music Hall' last evening," said Paul, feeling his way with due caution.

"Were you indeed?" Miss White's voice has grown a little sharp, and her keen eyes are fixed on Paul's face.

"A lady who sang—Miss Zara Mel-dicott Keith—lives here, I believe?"

"She does, sir." Miss White snapped off her thread of blue cotton with an air.

"Is she at home now?"

"Yes, Zara is at home sure enough. She helps me in the millinery department, sir."

"Can I see her for a few minutes?"

"For what purpose, sir?" Miss White laid her work down on the counter, and confronted Paul with set lips and flashing eyes.

"I have something to say that may prove to her advantage. Will you tell her a gentleman wishes to speak to her?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Miss Keith has no friends who call themselves 'gentlemen,' and she don't want any."

"But, believe me, I have her true interest at heart."

"I daresay; exactly so! You all say that. Other fine fellows have called here many a time before with the same story on their lips, selfish, despicable creatures as they were! Her interest, indeed! Zara don't need to look to a stranger for 'something to her advantage.' I wish you a very good morning, sir."

The little woman emphasized the last word with stinging bitterness, and walked out of the shop with the dignity

of an offended princess, the hat waving in her hand, and some yards of blue ribbon trailing on the ground behind her.

Paul stood for a minute amidst the bonnets and caps, sole monarch of the shop. Then the absurdity of his position flashed to his thought, and with a grim smile on his lip he speedily made a retreat into the street.

But on the evening of that day a stroke of unexpected success came to him.

Seabright, like many other seaside towns, was a place that owed much of its popularity to sunshine. While the days were bright, the air balmy, the sands dry and yellow and smooth, with a turquoise sea rippling on it in tiny wavelets, fringed with sparkling pearls, city people fairly basked in its beauty.

They made up parties, they walked about, and enjoyed themselves—the gentlemen in approved seaside suits; the ladies in yachting dresses, blue and white, striped and plain.

Dozens of nurses came with the children, and watched them build sand houses and gather shells. Until the very end of the season crowds of people flocked to the place, paying fabulous prices for their lodgings.

But as soon as the weather "broke up," as Seabright fishermen termed it, when the pitiless rain swept down, when the waves grew big and angry and loud, when the wind shrieked round the corners and howled down the streets—then the city butterflies took flight, the bustle of rapid departure was heard at the railway station.

Trunks, packages, and passengers crowded the platforms; summer visitors were eager to return home again.

The Ashleys, the Lesters were gone, and the two curates had followed in their train. Only the vicar's family lingered on of all the pleasant little coterie who had lately assembled on Rover's Peak.

On one of the stormiest of the stormy autumnal evenings Paul had gone to the music hall, fully making up his mind it would be the very last time he would enter its doors. He had proved clearly going there was not the way in which he could carry out his plans for Zara's good.

He was sick of the stifling air, disgusted with the uncongenial sights, wearied with the discordant sounds, and would subject himself to no further torture of that nature.

He thought of writing a letter to Miss Keith—a cautious, wary letter; though how he was going to explain he had not the most remote idea. Still, something must be done, and that quickly; he was growing impatient, and blaming himself for the long delay.

The storm was at its height when the audience prepared to disperse on that evening. Down came the rain in a flood, making miniature rivers at the kerb stones, and the harsh blast struck fiercely round the corners. People stopped under shelter as long as possible, and then they were fairly turned out and the doors closed; they went their various ways, scrambling, splashing, and grumbling.

Miss Keith did not come out with



Minnie Robins as usual. Paul was wondering how he had missed her, when he caught sight of a tall woman passing rapidly down the other side of the street, with a large shawl drawn over her head.

As she passed under a gaslight he saw it was Zara, and, for a wonder, she was alone.

He was at her side in an instant, offering her the shelter of his umbrella. She looked at him with a quick glance of her dark eyes.

"Thank you very much, but I am neither 'sugar nor salt,' and I shan't melt, I dare say."

"You had better allow me to hold the umbrella over your head."

"You will be clever if you can do that. It will be inside out in a minute. There, I told you so," said she, laughing.

Paul made a clutch at the article in question, rescued it from the violent blast, and smoothed it into shape.

"It is all right now, Miss Keith, and really would keep off some of the rain from you."

Zara did not resist any longer. She drew a little nearer Paul, and under shelter.

"You are the one I have seen lately in the orchestral stall seats. I thought you would speak to me some day."

"Why did you think so, Miss Keith?"

"Something in your look told me."

"You are right. I have long wished to speak, but never before had the chance; someone was always with you."

"Yes, poor Tom Woods," replied she, with a sigh.

"Why do you call him *poor* Tom Woods?"

"We mostly say that of people who are dead or gone away. Tom left Seabright this morning; he is as good as 'dead,' for I suppose we shan't ever see him back here again."

"Where is your friend, Mr. Woods, gone?"

"First to London, then to New York, where he has an uncle who keeps a large store. It may be the making of Tom, perhaps. He was horridly treated here. The manager and he never could get on together, and they had a dreadful fuss a few days ago. Tom went off in a huff."

"Are you sorry?"

"Of course I am. I have known him since I was a child. You know he is the son of old Mr. Woods, my singing master. Have you any more questions to ask? I think I have gone through your catechism very well."

"Yes, Miss Keith, I have many more questions to ask you; more than you could possibly answer to-night," replied Paul, battling fiercely with his umbrella, which

struggled hard to take a flight over the houses.

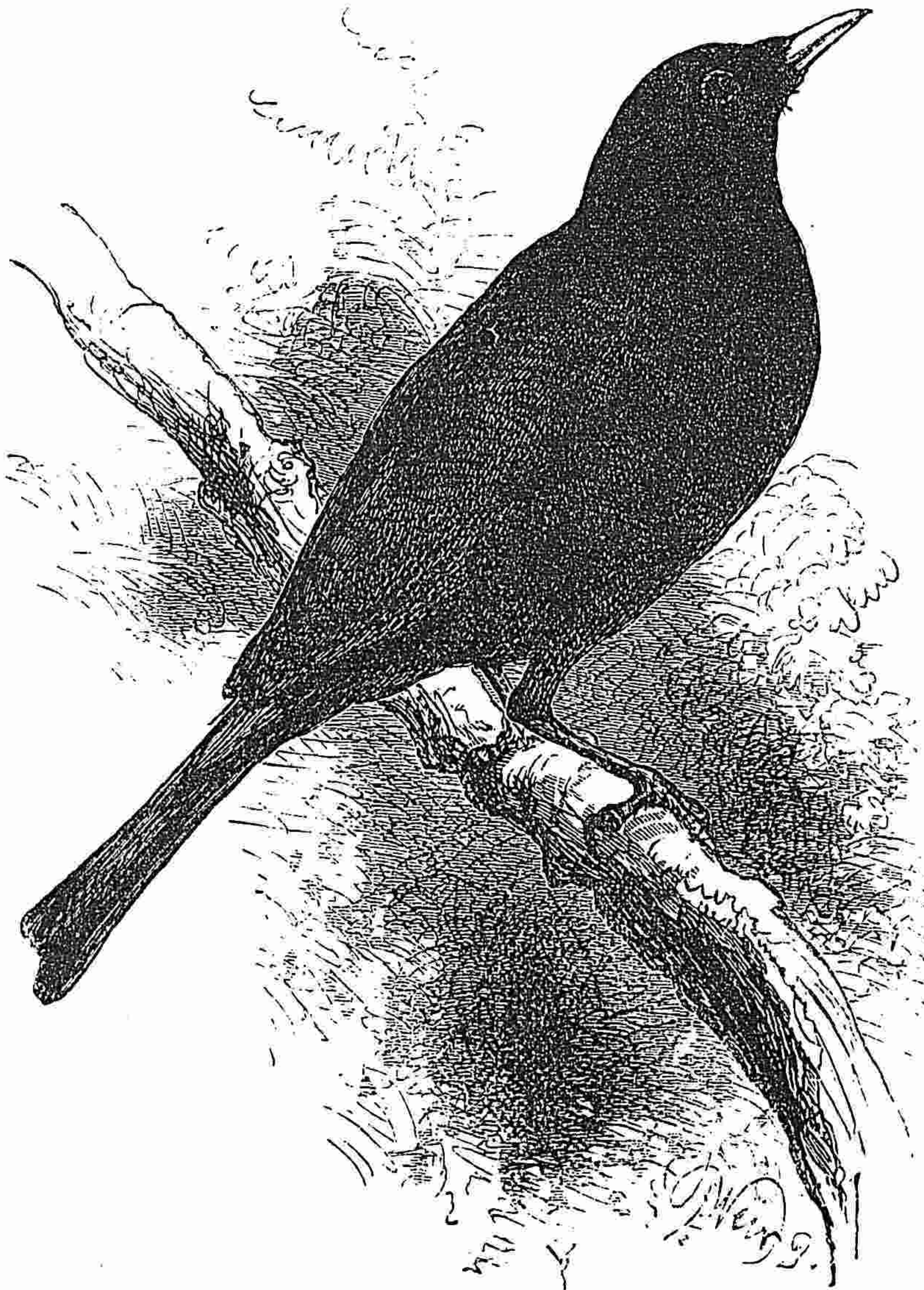
"Shut that thing down. It's far more plague than profit, as Miss White says I am sometimes. But, really, I don't mind the rain, I'm used to it."

"Perhaps I had better take your advice and shut it," and with a wild scramble Paul managed to get the umbrella closed.

"I think it is my turn to ask you a question or two."

"I will answer them, if possible, Miss Keith."

"Why do you take the trouble to speak to me and follow me about? And why do you stare at me and watch me?"



THE BLACKBIRD.

I have noticed you many times, though it didn't suit me to pretend to see."

"It would take me a long time to answer, Zara."

"Miss Keith, if you please," corrected she. "I may be 'Zara' on the playbills, but I don't answer to it in private life when strangers speak to me." She gave her head a toss, and drew herself up.

"Pardon me, Miss Keith; but Zara seemed so familiar to me."

"Ah! Our manager makes it so. He doesn't spare his bills, and has half the walls of the town plastered over with them. May I ask your name, sir?"

"Paul Tench."

"From London, I suppose?"

"Yes, from London. I am a student of medicine by profession. May I have

an interview with you to-morrow, Miss Keith? I have much to say that concerns your future. Believe me, I have a warm interest in your welfare. Tell me where we can meet."

"It's no use to call there," said Zara, pointing to the shop outside which they were standing.

"I know that by experience. I inquired for you there to-day, and was flatly refused admission."

"That's so like little Miss White. She's a very dragon of propriety," laughed Zara. "She never would let me come home from the 'Hall' with anyone but Tom Woods or his father; and now she means to call for me herself. But I suppose the weather damped her energy to-night."

"How may I see you?" urged Paul.

Zara paused on the step, under shelter of the porch.

"Let me see. Now I think of it, I may be walking on the sands to-morrow afternoon."

"Alone?"

"Oh, yes; I'll give Miss White the slip for once."

"What part of the sands?"

"Towards the Point. Do you know the old ruin about a quarter of a mile from the town?"

Paul gave a start.

"I know it well. On that very ruin I saw the placard bearing your name."

"I dare say. Our manager would stick his bills on the lobsters' backs, and send them out to sea, if he could. I'm going to knock at the door now; so good-night, sir. Of course, if you happen to be walking on the sands to-morrow afternoon I cannot help it. But mind, I shan't be there if this storm keeps on."

"Certainly not. Good-night, Miss Keith." Paul held out his hand, which, however, Zara did not or would not see. Then he watched her enter, and

went thoughtfully down the street, with the rain dashing in his face, and the wild wind driving full against him.

(To be continued.)

### THE BLACKBIRD.

No English bird is better known and appreciated than the blackbird—ousel, or merle, as it is sometimes called. It is naturally of a very shy and timid nature, hiding amongst the thick foliage of evergreens, high grass, and weeds, or in the hedgerows, and then watching an opportunity to dart away into the nearest copse, making known its presence by its shrill alarm-note. Its food consists chiefly of wild fruit, berries, worms, and insects. In an orchard it is a sad rogue, clearing off the fruit from cherry-trees, or currant and goose-



berry bushes, in a very short space of time. Nor is this the worst, for it has a bad habit of tasting pears and apples to a large extent, without confining itself to any particular fruit, thereby spoiling a quantity, for you cannot preserve fruit after a hole, however small, has been picked in it.

In dry weather their depredation in fruit gardens is very serious. I have known nearly two dozen blackbirds in and about one tree in early morning. They are particularly fond of the berries of the mountain ash, and those of the white thorn, also the holly in snowy weather. It is quite a mistake to suppose blackbirds eat slugs, and I have never known them when wild to eat snails. Taken altogether they are not so desirable in a garden as many imagine, and were it not for their delightfully melodious song I fear strong measures would be taken to get rid of them. But I prefer scaring them from any particular trees by scarlet worsted being laced about the branches, and a few pieces of tin, with feathers, being hung here and there. Strawberries can be netted; also currants, raspberries, and gooseberries—but the net should be raised three feet above the plants, as the birds would rest upon it, and the net sinking with their weight, they would quickly put their heads through and enjoy the ripest of the fruit.

For keeping in a cage they are best brought up from the nest, and should be taken just as the feathers are showing beyond the quill part. The young may be reared with food made of oatmeal, with a little chopped beef

and some sugar, but not much. As they grow older, stale buns mixed with bread-crumbs and beef cut up finely will serve to keep them in health. Now and then a piece of apple, pear, or cherry, or a few mountain ash berries for a change, will prove beneficial.

The cage should be *large*, and kept scrupulously clean, and a pan of soft water should be put in it every day, in which the bird might bathe, while water for drinking should be pure and fresh, not allowed to stand day after day.

It is most needful that the bottom of the cage be strewn with nice gravel, as swallowing grit and stones assists the digestion. In my opinion the best cage is the wicker one; it can be easily washed, and all insects that would otherwise be of much annoyance to the occupant thereby destroyed.

The blackbird may easily be caught by baiting a brick or other trap with fruit, such as cherries, plums, or a ripe apple; but it is not well to catch them in summer, as they are then breeding, and their young would be left to starve in the nest. In the winter bait the trap with berries, bread, and meat. Blackbirds when well taken care of will live in cages many years. I have heard of one fifteen years old.

Speckled, white, and black birds—and *white* birds are not uncommon—and some beautifully-marked have been exhibited at the various shows. The note of the blackbird is soft and melodious, being very rich and sweet at times. In its wild state it does not sing

for long together, as it generally commences about the end of February and finishes at the beginning of June. As a rule birds only sing while they are nesting. In a cage the blackbird sings six or seven months in the year or even more, but much depends on the food given to it.

Before closing this article, let me strongly impress on all those who keep birds in cages to look to their comfort and welfare *themselves, every day*. There is an old saying, "If you wish for a thing well done, do it yourself."

HARRISON WEIR.

## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

### CHAPTER X.

"BRIAN, Mr. Mason has resolved to send you to sea!"

"To sea! Oh, you must be mistaken," and a shudder spoke the youth's repugnance.

"I am not mistaken. I had taken your Latin books into mamma's dressing-room to study the lesson you set me quietly. The window was open, and I sat down on the balcony itself with my feet in the room and my books on a chair. The drawing-room window was open, too, and presently a sharp cry from poor mamma caught my ear in spite of my Latin, and I heard her say, 'Brian has a horror of the sea—it swallowed up his father. It would be cruel,' and then, for



"AND, FINALLY, THAT YOU AID AND ABET THIS WICKEDNESS."



"I could not help but listen, I heard her sobbing, and Mr. Mason telling her that he had resolved to send you to sea because you did things to frighten her and make her ill, and that poor dear father had intended to make a sailor of you like himself; and I don't believe one syllable of it."

"Neither do I, Hesba," said the boy, boldly. "Father would never run from his word; and after the night of the terrible storm which brought Mercy to us, and gave me such a fright—I was but a little fellow then, you know—he vowed he would never risk the lives of his dear ones on a deck again. And what *father* said might be trusted."

In her eagerness to acquaint her brother Hesba had overlooked the proverbial ears of little pitchers; but now she discovered that Mercy's ears were open as her own, and that Mercy's distress at the threatened severance of home ties was as acute and less under control. But Mercy was somewhere about nine years old, and could be made to understand the necessity for silence, lest she should bring down the wrath of much-dreaded Mr. Mason on their three young heads, and a caution was sufficient to secure the inviolability of the twins' confidence.

And the confidences exchanged that day under the sycamore, called forth by what they considered a secret design to separate them from each other, and to banish Brian from his mother, were serious as the occasion. The substitution of sea for college filled them with indignation and dismay. The prospect was too terrible for contemplation. Brian had a brave heart, but the sea was not his vocation. His family affections were strong, and latterly a hazy notion had floated through his brain that his sister—aye, and his mother—might need his protection when he grew older.

And now he was to be "sent to sea"—he who had been destined for so different a career. How was it to be averted? Many were the plans brought forward and abandoned. "Suppose you wrote to Grandma Stapleton?" at length suggested Hesba. "She might interfere."

Brian's prompt "So I will" was almost lost in the sound of approaching wheels. Dr. Mitchell's carriage was at the gate.

Dr. Mitchell was a grey-haired elderly gentleman of sedate countenance, gentle voice and touch, in footfall like snow, and a ran-tan on a knocker that would startle a neighbourhood: not that he had taken out a patent for his particular ran-tan; doctors, as a rule, even when litter is laid in the roadway to deaden the sound of wheels, forget until the threshold is crossed that their patients have ultra-sensitive ears and nerves.

Hesba, knowing of old its effect on her mamma, no sooner caught sight of his brougham than, releasing herself from Mercy, she set off full-speed round to the back of the house, so as to pass through and anticipate him by opening the hall-door herself.

There was a merry twinkle in Dr. Mitchell's eyes as she asked him to

"walk in," which seemed to indicate that his gravity was more professional than natural, and he saluted her with—

"Were you, then, the Atalanta of the flying feet I saw chasing the wind round a corner just now?"

"Yes, sir;" and her cheeks were like twin roses as she spoke. "I was afraid lest mamma might faint again if you were to knock; she is so very easily startled."

"You are not afraid of giving *me* a sharp rap on the knuckles," he said dryly, adding, in another tone, "But you are quite right, young lady. I wish all daughters were as thoughtful."

At this moment Mr. Mason appeared at the head of the stairs, and Hesba vanished.

There was a conference of some length carried on in low tones between the two gentlemen in the blue and gold drawing-room, from which Mrs. Mason had been carried; and which was almost as gorgeous in its every-day suit of crêtonne as in its state-robes of velvet-pile. And then there was another conference, scarcely less subdued, in the bedroom where rose-buds and forget-me-nots predominated, again another between the gentlemen in the drawing-room, and then Miss Hesba was summoned to confer with Dr. Mitchell.

Hesba had hastily removed the traces of Mercy's rough embraces and of her own tears, and Dr. Mitchell thought, as she stood framed for an instant in the pale blue and gold doorway of that spacious drawing-room, what a pleasant picture she made in her simple morning dress of common holland, with those clear grey eyes of hers, that well-poised head, and that air of womanly decision that sat so well upon her.

A chair had been placed for the doctor where Mrs. Mason's folding chair had previously stood, Mr. Mason again occupying the low lounge which had the sycamore full in view.

Both rose on her entrance, the latter resigning his seat to her as he said, with his smile of many meanings, "Dr. Mitchell has kindly consented to give you the information you were anxious to obtain," and at once retreated to the window at the extreme end of the long room, where he stood with his back to them, apparently contemplating the currant bushes in the kitchen garden.

"I understand, Miss Stapleton," began the doctor, gravely, as she drew near, "that you are anxious to learn the cause of your mamma's illness."

He paused as she bent forward with a low but eager "Oh, yes!"

"Perhaps you will scarcely be prepared to learn that the predisposing cause is *worry*?"

"Worry!" echoed Hesba, dropping on the lounge against which she had stood.

"Yes, *worry*—worry acting on a weak heart and a delicate constitution."

Hesba had heard of her mother's "heart" and her "delicacy" ever since she could remember; but "worry"—that was a new disease! She looked perplexed.

"Yes, young lady; and I hear, more-

over, that it is her children who worry her."

"*We!* doctor?" And Hesba's clear eyes sought his in open questioning. "We would die to save mamma!"

"No doubt, if a sudden personal sacrifice was called for; but the daily sacrifice of wills and tempers is not so easily understood or made, and from what I can gather, the rebellion of her children against their step-father's authority is the primary cause of her anxiety and unhappiness."

Hesba's lips blanched; she clasped her hands tightly together in her lap as she listened, not daring to reply for fear of the ears at the window.

"I am told," he went on, "that Miss Mercy is not to be schooled into ladylike propriety, plays like a boy with marbles, tops, and kites, and defaces the clean steps and walls by drawing on them with ruddle picked out of the gravel; that Master Stapleton is always in some scrape or other, climbs and breaks his limbs, fights with his schoolfellows, and comes home with black eyes, plunges into muddy water, and comes in soaking, plays truant, is in disgrace with his masters, has low associates, makes Miss Mercy a tomboy, and, finally, that you, Miss Hesba, aid and abet this wickedness"—there was a twinkle in the corner of the doctor's eyes, though voice and manner were grave—"rebelling against the punishment of the incorrigibles, and it is this general opposition to authority which keeps your poor mother in a state of excitement, and preys injuriously on her nerves."

Hesba had kept her lips as closely pressed together as her palms, and years seemed to crowd and grow upon her as she listened. She rose to her feet, choked emotion down, and took her interlocutor by surprise with her prompt reply.

"You are right, Dr. Mitchell, mamma is kept in a state of excitement, but not altogether as you have been told. You have heard that Brian startled her this morning with climbing the sycamore?" (A nod in assent.) "Can you see the sycamore from your seat? It stands where mamma's did?"

He shook his head.

"Mr. Mason from this chair could." (She laid her hand on the back.) "It was *he* who startled poor mamma, with *his* sudden start and outcry to Brian."

"Indeed!"

"All the *other* things you have been told, sir, are about as true. I do not think mamma is *worried* by her *children*," and an involuntary glance up the room said the rest.

"Well, well, my dear," replied the physician, kindly, as he rose to depart, "be that as it may, my patient, your mamma, must be kept from excitement at any cost, or I will not answer for the consequences. I daresay she will recover from this attack, and perhaps from the next, but some day the frail thread will snap suddenly—so strained."

"You hear, Hesba," said Mr. Mason, coming from the window. "I hope you are satisfied—and you too, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, I am satisfied," said the doctor, dryly, and took his leave.

Hesba had vanished. The storm of



indignation in her breast had given place to fears for her beloved mother, and the "at any cost" rang in her ears like a knell. Only in her own room could she obtain sufficient mastery over herself to fit her for her mother's presence, or to lay before Brian the dread alternative Dr. Mitchell had presented.

(To be continued.)

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

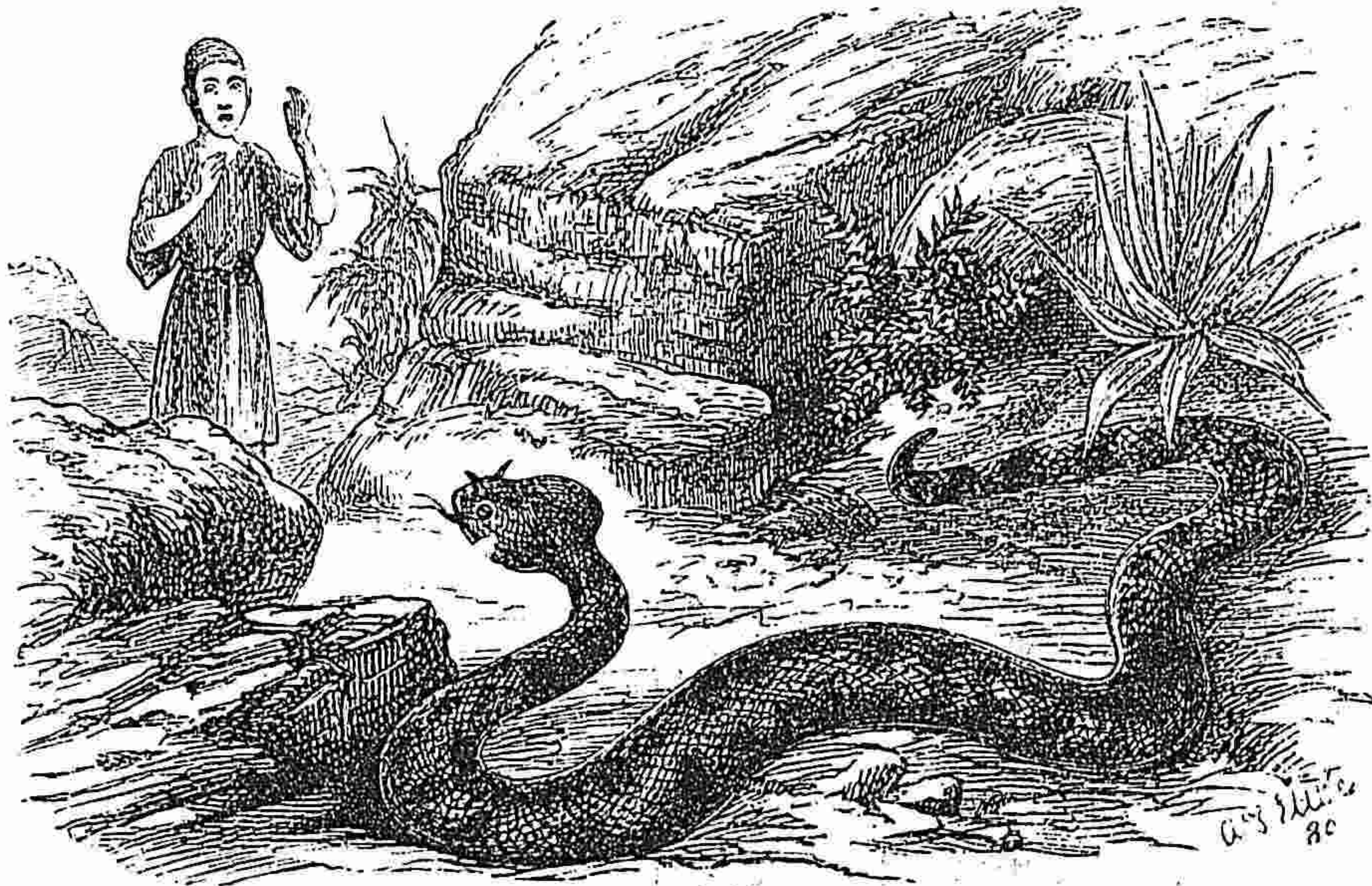
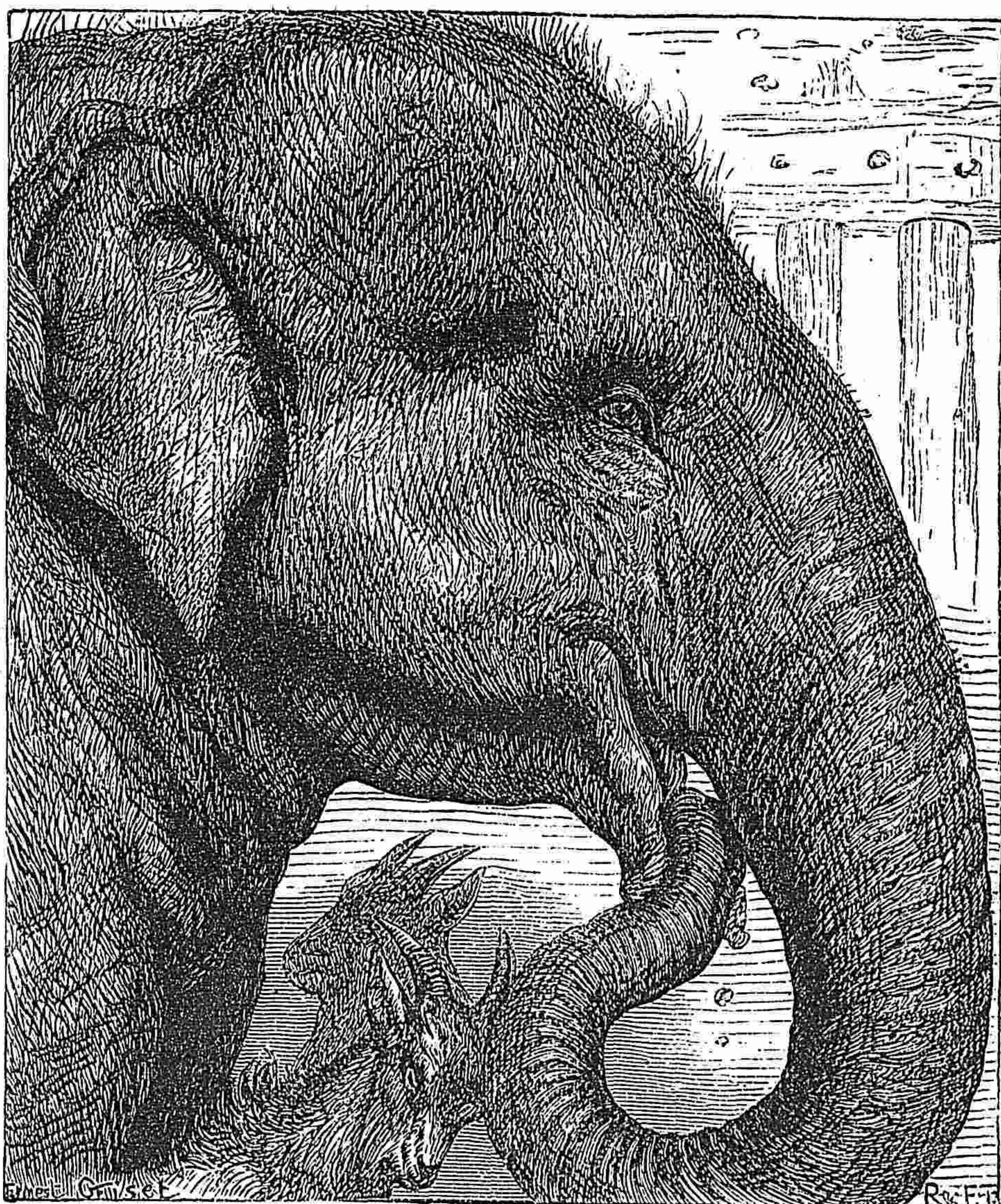
**SNAKE CHARMING.**—I was measuring the Temple of Edfou, when I saw a peculiarly venomous serpent come out of its hole, whilst an Arab boy who stood by fixed his eye steadily on it the moment he saw it, the reptile fixing his eye on him. The lad began waving his hands gently up and down, humming a peculiar tune in a low monotonous tone. The serpent seemed to be charmed, and lay perfectly still, listening to and keeping its eyes attentively on the boy, who, finding that he had charmed it, was about to secure it; but at this I was so horrified that I took up a large stone and killed the reptile. The boy was very angry, and assailed me with violent gestures and imprecations, at which I laughed heartily. I afterwards learned that he was the son of a serpent-charmer, and was collecting these reptiles for his father.—*Sir John Rennie's Autobiography.*

## THE "BABY" ELEPHANT.

A WISE young elephant was once a fellow passenger with me on a homeward voyage. This elephant was called the "Baby," and was the pet and amusement of everyone on

was too encroaching, and Baby's endurance was exhausted. When Mrs. Nanny came to his tub as usual, Baby coolly took her up with his trunk and deposited her a few feet off.

Mrs. Nanny, nothing daunted, returned to the attack, and began butting Baby, who calmly went on eating until Mrs. Nanny put her nose into the tub again. Then Baby took her up with his trunk, and gave her such a shaking that she never ventured to



board ship. The captain used to carry him dessert every day from the dinner table, and if he forgot to do so Baby set up a trumpeting that was much worse than an ordinary baby's crying, you may be sure. The captain would put the biscuits or raisins in his coat tail pockets, and Baby would take them out with his trunk. Sometimes the captain would hide the dessert, and then it was such fun to watch Baby's perplexity; and how he searched about. But do not let my readers imagine Baby was greedy. He was as generous as he was gentle. He shared a nursery with some goats, and was fed at the same time as his companions. Amongst the goats there was a greedy old "Nanny," who made a point of eating her dinner as fast as possible, and then going to Baby's tub. For some time Baby bore this very meekly and Mrs. Nanny had the better share of Baby's meal, as well as all her own. But at last Mrs. Nanny

takes a prominent and certainly intelligent part in the private worship of its master's household. Such parrots, for instance, make responses at the proper time—an exercise that implies a good deal more memory, mere attention to the service. They have been taught, moreover, or they

partake of Baby's meal again.

## PARROT PIETY.

While colliers regularly attend church, they cannot be said, as a rule, to take any active or intelligent part in the service; but in the case of the parrot, which is not usually allowed to attend church, the bird not unfrequently

have learned to repeat man's creeds, to recite prayers, and even act as domestic chaplains—as substitutes, in other words, for man himself. As in so many other cases, the behaviour—may, the very speech—the remarks or conversation of the bird, are suitable to place, time, and other circumstances. Thus a certain English bishop's parrot is (or was) in the habit of saying sometimes quite devoutly and with becoming solemnity, at other times sarcastically or ironically, but in either case at proper seasons and appropriately to the circumstances—"Let us pray." Of another we are told that it "could sing in correct time and measure—

"There is a happy land.'"

—W. L. Lindsay, M.D.





# STARS OF EARTH; OR, COUNTRY FLOWERS.

## CHAPTER III.

MARCH.

"A few leaves flutter from the woods  
That hung the season through,  
Leaving their place, for swelling buds  
To spread their leaves anew."

It was on a clear, cold March day we first set forth for a long country walk. The trees were still bare, leafless, and barren, the hedges dull and dreary, for Nature had not yet thrown off her russet garb and adorned herself with the tender hues of spring. Flowers and leaves are timid of appearing too soon; there are still frosty nights to be dreaded, still cold northern winds to whistle through the wilds. Yet there are tokens of a speedy awakening. Violets and snowdrops here and there in the garden beds, and a sound of birds carolling amongst the bushes!

I could see plainly the two London girls thought the country scene very unpromising, as they looked around them in rather dreary silence.

At last Fanny picked a branch from the hedge, on which were suspended what she called "tassels."

"What are these funny looking things, Aunt Carrie?"

"They are called catkins, and are the flowers of trees which produce perfect flowers of their kind. These have stamens and pistil, or else they would not produce seed. Many trees bear catkins. The branch in your hand is a piece of willow tree; these flowers are tufted with soft, cottony down, and make their appearance before the leaves. Notice, they spread all over the branch, which is not the case with most catkins."

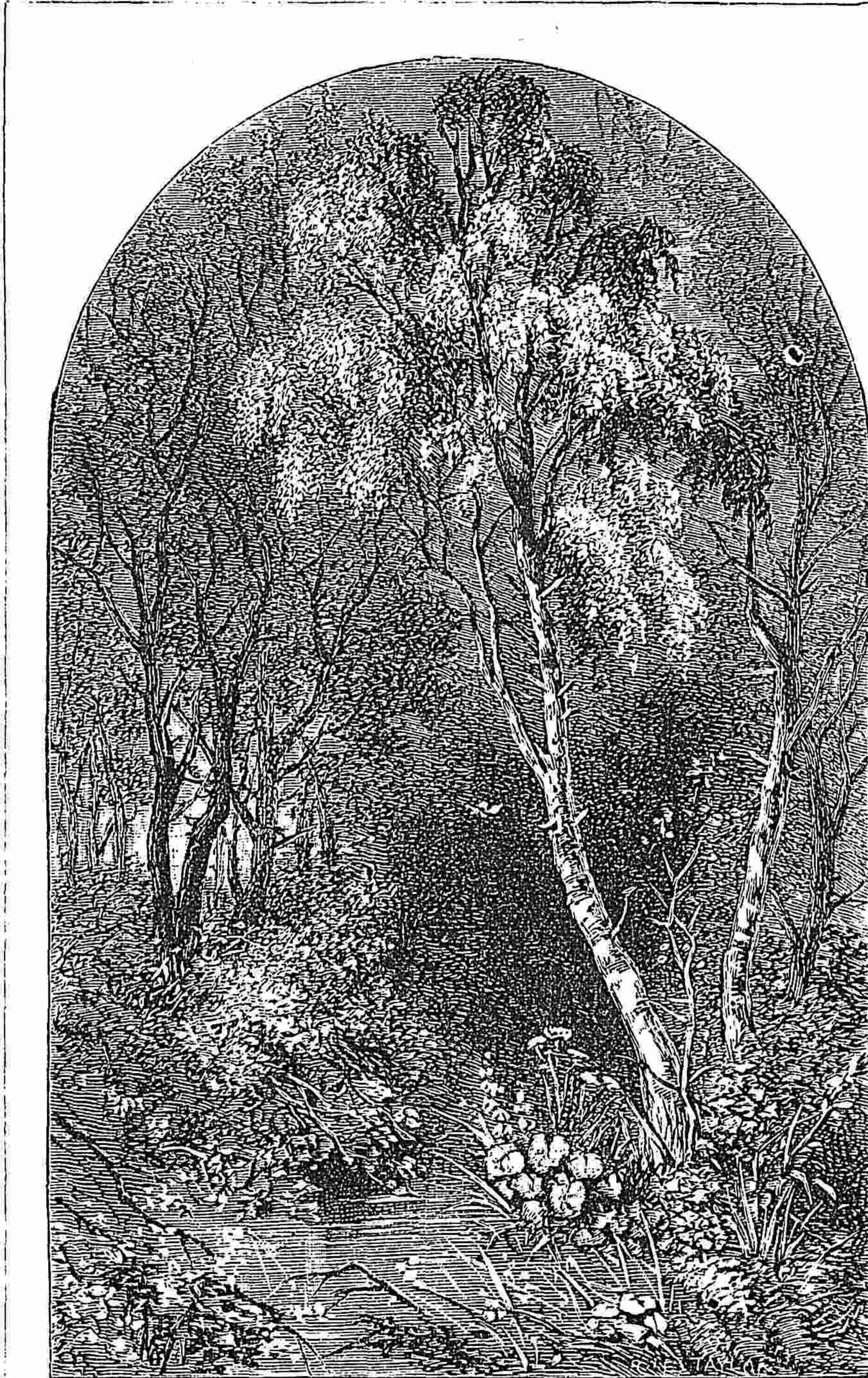
"These others grow in branches," exclaimed Laura, as she picked a branch from the hedge.

"That is a piece of hazel tree. In the autumn we shall find plenty of brown nuts growing on those branches, but it is not these gold-sprinkled catkins that produce the fruit. The little bud on this branch, with a minute red tuft growing from it, is the fruit-bearing bud. The pollen, or yellow dust, from the catkin feeds this, then withers, and falls off. The barren-looking tree with a silvery bark you see yonder is the birch, which, when in full leaf, is one of our most elegant forest trees. For grace and lightness no other can compare with it; in fact, it has been called the 'Lady of the Woods,' so much does it add to the grace and loveliness of our sylvan scenes."

"The bark looks quite silver-coloured; I can peel it off easily," said Fanny, as she stood beside a fine young specimen.

"Yes, there is something remarkable about the bark I should like you to remember. It has often been used for writing purposes, and with very little preparation can be formed into

capital tablets. Sometimes letters have been written on the bark, so if ever one is lost in the desolate forest, where no 'cream-laid' notepaper can be had, perhaps some strips of birch bark may serve for keeping a journal. The finest birch trees are found in the great forest of South America and in the Himalaya districts, but in very cold regions they degenerate wonderfully, and I have heard of a traveller who once brought home from some place far north six full-grown birch trees in his pocket. Though perfect trees, he could grasp them all in his hand."



THE LADY OF THE WOODS.

"I thought the hardy fir grew nearest the Poles, Aunt Carrie."

"No; the birch is the most venturesome, and they are also the last trees one meets with in ascending high mountains. Dr. Darwin relates a curious circumstance. He found at the foot of a high mountain some trees he could walk under quite easily; higher up he found the same sort of tree, but gradually growing smaller and smaller, until at last, on the top, he could trample on them, as they were no larger than shrubs of wild thyme, and the intense cold had produced this remarkable change in the growth."

"Do all trees bear the catkins before the leaf?" asked Laura.

"Not all of them. The alder, poplar,

sallow, and hazel trees have the catkins in full bloom in early spring, before the leaves appear, and they make the hedges bright with their varied and drooping tassels, just at the season when Nature is only just arousing from its winter's sleep. But there are nearly two hundred kinds of trees that have their catkins and leaves at the same time. The oak, beech, and birch are among the number. All catkin-bearing trees are called *amentiferae*, from a Latin word that means catkin, and most of our forest trees are of this order."

"The firs are catkin-bearing trees, I suppose?" said Laura.

"No; they belong to quite another class, that I hope we shall talk about some day; but now it is too cold to prolong our walk and conversation. I may as well mention that the oil of the birch tree, when distilled, is used in preparing Russia leather, and gives the peculiar odour by which the leather is so well known."

## VARIETIES.

### A HIDDEN WORD OF SIX LETTERS.

In a month my first you'll see,  
My second in a mouse,  
My third is in a forest tree,  
My fourth is in a house,  
My fifth in every home abounds,  
My sixth in royal crowns.

### ANSWERS TO—

#### BURIED MOUNTAINS (PAGE 158).

Himalaya.  
Apennines.

#### BURIED TOWNS.

Derby.  
Sandgate.

#### DOUBLE DIAMOND ACROSTIC (PAGE 175).

C  
E L L  
F R A I L  
CLAPHAM  
A S H E N  
C A T  
M

#### SQUARE WORDS.

1.	2.
S O F A	C H A T
O V E R	H A R E
F E A T	A R E A
A R T S	T E A R

The stains on spoons, arising from using them with boiled eggs, may be removed by rubbing them well with a little moistened salt held between the finger and thumb.

#### HIDDEN TOWN AND COUNTRIES.

1. The man drove the cab right on the pavement. 2. I can do very well without it. 3. It would do very well to look at. 4. The girls rode well on donkeys.

#### HIDDEN NAMES.

1. I would not mar your joy for worlds. 2. The people wanted war done away with. 3. She liked oranges very much. 4. Do you remember when he lent the books?

THAT household is nearest the Christian ideal where are studied most minutely those delicate offices and interchanges of kindness which, like golden threads, run through the warp and woof of everyday life.—Duff.



## THE DRESS OF THE MONTH.



A HOME-MADE JACKET.

ALTHOUGH reckoned amongst the months of spring, March certainly seems to belong, by its low temperature, rightly to winter; the winds are cold and piercing, the rain is even more chilly than the wind, and the sky is usually dull; while clouds of dust add to the general discomfort. The warm winter garments cannot be discarded without great danger to health and life, and numberless are the accounts of dangerous illness which accrue from this cause alone.

But on its few bright days how shabby we all feel, both in our houses and our apparel; and how we long for something new and fresh in our surroundings. The custom of wearing new dresses and bonnets at Eastertide has very much passed into oblivion, but most of our mothers can remember that their mothers thought that to wear a white bonnet and veil on Easter Sunday was absolutely necessary. So our winter costumes and dresses may be worn throughout March, unless the season be much altered this year from its usual type, although this fact must not make us the less busy, for we have many preparations to commence, and many stitches to set in, if we be our own dressmakers and needlewomen, as I trust many of us are.

In the first place there are the under-clothing and the stockings to be kept in constant repair. And those girls who have to make the most of a modest allowance will find that the simplest and most economical way of replacing under-linen will be to have always a new garment in hand to work upon in spare moments. Thus the expense of purchasing a large number is avoided, and the addition of the new garment at intervals keeps the stock in fair and presentable order. The calico should be, without dress, 36 inches in width, and of a good quality, without uneven and large threads in it. An expenditure of from fivepence to sixpence a yard will ensure

the acquisition of an excellent wearing quality. The amount required for a nightdress is four yards, for a chemise two yards and three quarters, for a pair of drawers two yards, while a yard is sufficient for a petticoat-bodice, and three yards of flannel for an ungored petticoat.

Scarlet has very much gone out of favour for flannel petticoats, as it is liable to be so spoilt in the hands of an incompetent laundress, and I do not know anything so ugly as badly-washed red flannel, with large discoloured blotches in it, and the original colour changed to an unhealthy hue of repulsive-looking red. Pink, blue, violet, and grey have been adopted in its stead, and the two latter are quite as pretty as the red when new, and wash and wear well. Of course, in the country, white can still be worn, but in our foggy London it has to be relinquished entirely.

The next thing, after the under-clothes, which we should examine, is our stock of thinner dresses for the summer; for just at this moment there is plenty of time to make up our minds as to what we shall need, and to use our money when the spring goods come in to the best advantage. Last

be a little modified and rearranged, and perhaps some fulness taken out.

Those of our readers who have patronised velveteen this winter will find that the skirts will be most useful this spring, and will be much used with over-dresses and polonaises of the new "all-wool homespun," which are beautifully light in texture and moderate in price. I have inspected some manufacturers' patterns, which will be sold in the shops at about a shilling a yard. The colours most worn in them will be the various shades of "old gold," a very pretty and becoming colour for girls. Velveteen will both dye and clean well, and if it were good when purchased, it will by and bye appear in the spring costume "quite as good as new."

White dresses of all materials will be very much in favour, and white serge is especially mentioned, as forming a charming spring costume. White cashmere is pretty, also a good white alpaca, both of which would answer for a best dress at any time.

The illustration below is a pretty evening dress, of a brocaded material of a grey colour. The trimmings are of grey or black linen-backed satin. Folds of satin are laid in front, and it has elbow-sleeves, with bows of satin at the sides. The necklace is of coral beads, and the hair is simply coiled and held up with a comb, the rose being worn or not, as required or liked. This dress is inexpensive, and might be made with long sleeves and closed at the neck, if preferred. The jacket is intended to show—what has been several times inquired for by our corre-



DRESS FOR EVENING WEAR.



spondents—a simple method of trimming that can be accomplished at home. The material is a black cloth, with a basket pattern on the surface. The trimming consists of bands of black watered silk and velvet laid straight and flat all round; the edges have a thick cord laid on. Of course, these materials could be changed to suit the purse or the taste of each person. For instance, velveteen might be adopted instead, and edged with cord or bands of satin and plush. An old jacket cleaned and re-trimmed in this simple way would, I think, look very well.

There is little change in the fashion of dressing the hair, except that back-combs, so long banished, appear likely to come into favour again. They have ornamental tops, and the hair is, as I observed, simply coiled, both back and front hair being placed together. Grecian fillets—two or three bands of ribbon of graduated lengths—are placed at equal distances in the hair, or a wide band of coloured ribbon is tied in a bow at the top of the head. A few soft curls on the forehead in front can be suitably worn, but none of these ideas are very novel, although they are the most so of any that have yet appeared, and nothing really new seems likely to come in just yet.

Very pretty and jaunty little aprons are worn, which add exactly the needful touch of



FIG. 1.

prettiness to a girl's costume, and brighten up the dulness of the winter dress. They may be made of mull-muslin and lace, like our example, Fig. 1, and have a bright-coloured ribbon at the back; or they may be of the now fashionable pocket-handkerchiefs, which, although they are of such small price, compose the favourite apron of great people. The ordinary spotted cotton handkerchiefs are used, and three of them are required to make one apron. The first is used for the middle, and has the top cut off it at the waist part, which (top) is used for a band. Number two is cut in two, one half being used for a bib, and the other is

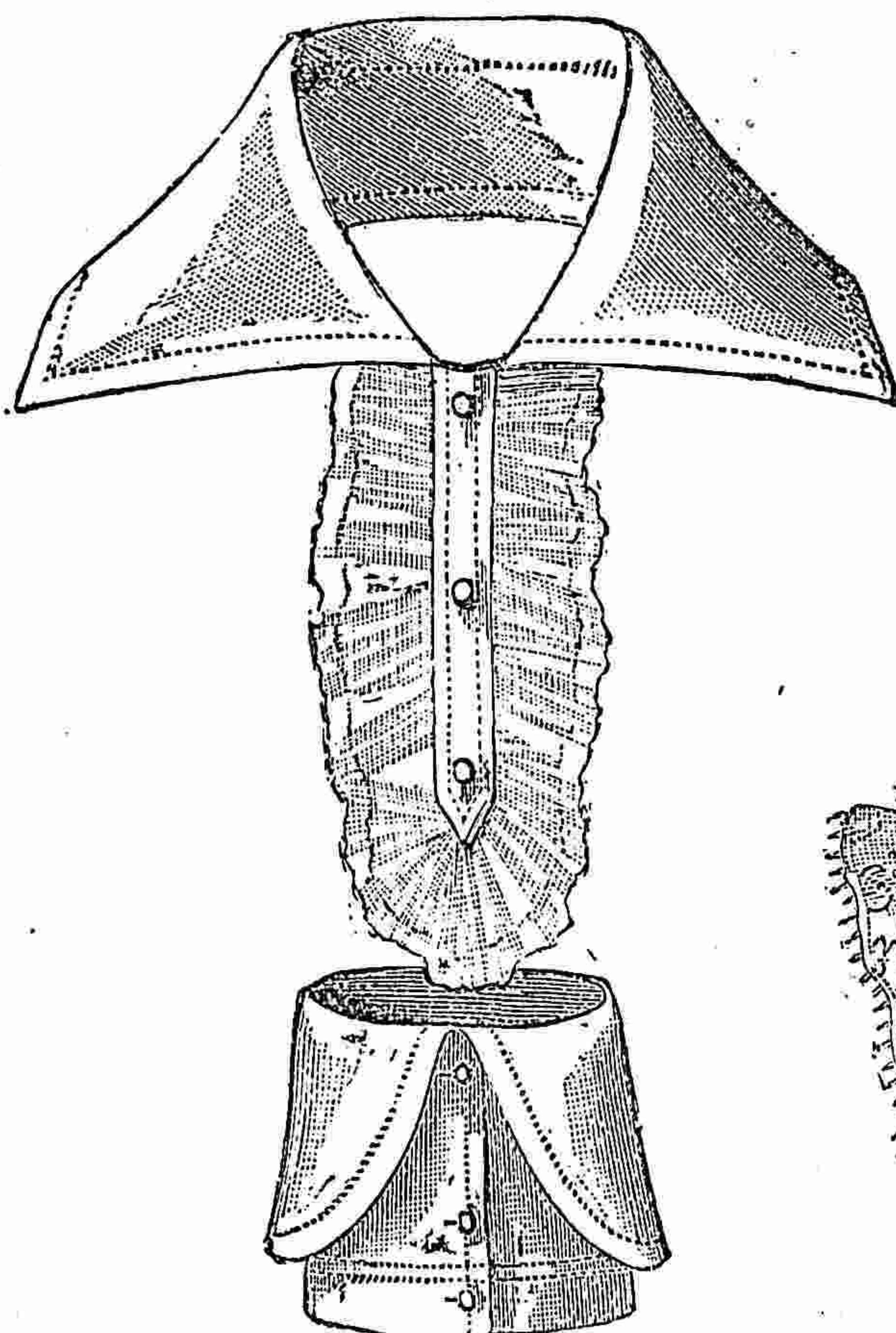


FIG. 2.

sewn along the lower edge of the middle one, making two borders at the bottom. The third handkerchief is cut diagonally from corner to corner, and the bias side sewn on to the sides of the middle already prepared. Then strings are sewn on to the points,

which tie at the back, over the dress. The apron and bib are both simply gathered and sewn to the band above and below. I hope I have described this quaint-looking apron so that my readers may understand how it is made. The handkerchiefs can be purchased at as low a cost as threepence, and of course when this is the case this apron is a most economical investment. I must not forget to say that, if desired, it can be edged with the coarse Greek lace, now to be procured in every shop at a cheap rate. Aprons of linen and unbleached crash, embroidered in crewels, are likewise much worn; also some of dark blue French linen, which are particularly suitable for young girls, as they do not show either stain or soil, and, if decorated with pretty sprays of crewel work, are quite ornamental, as well as decidedly workmanlike and useful.

The most elegant of the new trimmings are those which go by the name of "cashmere," which does not convey any idea of what they are, as cashmere is a material, and in this sense it only appears to indicate a mixture of colour. Cashmere beads, for instance, which form the most charming decoration for a bonnet, are mixtures of red, green, gold, and black beads. Cords and galloons are also made in the same way, but the beads are certainly the best decoration and trimming that I have seen for a long time. They may be worn with any colour, and look well with all.

Silk neckerchiefs are now quite revived, and very useful they are. They are large, square handkerchiefs, folded cornerwise, and tied round the neck open, without folding, and as loosely as possible. Bright colours

are in favour, but especially those Indian and Persian-looking materials which can often be bought by the yard in shops where Indian fabrics are sold. Sometimes, too, people have stores of this kind lying by which they have never known how to use, but which, having been brought home as a remembrance by some dear soldier or sailor relative, they have carefully hoarded. Now is the time to make them of use and wear them as neckerchiefs, to the

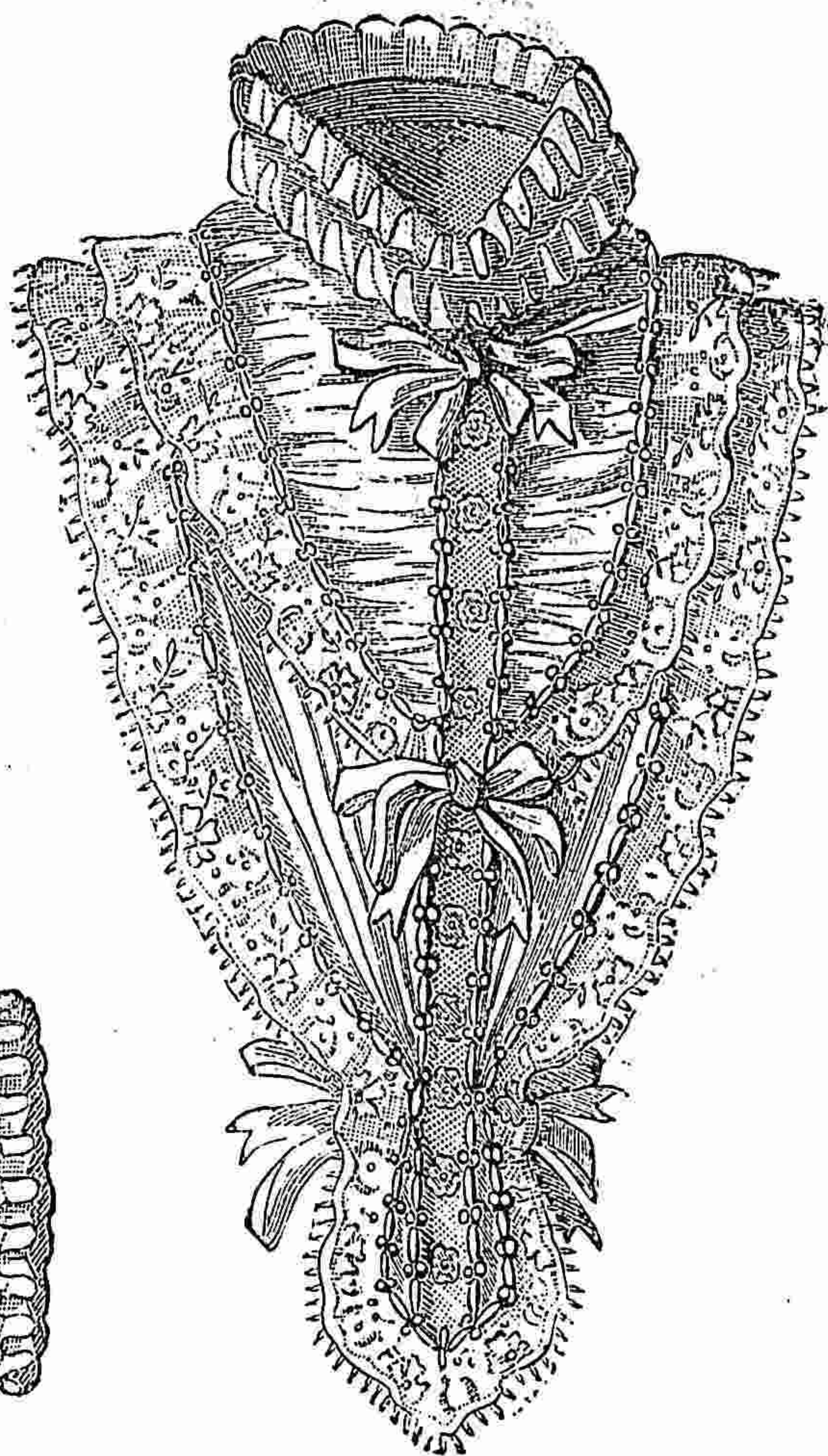
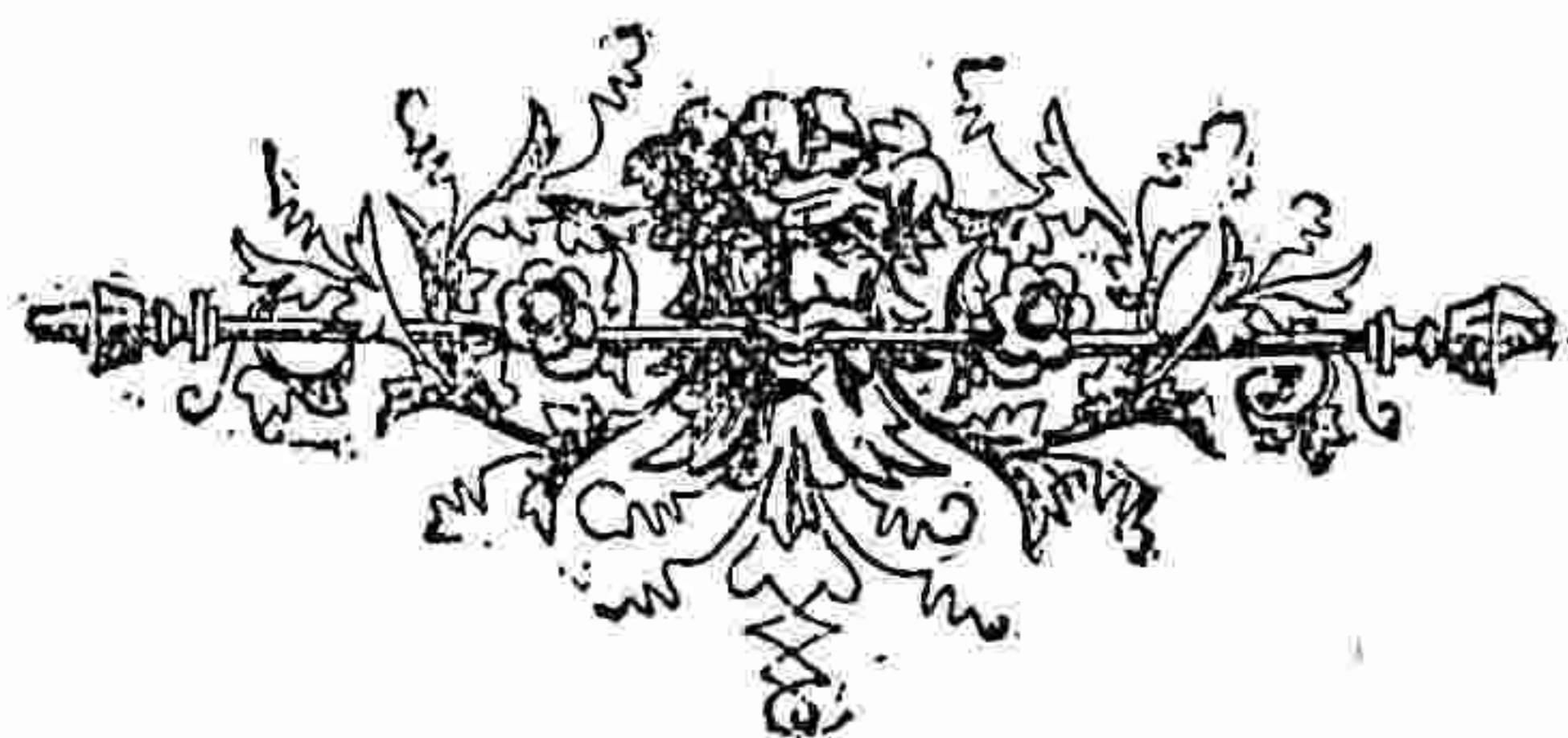


FIG. 3.

admiration of all beholders. Fig. 2 is one of the new large, linen collars, and a cuff to match, which are much liked in the morning by some young ladies; while Fig. 3 is a pretty evening fichu and cuffs, which I do not think my readers will have much difficulty in copying. It may be made in Swiss muslin, with Breton lace; or, if thin India silk be preferred, it would look equally well. This fichu would brighten up a dull day dress for evening wear.

Amber necklaces are now used by many young ladies, and it is quite a pleasure to see this dear old fashion again. I have always thought it a pity that this favourite of the earliest times had been so utterly discarded, and the pretty old necklaces of coral, cornelian, and amber—some of which had passed through several generations—should have been laid aside. It is a simple and old-time ornament, more suitable to girls than any other they could wear. Very few ornaments there are which one would recommend to girls, for in truth they need none, while they have the fair beauty and the rounded outlines of youth.





## WILD KATHLEEN.

## CHAPTER IV.

WITH occasional pauses for rest, it was more than an hour before they reached the foot of the mountain, and Dorothy was carried into a quaint and clean little farm-house close at hand. She had recovered from her fainting-fit some little time since, but when she had insisted on being allowed to try to walk, the pain of her ankle proved so great that she nearly fainted again, and had to submit to a return to her former mode of conveyance. A faint sigh of relief as she was laid down on a black horsehair sofa was all the thanks she remembered to give her kind bearer. Kathleen and Angela would have made amends for the invalid's negligence, but by the time they had secured three glasses full of the fresh, frothy new milk just brought in, the young artist had disappeared. He had brought his unexpected charges to within a quarter-of-a-mile of their own quarters, and left them in good hands, and so that piece of work was accomplished; and, picking up his belongings, which the other girls had carried for him while he carried Dolly, he set off to walk to his own lodgings, which lay ten miles off on the other side of the mountain.

As he trudged along he thought over his adventures with alternate smiles and frowns. "It's fortunate," he muttered, "that I caught that red-haired maiden when I did. Another three steps, and she'd have been over and done for, as sure as a gun. And I dare say there are some folks in the world who would have made a moan over her. She's too much of a boy for my taste—too off-hand and independent. What a shame of her to drag that gentle, lovely little friend of hers all the way up this mountain! I hope she will get a thorough good scolding for doing it."

While the artist was uttering this uncharitable wish the object of his wrath was kneeling beside Mrs. Gilbank and crying as bitterly as Angela had done a couple of hours before.

"Scold me, oh! do scold me, Mrs. Gilbank!" implored poor Kathleen, looking alternately from the lady to the bed on which lay the once more unconscious form of Dorothy. A doctor, who happened to be passing through the village, had seen her lifted out of the farmer's cart, and had kindly followed her in, and now stood beside her bed. Anxiously the widowed mother watched his face for signs of hope; but none of those bitter reproaches escaped her lips for which Kathleen, with conscience-stricken earnestness, entreated. Scolding was not the widow's forte at any time, least of all when her heart was wrung with anxiety for those she loved.

A month had passed since Kathleen Crofton and her friends had got lost upon the mountains, an event which had, after all, turned out for good to Dorothy Gilbank instead of evil.

The injury to her ankle, painful though it had been, was only a slight sprain, but the doctor recommended a fortnight's perfect inactivity, with plenty of fresh air and nourishment. And the doctor's

recommendation Mrs. Gilbank and Kathleen had taken care should be implicitly obeyed. Day after day Kathleen's strong young arms had carried her friend down to the beach, where Dorothy lay, through the pleasant hours, drawing in health and vigour with every breath; and when the fortnight's probation was ended, she was almost as fit as tall, strong Kathleen herself for the scrambles in which all the three girls delighted, and which Mrs. Gilbank was too wise and kind to forbid, in spite of her past experience.

"We'll never get lost again, dear Mrs. Gilbank," promised Kathleen, the first day that they all were once more at liberty to follow their own devices.

"Nor get into any other mischief?" asked Mrs. Gilbank, smiling. But that was a question that Miss Kathleen was wise enough not to answer, for in her own private opinion life was not worth much more than a bad sixpence *without* mischief, or what grown-up, sober people called by that name.

Had Mrs. Gilbank seen the girls maintaining their positions with the greatest difficulty on those three slippery seagirt lumps of rock, she would decidedly have asserted that they had got into mischief now. The only thing to be said in excuse for Kathleen's sparkling face of delight at having led her friends into it was, that it was very healthy mischief.

They had started that morning after a very early breakfast, for a long walk by the sea. Their costumes were especially fitted for the expedition. Having torn her green gingham to rags and ribbons, Miss Crofton had purchased a number of yards of navy blue Welsh serge, which her clever fingers and inventive genius had converted with marvellous rapidity into a sort of short blouse dresses for herself and her friends. Little round caps of the same material, native knitted blue worsted stockings, and thick shoes, completed their strong and comfortable attire, and uncommonly pretty they all looked in it.

They had left the village and human beings more than two miles behind them when they came to a beautiful stretch of sand, on to the farthest visible edge of which tiny ripples of the blue sea came lapping in a most enticing manner.

"How deliciously cool the water looks, doesn't it," said Kathleen.

"Yes," said the Gilbanks, in chorus.

"How deliciously cool it would feel to our hot feet!" said Kathleen, again.

"Yes," assented both sisters once more, longingly.

Kathleen stood still. "Dolly and Angie, don't you think that the creature who invented boots and stockings ought to be hanged?"

"Hanged! No, indeed, poor thing! why should he be?"

"Why shouldn't he be, you mean, I think. He must have been the archest of all arch conspirators that ever lived. I can see quite clearly what he must have looked like—a lean, thin, cruel-faced man, with a perpetual malicious sneer upon his lips at thinking of the long-drawn-out torture he was going to inflict upon mankind. I have a good mind to make a solemn vow not to sub-

mit to his abominable imposition ever any more, and, at any rate, I won't for the next half-hour or so."

As she spoke she seated herself on the sand, and in a minute had divested herself of the objectionable coverings. Dorothy's soft brown eyes took a hurried, half-frightened gaze all round, as if she expected to see the ghost of the indignant inventor stalking along the shore or over the sea. But there was neither ghost nor human being in sight, and of course, as usual, the stronger mind led the weaker ones, and very soon three pairs of small white feet were luxuriously paddling along just within the border of the sunlit sea. The stockings had been stuffed into the blouse pockets, the shoes hung by their laces to the girls' girdles, so that there was no anxiety on that score.

"And you see, Dolly," said Kathleen, reassuringly, "by this arrangement we shall be able to pop them on again the very minute we see any occasion."

Of course she very soon had more than enough of the tranquil enjoyment of walking along quietly just within the wash of the white-edged ripples, and the three bits of rock standing some little distance out in the sea offered the very variety she desired, and proved absolutely irresistible. Two or three doubtfully advantageous stepping-stones that lay in the water-path leading to the coveted thrones were made the most of by Kathleen in overcoming Dorothy's objections, and in a few minutes they had scrambled up to the positions that Kathleen considered so inviting. Her companions did not say what they considered them, but privately they wished that the seaweed had not felt *quite* so slimy.

"The whole of the bottom of my frock is wringing wet," exclaimed Angela, as she gained her standpoint, and looked down with some dismay at her dripping garments.

"You should have held it up, as I did mine," laughed Kathleen.

Truth to tell, she had not paid much regard to what the shrimps and cockles might think of her appearance during her sea-water journey, and she now stood with the utmost *nonchalance* attempting the execution of an Irish jig on very limited space.

"However wet Angela's frock may be, yours will be a good deal wetter in a minute, I expect," exclaimed Dorothy, as Kathleen stumbled, and very nearly fell backwards in the performance of her dance.

But she cleverly contrived to save herself that time, dropping on to the rock instead of into the sea, and clutching at the seaweed on the top she had soon drawn herself into comparative safety again, and proclaimed, in a voice solemn to the verge of tragic sadness—

"Happiness, me friends, is a perishable article, like oysters and oices, so make the most of it while you've got it."

"I am sure I had better," replied Dorothy, laughing, "for my possession of it just now, I feel, is a peculiarly uncertain affair."

"And mine still more so, if Kathleen goes on like that much longer," exclaimed Angela, her misfortunes quite





forgotten in merriment, as she watched the Irish girl's extraordinary contortions.

"What in the world *are* you about?" asked Dorothy, in a voice scarcely intelligible from a mingling of wonderment and irresistible laughter.

"The simplest thing in loife, me dear," was the calm answer. "There's a little crab in a hole down below here, and while I was making an india-rubber face at it——"

"A what?" asked Angela.

For all answer her friend twisted her face suddenly into a most horrible grin, and then as suddenly returning to her usual expression, continued, as though there had been no interruption, "It occurred to me to wonder whether, if I ever took to going on all fours, a sideways mode of progression might not be the natest, and so you see, me dears, I just set to to have a troi."

for us as well as you."

"Arrah, thin, Molly, me darlint! an' it's yourself are the lass that's too clever to live," replied that incorrigible Kathleen. The next moment thoughts and voice both took another turn.

"Dolly, dear, didn't that precious old doctor of yours give you quinine to take?"

"Yes, Katty."

"Didn't he order it you to promote appetite?"

"Partly for that purpose, he told mamma."

"Then, me dear, all I can say is that I wish you would take bigger doses, or that those you do take had more effect upon you. Perhaps then you would have more sympathy with the healthy appetites of other people."

"Does that mean you are hungry already, Kathleen?" asked Dorothy, in

doubt whether that could possibly be the case, or if the speech, like many of Kathleen's, meant something different to what it seemed to do. Her doubts were soon solved.

"Of course I am hungry," retorted Kathleen. "Why shouldn't I be? And I don't know what you mean by 'already.'"

"Why," was the smiling answer, "it is not much more than ten o'clock; just look at the sun."

Kathleen elevated her eyebrows and shook her head. "Ah, my dear! the sun is not an article of my faith. I don't believe in him."

"Ah, it is a poor dear, ill-used thing, you are," said Dorothy, laughing, as she tossed a captain's biscuit across to her hungry friend.

"I've eggs here, and lamb sandwiches, and plums, and little jam tarts," the provision carrier informed her companions as, one by one, she opened the packets contained in her basket. "But I'm afraid," she added, mischievously, "that I shall have to eat all the best and nicest things myself, for I scarcely ever threw anything where I meant it to go in my life."

"Oh, you are not so bad as all that," expostulated Angela, who quite agreed with Kathleen that the present was a very good time for luncheon. "Do throw me over something too, please."

"Well; I'll try if you wish, of course. But I feel very nervous as to the result. What will you have? Suppose I wrap up a tartlet and a biscuit together, in a piece of paper, for you to begin with?"

"The very thing."

"And you shall wrap up a tartlet and a sandwich together next, for me to go on with," added Kathleen, who was not making more mouthfuls than necessary of her biscuit, while she watched the proceedings on the other rock with a gleam in her blue eyes that would have aroused suspicions in her companions had they seen it.

"Now Angie, here it comes! Mind you catch it."

"All right. If you'll only give me a fair throw I won't fail," was the ready answer.

Dorothy lifted her arm, Angie stretched out two eager hands, and at the same instant a most horrible sort of Indian war-cry went shrieking through the air from a pair of crimson lips. The next moment Dorothy had thrown her dainty parcel back over her shoulder into the sea as neatly as if that had been the manœuvre that she was especially desirous of executing.

(To be continued.)





SHE came one lovely morn in spring,  
A folded bud, so sweet and fair!  
And, lo! our hearts began to sing,  
While heavenly voices filled the air.  
Within my sheltering arms she lay,  
A thing to fondle, praise, and kiss—  
An offering from the flowery May,  
The first dear pledge of wedded bliss.

What was there in her plaintive eyes  
That filled our loving hearts with  
dread?

They were as blue as summer skies;  
And, oh! her bonny golden head  
Lay like a sunflower on my breast.  
We watched her sadly while she slept;  
Her little dimpled hands we prest,  
Then turned away our heads and wept.

We kissed her pretty, mournful face,  
And bathed it in a sea of tears;  
For, oh! it broke our hearts to trace  
In its strange calm her future years.

We knew that she must ever be  
Like exile on a foreign shore.  
The world was full of light; yet she  
Must dwell in darkness evermore.

"Oh, take her, take her, Lord!" we  
cried,

Yet clasped her close, we loved her so,  
Though all our joy, our hope, our pride,  
Had changed to bitter, hopeless woe.  
That was a wild and sinful prayer;  
So God, in mercy, heard it not—  
For still her presence, meek and fair,  
Sheds blessings on our humble cot.

Dear children cluster round my knee  
To lisp their prayers at evenfall.  
They are a joyous band; but she  
Is still the dearest of them all.  
Their limbs are strong, their eyes are  
bright,  
With rosy health their faces glow;  
*Her* eyes have never seen the light—  
*Her* face is pale as moonlit snow.

She cannot see the silver hairs  
That 'mid my once dark tresses shine;  
Yet, when I sink 'neath worldly cares,  
She lays her fresh young cheek to  
mine,  
And in a voice so soft and mild  
She whispers sweetly in mine ear,  
"Come, tell them to your loving child,  
That she may share them, mother  
dear!"

Like gentle messenger from God  
She glides about with quiet grace,  
And though her little feet have trod  
Through many a dark and sinful place,  
Our darling knoweth naught of sin.  
'Mid all its snares she walks secure;  
For naught of guile could enter in  
A heart so kind—a soul so pure.

When brown-cheeked urchins court her  
smile,  
And lead her through the sunny  
bowers,  
She sings her simple songs the while  
They crown her golden head with  
flowers.  
There, in the radiant light of day,  
She stands—a creature wrapt in gloom,  
With sightless orbs, that seem to say,  
"Oh! what is light? Oh! what is  
bloom?"

And when her slender fingers rove  
Along her father's careworn brow,  
I know, by every glance of love,  
He could not bear to lose her now.  
And when our lives seem bleak and  
drear,  
And when with grief our hearts are  
riven,  
We feel that God has sent her here  
To guide us to our rest in Heaven.

FANNY FORRESTER.



## PATCHWORK.

THE best known, and probably the oldest pattern in patchwork is the arrangement of simple squares of various colours, with white in alternation. And this gives us, perhaps, a hint as to the origin of all such work as being really a kind of imitation of the chequered boards on which draughts or chequers have been played for ages, the chequer-board, as a sign, having been discovered amidst the buried ruins of Pompeii, where it evidently had formed a common form of amusement at the wine-shops in A.D. 70.

For all we know to the contrary, the girls in those days might have made patchwork, just as they do now at school, an idea which will give our work renewed interest. Patchwork has been looked upon as somewhat old-fashioned lately, in the light of crewels and art needlework, but it is so useful an assistant in teaching children to work, in giving instruction in neatness and deftness of fingering, that it has always, and will always, keep its place in the course of tuition in schools for plain needlework. When a young girl can do patchwork well, she has advanced some distance in her study of needlework.

Patchwork may be divided into:—The cotton, which is usually the first work given to children, and is formed into quilts for the inferior rooms of the house; silk and satin patchwork, which is made into cushions, counterpanes, covers for chairs and ottomans, and small wadded coverings for the feet, to be used when reclining on the sofa.

Woollen or cloth patchwork is the favourite work of soldiers and sailors, and many wonderful specimens of their cleverness and dexterity have been exhibited. Several appeared in the Workmen's Industrial Exhibition at Westminster last autumn, and a series of marvellous pictures in patchwork, done by a German tailor, I believe, were lately on view in London, the most remarkable being a copy of the famous picture of the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher, after the Battle of Waterloo."

The chessboard pattern is, as I have said, the oldest and most common. A very pretty method of arranging the squares is known as the "box pattern." The colours used are light, dark, and half-tint, or shades. The next easiest are the diamond, the pointed, the sexagon, and the cross. All these may be called simple patchwork, having only one form, or shape, to make the pattern. After

this we arrive at patterns with two shapes, or forms, combined; such as those illustrated, and then to those with three forms. The most difficult of all are those with four forms and with six. In making these patterns it will be necessary to have tin plates of each to cut our paper patterns by, or it will be quite impossible to preserve the exact shapes, and if we deviate from them, the patches, when sewn together, will not lie flat. Any tin-smith will cut them out for us, so they need not be either an expense or trouble. The best paper foundation will be found in old envelopes and old letters, which are quite stiff enough to tack our silks and satins upon. Cards and brown paper may also be used, but in general, the paper I have mentioned will answer very well.

The best plan in commencing to make patchwork is to make a bag, in which to collect all the scraps which can be collected from all quarters, because, in order to make pretty and effective work, we must have plenty of choice in colours and patterns. Most people who are methodical sort all their pieces into dark, light, and half-tints, to begin with, and keep their patches when made up in the same order. This plan ensures great facility in making up the work, as you know where to lay your hands on the exact tone of colour you want.

The method of working is as follows: Having procured your shapes, cut them carefully out in card or paper. Then, having decided on the disposition of the different shades, cover the shapes very neatly, one by one, tacking the covering on with a very fine needle and cotton. Many people make a large quantity of shapes first before they commence sewing them together at all, and this is really the wisest plan, as they can then be more carefully arranged, and some sort of idea previously gained of their future effect. The sewing together is done with fine cotton for cotton materials, and with fine silk to suit the colours of silk, satin, and velvet patchwork, or else with white sewing silk. The utmost perfection of stitching is needed, or the work will be spoilt, as each stitch shows.

In cotton patchwork a very pretty effect is produced by selecting three or four cotton prints with small patterns, just large enough to form the centre of a patch, an octagon, or a diamond, and arranging them in a diamond or square, each with its tiny pattern in the middle. A large bouquet may be pro-







cured for a centre to the quilt, and then some smaller bouquets arranged all round in stripes and squares. For instance, a chintz with brightly-coloured bouquets, on a white or pale yellow ground, may be united to a blue-striped cotton, and made into a most effective and artistic quilt; as well as a chintz with some small sprays upon it.

Turkey-red twill is a most valuable assistant in all our cotton patchwork. Indeed, I have seen some old quilts made entirely of it and white cotton, producing an excellent effect. The other day I was told by a lady that, in a very old mansion in the country, she had seen some counterpanes made entirely of Turkey-red, having bands of white stitched round as a border, and they were finished with a fringe of white balls. Of course the effect would be extremely warm—especially agreeable in a dark, north room—and there would be no doubt that such a quilt would wash well.

All counterpanes need wadding and quilting, the latter being merely running it all over in a set pattern or in simple straight lines crossing each other, and so forming diamonds or squares. It can also be done by a sewing-machine; but if the counterpane be for home use it is easier to do it on a table, having first tacked and arranged the patchwork, the wadding, and the lining carefully together, so that they may not become disordered in the quilting. Many ladies use up their old blankets and Marcella quilts as linings, and use an old sheet at the back. This saves money, of course, and they obtain a new covering at a moderate cost. Dimity-covers, to match the curtains of the room, are now frequently seen, and there is great scope for good taste in the arrangement of these, because, if it be a floral design, it may be mixed with white dimity as a centre and borders in a very tasteful manner.

I have purposely left the pretty coloured design for patchwork, shown in the frontispiece to the monthly part, until the last, as I have a rather new suggestion to make concerning it. Some years ago, in an old country seat in Sussex, I was much struck by the blinds in two windows of the house, which were made of silk patchwork in bright colours, combined with dark or black—just as our design is mixed. They rolled up on rollers, and did not differ at all from ordinary blinds, excepting that they were lined with a white cotton blind, and were tacked down to it—a needful precaution, as it prevented their being soiled or faded on the side next the window, and made them roll up much more easily. The effect of those blinds was charming, and I thought the idea so good that I have mentioned it here as being eminently suited to the coloured design now given.

A new French method of making patchwork—or, rather, of embroidering it when made—has lately been introduced. The designs may be of any ordinary small crewel outline pattern, which is embroidered in outline and colours over the patchwork. The effect is novel and peculiar. Another idea is to work tiny designs in long stitch on each patch—such as a star, cross, or broad arrow—in coloured silk, to contrast with the colour of the patch.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

## MY WORK BASKET.

CROCHET ROUND FOR ANTIMACASSAR OR MAT.

No. 6 cotton and fine needle.

1st Row.—Make a chain of 6 stitches and join it.

2nd Row.—Work 12 long stitches into

the chain, with 2 chain stitches between each long stitch.

3rd Row.—Single crochet into every stitch in last row.

4th Row.—\*6 chain stitches, miss 2, single crochet into the 3rd stitch of 3rd row, \*repeat.

5th Row.—\*7 chain stitches, single crochet in the centre stitch of the loop in last row, \*repeat.

6th Row.—\*6 chain stitches, crochet back into 3rd chain to form a *picot*, work 3 chain stitches, single stitch into the stitch on the point of loop in last row, \*repeat.

7th Row.—\*5 chain stitches, 1 treble into *picot*, 5 chain, another treble into same *picot*, 5 chain, 1 single into centre chain stitch of last row, \*repeat and fasten off.

8th Row.—Join the cotton to the centre of the chain stitches between the 2 long stitches in last row, \*work 10 chain stitches, and 1 single stitch into the centre chain stitch of the chain between the next 2 long stitches, \*repeat and join.

9th Row.—Double crochet into every stitch in last row.

10th Row.—\*6 chain stitches, miss 2, 1 single into 3rd stitch, \*repeat.

11th Row.—Make \*10 chain stitches, single crochet into centre stitch of the loop in last row, \*repeat.

12th Row.—\*6 chain stitches, 1 single crochet into centre of loop in the 11th row, \*repeat.

13th Row.—\*7 chain stitches, 1 single into centre stitch of loop in preceding row, 7 chain, back again into the 4th for the *picot*, and 3 chain and 1 single crochet into next loop, \*repeat.

14th Row.—Commence on centre of loop on last row.

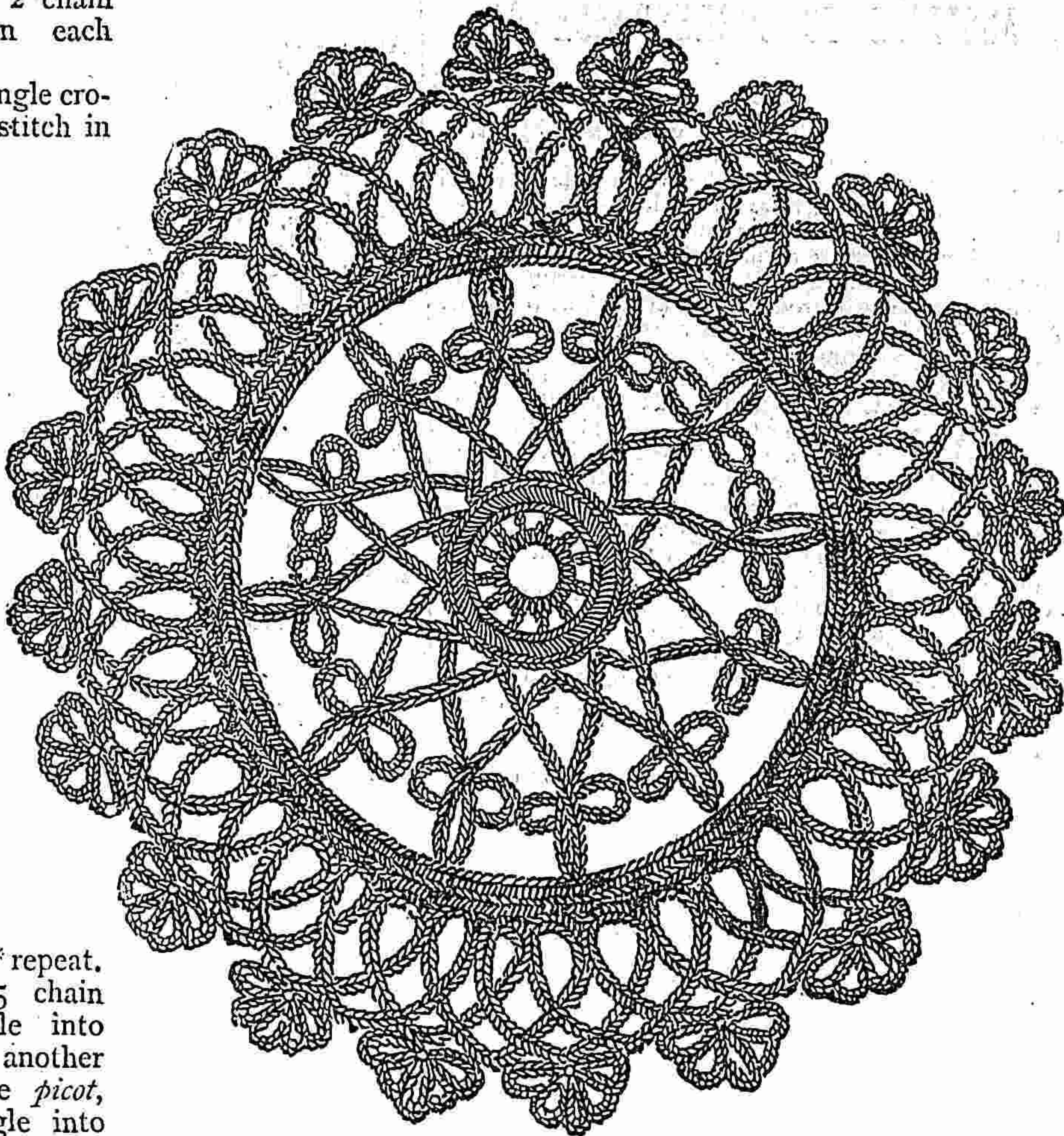
\*3 chain stitches, 1 treble into *picot*, repeat these 6 times, 3 chain stitches, and double crochet into centre of next loop, \*repeat.

CROCHET TASSEL, FOR ENDS OF ANTIMACASSARS OR WINDOW BLINDS.

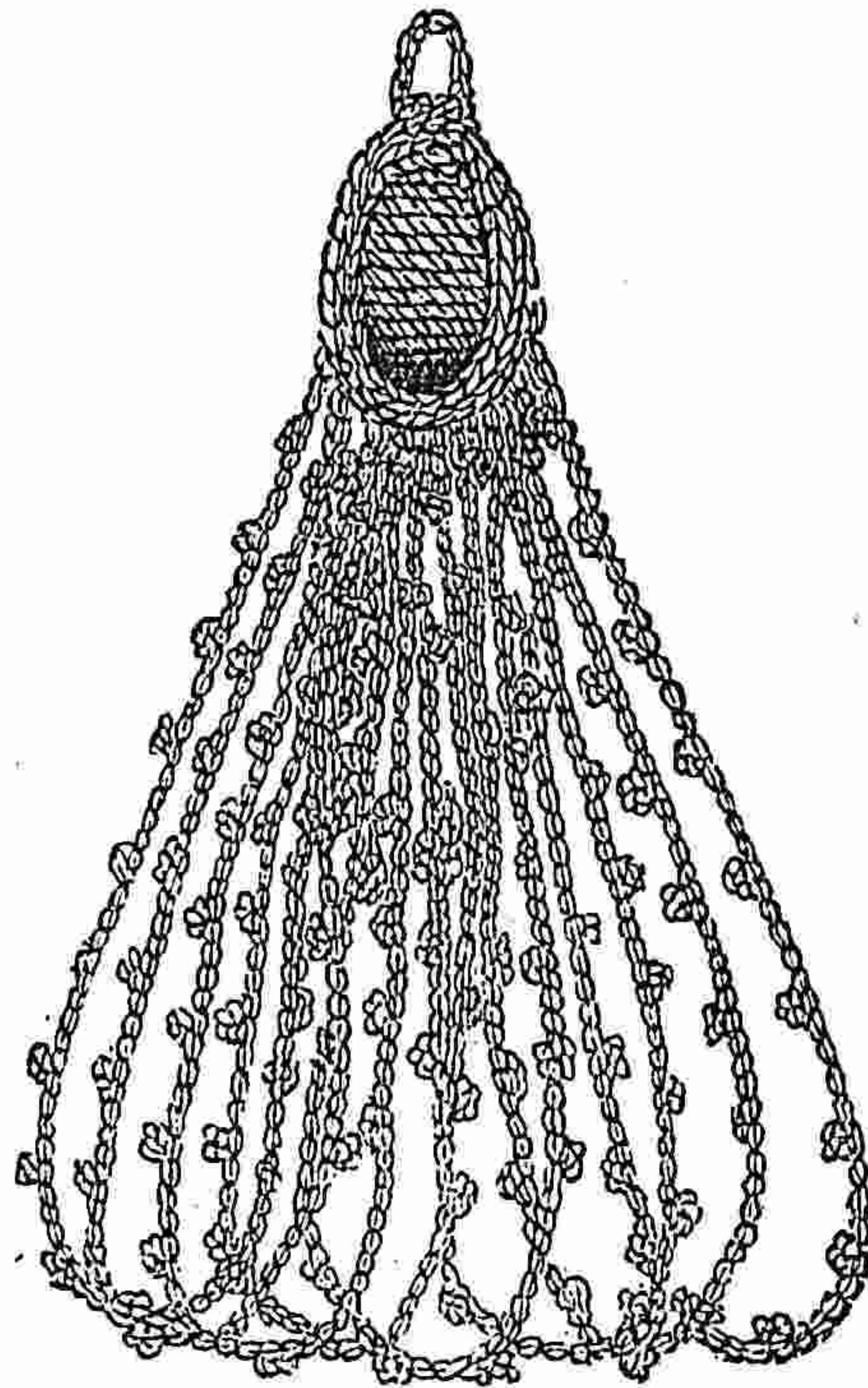
The tassel is composed of 8 loops of 8 chain stitches, return into 4th chain to form a *picot*, repeat till you have worked a sufficient length to form the eight loops, which should be about 4 inches long. For the top covering make 17 chain stitches, on which work 1 double crochet and increasing long stitches to the half, and then gradually decrease to form a leaf. Work a second leaf to match, then crochet them together, commencing about a third of the way up from the bottom point. On reaching the upper point work 8 chain stitches for the loop at top. The loops of the tassel are sewn tightly together and fastened between the leaves.

BABY'S CROCHET BOOT.

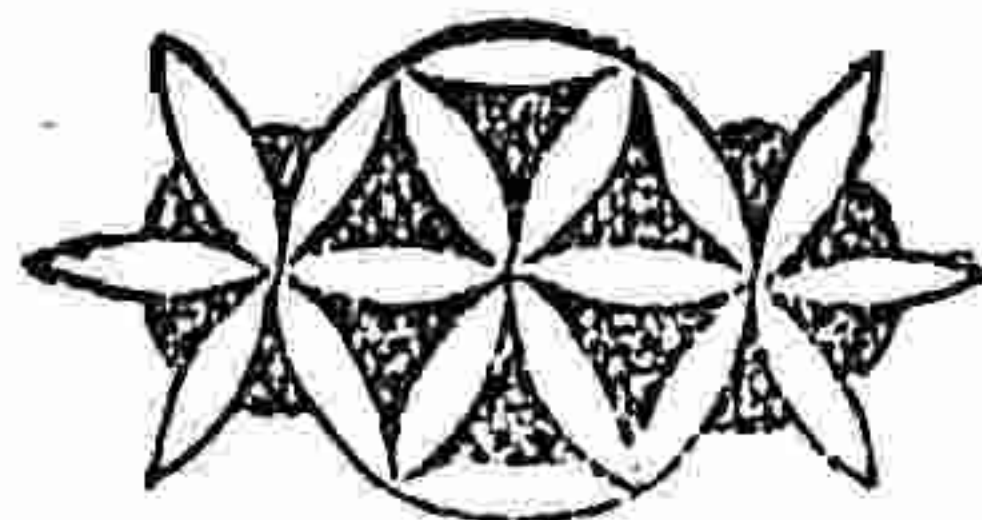
Make a chain of eleven loops with rose-coloured single wool, and work one row in double crochet, then work the remainder of



the slipper in ribbed crochet. For the front, work until you have nine ridges, increasing at each edge by working two stitches in one. For the sides, work nine stitches until a sufficient length is worked (about twenty ridges will be required), then join this to the front, and work in double crochet all round, in-



creasing two stitches at each corner of the instep; finish with a row of one double and seven chain twice in each all round, and draw with a ribbon. Sew on the soles on the wrong side; make a strap the length required for the ankle by working two rows in double crochet, making three stitches at each end for the button holes. Materials: a quarter of an ounce of rose-coloured wool, one yard of rose and white satin ribbon, and a pair of cork soles.





## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## ART.

- IVANHOE.—French colours are considered by artists to be the best for china painting.
- AN AMATEUR.—We cannot advise you where to sell the plates that you have painted.
- FANCY.—The price of the black enamel paint is stated in the very article about which you are inquiring. You had better read it again. The paint can be procured of any artists' colourman.
- AGNES.—Christmas and Easter cards of your own design and painting are only worth just what you can get for them. As the market is so well stocked with excellent designs in this description of painting, you had better be satisfied with what the bookseller to whom you have already sold your cards will give you. Should he require no more, ask him to give you a recommendation elsewhere. Supposing them to be very excellent, of course it is possible that you might sell them at a higher price to some shop in town.
- AMATEUR No. 2.—To cut cardboard you will have to use a T square and a very sharp knife.
- FRAGA.—Any description of paper that you like will be suitable for the water-colour competition. The picture may be mounted or unmounted, and the subject a landscape or flowers.
- ETHELDRIDA.—All the water-colour drawings sent in competition to us, whether successful or otherwise, will be kept. Such work will not in any case be returned, as it is designed for an especial object.
- M. A. STANLEY.—We regret that we cannot oblige you by advertising shops, but you may find nice oleographs in every print shop in town.
- TRUE.—We think that the old-fashioned cake-colour will be found the best for painting on velvet. The mixing must be done with spirits of wine, and a very dry brush must be used, which must have short bristles, thickly set. We must advise you to make repeated trials before beginning any work which you wish to preserve.
- SNOWDROP.—1. Black enamel paint is to be procured at any artists' colourmen, sold in bottles. 2. Pink ribbon might suit your complexion, if pale.
- EVERILDA.—We do not know of any book of directions for painting on silk or satin. All the colours must be mixed with Chinese white, and the material washed over with gum-water before painted.
- MARIE.—You must first possess the inventive genius requisite for "designing cards"; and, secondly, you must have the acquaintance with the art of drawing essential for carrying out the ideas you have formed in your mind's eye. Try your powers, and then show your work to the parties likely to give you orders.
- K. A. F.—You might make your inquiries respecting Miss Linwood's tapestry pictures of the Secretaries of the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition-road, South Kensington; or of the "Institute of Art," 9, Conduit-street, W.

## WORK.

- HARLOWE.—A fine fishing-line or a silk braid might be strong enough for the stringing of your stamp snakes.
- LALLIE S.—We are much obliged for your nice little letter; and it will be sufficient if your father and sister unite in certifying that you have made the nightgown yourself.
- B-X-N.—There are many books containing recitations to be had at any publishers. See Rule 6.
- KATIE BURTON.—Empty cotton reels form charming toys for little children; and may be found especially useful as supplementary to a box of bricks, to help in the formation of pillars. For a baby they should be kept in a bag, and when turned out on the floor, and the baby seated in the midst of them, much quiet is secured to the care-taker. Another use for them may be found in the second part of the article, "How the Girls Arrayed their Sitting-room."
- C. A. H.—Consult "My Work Basket" for advice as to how you may turn your skeins of silk to account.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- PINK.—We have no advice to give for making a hand steady. Your writing would be improved if you did not give long tails to letters that should have none—such as the S. All flourishes are vulgar.
- ANNIE.—The best German is spoken in Hanover.
- ADA.—1. See answer to "Lucretia" respecting red nose and bad breath. 2. "Grisette" is the ordinary appellation of a French milliner, or work girl. "Watteau Ladies" merely signifies persons wearing the style of costume always depicted on fans by the French artist Watteau.
- BETTY.—We never heard that slate-pencils injured the sight.
- LUCRETIA.—Consult our article on the subject of complexions. A red nose and bad breath are produced by a disordered, or very weak digestion

The latter is the real complaint with which you have to contend.

ADAM.—Toothache and a sympathetic ear-ache are produced by some decay in the tooth. Apply a hot poultice of bran to the jaw and ear, or a roasted onion to the latter. Sometimes both complaints result only from a cold. If otherwise, consult a dentist.

ALICE WEBBER.—1. Write the essays on ordinary foolscap, on one side; counting the average number of words in a line, and lines in a column; and remember that your essay must be three times that length. 2. "My Lady's Jewel Case" was advertised to appear in "one of the first numbers,"—not in the first monthly part.

FRANCISCA.—Stooping is only a bad habit, and fatigues a weak back far more than sitting or standing erect.

ADELA.—1. The two books which you mention were published, we believe, anonymously, and, under any circumstances, we should not be entitled to betray the private name of the author. 2. The papers will probably be continued.

BUTTERCUP.—1. See Rule 6. A good chemist will recommend you a soap with little alkali in it. 2. You wish to have our opinion of your handwriting. We regret to say that it is vulgar, being written sloping backwards; coarse, being two sizes too large; inartistic, having no beauty and grace of form, and decidedly unladylike.

H. E. R.—We know of no cure for toothache, although there are various palliatives. Decayed teeth must be stopped or extracted.



"DEAR ME, WHAT A LONG LETTER!"

SUSAN F. and LOUISA T.—For a good hair-wash see answer to "Edinburgh" in No. 7. You had better learn to spell recipe.

X. Y. Z.—Your letter is a sad one, and we sympathize in your trouble. We fear that phrenology would not help you; and recommend a regular course of reading—History, Poetry, and travels. Improve your handwriting, and study some good maps; making yourself thorough mistress of one a week. Also read some good work on the fulfilment of divine prophecy.

MAGGIE TULLIVER is desirous to become a novelist. Can anyone supply her with a recipe? Our own impression is that genius is the free gift of Providence.

MARIQUITA.—Signor Randegger's Hand-book of Singing (Novello) is the best. See Answers to Correspondents for your other questions.

A SWEET VIOLET.—Your handwriting does very well for a copy book, or exercise; and is a good foundation for a clear running-hand by and bye.

A. R.—1. The "Golden Number" is that of any year in the metonic cycle, which includes a period of nineteen years. It is so called from Meton, its inventor, B.C. 432. On its first introduction, the cycle was engraved in letters of gold on marble pillars. On the introduction of the Gregorian calendar B.C. 1, when the new moon fell on the 1st January, it was decided that the golden numbers should be reckoned from that date. Therefore a new moon falls on the 1st January on every nineteenth year. 2. For information respecting the origin of sending valentines, consult No. 7.

POPPY.—1. Wear gloves is our only prescription for procuring white hands. Dry them well after wash-

ing, and use glycerine. 2. Harmoniums vary much in price, according to respective superiority. 3. The guitar is a difficult instrument, unless your object be merely to strum a few chords as an accompaniment for the voice.

ISABEL CROCUS.—Have you ever tried to make picture frames of leather, rustic wood-work, or cork?

OUTSIDE EDGE.—Leaves can be reduced to the mere skeleton fibres by soaking them in rain water in an earthenware dish, placed in the sun, for some weeks. The green pulp may be removed by repeated washings.

LILLA.—You do not state if your French bedstead is to answer its usual purpose at night and be disguised during the day only, or whether its ornamentation is to be a permanent matter. In the former case, all that could be done with it would be to have a board to rest on the head and foot pieces, this to be covered with a handsome cloth which must reach to the ground. The bedstead would then have the appearance of a large and rather high table. The cloth might be of dark serge, with ornaments of "broderie verne," as described in the article, "How the Girls Arrayed their Sitting-room"; a design of water-lilies and foliage, with long upright leaves and aquatic plants, would be very suitable, and take off the great size and height of the table (so called). The water may be represented by long stitches of unequal length, horizontally worked to a certain height up the design. If the bedstead's transformation is to be permanent, a valance, like the cloth just described, might go round. A board, the length of the bed-

stead, with an upright back and two ends, covered with material, should be fixed on the frame of the bedstead, and ornaments arrayed on this. The top must be covered, as in the first direction; a shaped valance, ornamented to correspond with the lower one, being used to edge it. The table covered with plain material. A second board, also covered and edged with a *lambrquin* (i.e., valance), affixed to the wall, a reasonable height above the bedstead and about half the width, would form a second receptacle for ornaments, china plaques, vases, small screens, &c., and while adding to the height, which is no objection, would considerably decrease the apparent size and also the stiffness of your metamorphosed bedstead.

JEANNIE R.—We regret that it is out of our province to give recommendations to publishers. In reference to your own story, we think it only friendly to direct your careful attention to the grammar and style of the letter with which you have favoured us. MS. for printing should be written on separate sheets and on one side of the paper only.

TOT AND TINY.—1. The earliest age at which it would be safe for a girl to commence singing lessons is from fifteen to sixteen. You may sing if you like to amuse yourself, but that is quite a different thing from being trained. 2. We do not advise you to attempt the removal of any mark on your face; but if very disfiguring, consult a doctor.

TILLIE AND ROSIE.—It does not appear to make any difference as regards the growth of the hair whether it be allowed to hang loosely or is plaited. But to the former style there is one objection which deserves note, that it frequently knots, becomes entangled, and consequently broken when combed.

VIOLET.—1. We cannot make any change in our printed rules for the competition; and regret that your sister will be too old at the time that the several works are to be sent in.

2. Our address is The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. 3. Plum-coloured cashmere and velvet would not look at all too heavy and sombre for spring wear. If a violet shade of plum, wear canary-colour; if a red plum, try a light blue. But much depends upon where and how you are going to employ the colour, respecting which you have given no explanation.

VIXEN.—1. The best preventive that can be recommended for coldness of the feet is to use a skipping-rope, and to rub them and the whole body well with a flesh-brush. To rub the feet only is not sufficient, for the blood runs down from the heart, and must be set flowing freely through every one of the channels provided for the warming of the limbs.

2. No prizes are given for replies to Riddles, and no contributions of any description offered to the Editor for this Magazine will be inserted unless very good and original. 3. We are not acquainted with any "Early Rising Club."

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.—The figure at the head of our paper is not the copy of a picture or portrait, but of a statue. It is not the custom in art to put eyes on statues of pure white marble. In the later and lower periods of Greek sculpture statues were sometimes coloured, but no one now expects white marble to have eyes like dolls or wax figures. The statue of which our heading is a copy has been greatly admired. It was called by the sculptor "The Spirit of Truth and Love," and we think this a good motto for our paper. Our engraving was made from a photograph expressly sent for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, by Mr. S. C. Hall, Editor of the *Art Journal*, in a recent volume of which there appeared a beautiful steel engraving of the statue.





Vol. I.—No. 14.]

APRIL 3, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA:

### OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### "CONFIRMATION STRONG."

ZARA was perched on a high rock, looking out on the troubled sea. Though the rain was over, and the wind gone down, the broad ocean could not so easily forget the tempest that had lately swept over its bosom.

The huge waves came tumbling in, foaming and raging like prolonged thunder. Whole showers of feathery froth were tossed up like snow-wreaths, some of them falling at the young girl's feet as she stood on the rock.

She wore a pale green, flimsy dress, but a warm scarf of deep scarlet wool was thrown around her shoulders, the fringed end hanging over her back, and her little round black velvet hat was firmly fixed on her head.

A strikingly picturesque figure she made, standing there alone in the wild scene, with her dark hair floating on the breeze, her cheeks all aglow with brilliant colouring.

An artist might have transferred her likeness to his canvas as an apt personification of one of Kingsley's spirited, sea-tinted, fresh-sounding poems.

Thus Paul Tench thought, as he went towards her as rapidly as the rough rocks would permit. Zara descended from her high perch, and came towards him.

"You are late, Mr. Tench," said she, loftily.

"Am I? I was not aware any particular time was named."

"Nor was there. Perhaps I came too soon. I have been wandering over the rocks this hour or more. Miss White had an early dinner, cold mutton and hot potatoes, so I soon despatched my share. I hate cold mutton, don't you, Mr. Tench?"

"Not particularly, I believe. Shall we walk nearer the cliffs; it will be more sheltered there?"

"Oh yes, if you like. I was watching a steamer far out at sea just before you

came, and wondering whether it would ever be my fate to be far out at sea, steaming away from old Seabright."

"Don't you like Seabright?"

"Well enough for some things. I'm always longing to go to London."

"To London! Why?"

"I should like to sing on the stage of some great theatre or concert-room,



ZARA.



and have crowds of grand ladies and gentlemen listening. Wouldn't it be fine to see them clapping their hands, and shouting 'encore, encore,' and flinging lovely wreaths of flowers and rings and nice presents on the boards for me to gather up? Wouldn't that be something worth living for, Mr. Tench?"

Paul was looking thoughtfully at her animated face and flashing eyes, reading bits and scraps of her character, perhaps.

"Is that the height of your ambition, Miss Keith?"

"Not altogether the height. I should want more than that before long, I dare say. But it would be like reaching the top of the tree—getting the highest a singer can expect, you know."

Paul shook his head dubiously.

"You *are* rather ambitious, I perceive?"

"I don't call that ambition. It is only a laudable sort of desire to reach as high as one can get in whatever calling one may happen to be," Zara replied, with a slight frown.

"Have you ever considered what immense application, what careful study, what years of education, of practice, of travel, it requires to make a really brilliant 'artiste,' such as a fashionable London audience would approve of and applaud?"

"I don't think all that would be needed, Mr. Tench."

"Indeed it would, and far more too than that. There must be great natural gifts, fine compass of voice, correct ear, and undoubted taste, if one would attain a high order of excellence in the art. Aspirants for fame would do well to remember this."

"I should think with a good voice very little teaching would do."

"Not in these days. The British public is hard to please; and mere mediocre attainments do not gain a singer a leading position, or crown her with success."

They had been walking towards the cliffs during this conversation, and Zara's pettish toss of her head had more than once proclaimed she did not agree with Paul's views; they were not the Seabright Music Hall's notions. He had lingered on the subject purposely to try to discover how much or how little the girl's heart was fixed on her present mode of life. He paused, and pointed to a bank of grass.

"Here is a mossy couch under the cliff, with a background of brambles, covered with blackberries—black as your hair, Miss Keith. Shall we rest for awhile in the shelter?"

"Thanks, I like walking best; and so would you, if you had to sit at millinery all day, making bonnets and trimming hats. It is clip, clip, with the scissors from morning to night."

"It must be very wearying; but Miss White is perhaps not a hard task-mistress?"

"She likes to get full value out of her apprentices—my time will soon be up now. There were two of us; but Agnes Bell has set up for herself. I shan't go in for that sort of thing. I mean to

stick to the singing line, and so I tell Miss White."

"Does she approve of your taste?"

"She is getting resigned now; at first she was furious. Old Mr. Wood brought her round a bit when he offered to teach me for nothing, and let me practise with his son, Tom, in the evenings."

"The son who has gone to New York, I suppose?"

"Yes; he has but one boy." There was a tinge of resigned sadness in her tone that made Paul look round at her quickly.

But she was picking some of the over-ripe blackberries—soiling, yet more, her shabby light kid gloves in the picking—and he could not see her face.

"Have you been living long with Miss White?"

"Ever since I was five years old, and I am seventeen now. My poor mother died at her house, and left me in her charge."

"Then has she kept you, and provided for you as if you had been her own daughter?"

"Not exactly. Mother left her some money; and when none of my friends or relatives could be found, the parish came forward and made her a small allowance. Since then they have paid for my apprenticeship. Miss White was very poor when mother went to her house; but you see she has now a fine flourishing shop. She has got up in the world a bit."

"Was any search made for your relatives or friends?" asked Paul.

"Yes, every search, but none were found. The only relative I ever heard my mother mention was her own mother, but they were not friendly together. My grandmother never forgave her marriage with my father, and turned her off for ever."

"Is your grandmother living now, Miss Keith?"

"I suppose not. I have not heard of her since mother died."

"What was your father's name?"

"Jabez Keith, a queer sounding name, wasn't it?"

"Did he die in England?"

"No sir. He met with an accident, and died abroad, and poor mother brought me to England when I was a year or so of age. Miss White has often told me all about it, how my mother came to lodge with her, and how they were like sisters, and worked at the millinery together. And then sir, mother died, and I was left poor and friendless. Miss White took care of me; but I have found it hard work to get on, and I've missed my mother more than words can tell. Thanks to her good example I have always been honest, though poor. This is a hard world for them that have neither money nor relations. But why am I telling you all this? You cannot feel any great interest in hearing about a poor girl like me; can you, sir?"

Zara had been talking with a half sad half defiant look in her large dark eyes. With the confiding impulse so common in the half-educated class she was telling out her history without restraint,

and not without emotion, equally unrestrained.

Paul had turned away from her, and was leaning against the projection of a rock, his face covered with both his hands. A feeling of faintness had come over him, much like that he had experienced when he first saw the name of "Zara Meldicott Keith" on the play-bill. He had the same sickness of heart, the same feeling of reproach, and his face was haggard and pale.

The chain of evidence was complete. There was no longer any possibility of doubt. He had found the true Zara; and the girl was standing beside him, wondering at his agitation.

"Are you ill, sir?" she said in alarm.

"It will pass directly—don't be frightened, child."

"Ah, we have walked too far; I ought to have sat down when you asked me, but I forgot London people are mostly weakly when they come to the seaside."

Paul did not reply. He hardly heard her words, or took in their meaning. He sat there, shading the sun-light from his eyes, while the hoarse sea sounded in his ears, and the waves dashed on the rocks with unceasing roar.

That many-voiced tumult was to him ever afterwards associated with perhaps the most intense moment of agony he had ever experienced.

It was a mental surrender of all hitherto dearest to him in life, and the feeling underlying this that, even in the surrender, he could never fully make up to poor Zara for all he had unintentionally robbed her of.

Yet Paul's surrender was no slight one. It included his bright prospects of advancement—his fair future—and more than this, all hope of being able to win sweet Annis Venn for his wife. How could he expect to gain her now?

Zara must have her portion paid down ere long. To the very letter he would carry out the injunction.

"Ten thousand pounds for my dear grandchild, Zara Meldicott Keith."

It was enforced on him by his mother's last request, and he prayed for strength to do what was right and just.

He owed Zara much more than money. Here was a long stretch of past years during which she had been striving and struggling with a hard lot. How should he compensate her for that lonely time of sorrow, that dull grind of dire necessity?

Her mind was untrained, her education neglected, her views false, her mind altogether devoid of any higher ideas than a vulgar ambition. Had the money been hers during her childhood and early youth, had she been placed in the heart of some happy home, she might have had some higher aspirations, and been a superb specimen of womankind.

There she was standing before him now, in her shabby green dress, in her soiled gloves, awkward, unpolished, gipsy-like, a kind of tacit reproach! Could he ever make up to her for advantages lost—for qualities gone wild for want of training!

Paul's half faintness, half reverie, lasted some time. His thoughts tra-



velled backwards through the past and glanced at the future, finding no rest.

Presently he felt a gloved hand softly touching his fingers, that were still closed over his eyes.

"Are you feeling better, sir?" Zara whispered.

He caught her hand in both his with an eager grasp, and looked at her with pleading eyes.

"We are friends, are we not, Zara? Promise we shall always be friends. You must forgive me, my poor child!"

"I have nothing to forgive, sir; and there's no reason I know of why we shouldn't be friends."

Paul rose slowly from his leaning place on the rock.

"No reason at all. We *are* friends, remember."

"All right. Now I must go home; for Miss White will wonder what in the world has happened to me. I am coming out in a new song to-night. I wonder if you will like it, sir?"

"I shall not hear it, Zara."

"Won't you be at the 'Music Hall'?"

"No; I have paid my last visit there."

"Oh, sir! I didn't expect that from you!" Her face grew haughty as she spoke.

"Can't you see why I ever went to the place? To meet you, Zara. Now we have met and spoken, and are friends, I have no wish to enter the doors again."

Her flush of anger changed to a smile of gratified vanity. She looked round at Paul, but met only a grave face and thoughtful eyes.

"I hope you also will soon bid adieu to the 'Harmony Music Hall.'"

"Me, sir!"—a start of surprise.

"Yes, child. But don't call me 'sir' any more. Friends do not use such terms; and we are friends who must help each other—bear with each other, and perhaps pity each other."

Paul spoke from his own view of things, Zara listened from hers; and it must be confessed she set down in her own mind that something very flattering was intended.

Like many untrained girls of seventeen she had a high opinion of the power of her attractions. She had known something of triumph in her power from the applause in the "Music Hall," and had already decided Paul Tench was another admirer on her list—another of her slaves.

True, his looks and words puzzled her, but London fashions were different from country fashions, and it must be his way of showing admiration. He was speaking now very gravely and earnestly.

"Zara, as a proof of the confidence I place in you, I hope to bring a lady to call on you to-morrow, for I suppose I shall never gain admission to Miss White's 'sanctum' unless I am thus accompanied."

"A lady to call on me! Is she young?"

"Yes, and lovely. She is the daughter of a London clergyman."

"But a clergyman's daughter won't want to know me, Mr. Tench, unless she comes to bring good books, and to lecture

me about singing in public, and the like of that. I don't care for such visits; and I hold there is some merit even in trying to amuse people who haven't very much pleasure in their lives. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' the old saying tells us. And those who have the art of amusing deserve to be paid. The vicar's daughter will not agree with my opinions, so she had better not come."

(To be continued.)

## ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES AND GIRLS.\*



IF "manners make the man" they even more decidedly make the woman, and few gifts ensure greater happiness and affection to their possessor than a good manner.

Now, while all good manners are the offshoot of a good heart, and while kindly courteousness and thought for others are the very kernel of the matter, still there are certain laws laid down which it is necessary to thoroughly understand, and I purpose to set these before my readers. For etiquette and good breeding are not identical though they are twin sisters; for example, it is possible for a foreigner to be perfectly well bred and yet show an ignorance of some details of etiquette.

All the niceties of personal behaviour in regard to eating, drinking, and cleanly habits are learnt imperceptibly by children from their parents and guardians, hence it is most necessary that mothers who are unable to have their children constantly with them should ensure innate refinement in the teachers and attendants who surround them.

It is when a girl is old enough to "come out," as the phrase is, and to take a recognised position in the social world, that a knowledge of the code that rules good society becomes necessary. For there is but one recognised code in really good society, although some old-fashioned modes may prevail in country places,

\* The importance of attention to rules of etiquette will be admitted even by those whose pressing duties or higher avocations hinder from rigid observance of them. For example, no one would expect the ceremonies of formal visiting from hospital nurses, though some of these are of high and noble families. They are better employed. No one is surprised at their disregard of etiquette, any more than at their not wearing gloves, which they never do. Such exceptions are very different from those made without excuse of duty. We have known good people who, from ignorance or neglect of rules and usages of social life, cause religion itself to be evil spoken of. They think such things to be "conformity to the world." But the true principle is to be in the world, yet not of the world. The Christian precept, "Be courteous," covers all the innocent usages of society in our time, as it did in the days when Divine illustrations were drawn from the usages of the Jews in their feasts and marriages and other social institutions.—EDITOR.

and with old-fashioned people. "Coming out" means introduction to society, either at a party at home or by being presented at Her Majesty's Drawing-room, or by merely accepting the invitations of friends. When a young lady is "out" her name appears on her mother's visiting card, immediately below her mother's name; or with those of her sister's as one of the Misses—. An unmarried lady, unless she has arrived at a certain age, does not have a card of her own, nor does she make calls on her own account, as she should certainly not have acquaintances who are unknown to her parents.

Visiting cards should be printed on thin unglazed cards, in as plain letterings as possible in text hand, with no flourishes or any remarkable style of printing, the gentlemen's about half the depth of the ladies', but in cases where there is no mother the daughters have their father's name printed on cards of the usual ladies' size, with their own beneath. Some ladies put their husband's name on their cards as well as their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. S—in one line. This is not a solecism, but is somewhat old-fashioned.

The plan of card-leaving is regulated by very plainly-defined laws of etiquette. Cards were originally introduced so that people on whom the calls were made might be aware of the fact even should the servant be forgetful, and when a personal call is made they are never sent in, excepting in cases of business visits where there is no acquaintance, as, for example, in calling for the character of a servant.

If an acquaintance is not at home when she calls, a lady leaves her own card with the names of her daughters upon it, and two of her husbands cards, one for the master and one for the mistress, with occasionally an additional one for the sons. If the mistress is at home, on leaving she deposits two of her husband's cards on the hall table. She must neither give them to the servant nor to the hostess. As a rule, the wives do the card-leaving for married men, who rarely call in person.

The right-hand corner of a lady's card turned down means that she intends the call to be on the young ladies as well as their mother. Cards should bear the prefix of their owner—Mrs. Miss, Lady (if a knight or baronet's wife), Countess, or any other title. The only one never used on a card is "Honourable." The Christian name without a prefix is simply a barbarism unheard of in good society—such as "Jane Brown," though young gentlemen, at college and elsewhere, put the name without "Mr."

With card-leaving comes the question of calling. Calling hours are from three to six. First calls should be returned within the week. Calls should be made also within the week after every entertainment, whether it be a dinner, or an "At Home," held either in the evening or afternoon, always assuming that the "At Home" is a party for which invitations have been issued. Many people in London, and large towns, though not, perhaps, the ultra fashionable people of London, have certain days in the week on which they receive their friends, and as the friends who put in an appearance are in fact paying a call, a subsequent call in consequence of being present at such an "At Home" is, therefore, unnecessary. After a dinner-party it is best to go in if the lady is at home, leaving cards, if preferred after other entertainments. Most people on coming to town call on all their friends by merely leaving cards; it is etiquette for those who come to town to take the initiative, for, of course, it would be almost impossible for their acquaintance to ascertain when they came. If, when a call is made simply cards are left at the door and there is no inquiry as to whether the



mistress is at home, the same plan should be adopted in returning the call. Servants should be trained to remember the distinction. It is a vulgarity under any circumstances whatever to send visiting cards by post. If after an entertainment the distance is too great for a call, it would be best, if you are very punctilious, to write a polite note; but to send cards by post to save the trouble of calling is a breach of good manners.

On leaving a neighbourhood, and sometimes at the end of the season, or going abroad, cards are left with P.P.C., viz., *pour prendre congé*, or *pour dire adieu* written upon them. If young ladies are away from home, and have been accepting hospitalities in the way of dinners and other parties their names should be written in pencil on the card of their *chaperone*.

In the country old residents call on new-comers, but in London and in towns generally this plan does not hold good, and an introduction is necessary before a call is made. When a call has been made the receivers can continue the acquaintance or not as they please, but first calls are generally followed by invitations from those who make them. Cards left in the case of illness should have the words "to inquire" in pencil on the top. To very young ladies a morning call is often an ordeal they would fain avoid; but this should not be encouraged. If admitted, they, with their mother, would be announced by the servant, and should take a part in the conversation without in any way monopolising it. Supposing other callers were present they can, if they please, enter into conversation with them; their so doing does not require an introduction nor necessitate an acquaintance. A quarter of an hour is enough for a ceremonious call. Neither when other visitors come or go do those present rise; they can, if they please, bend slightly, but it is not necessary.

If the call is made about five o'clock, tea is generally served, and, as a rule, poured out by the lady of the house without ceremony.

When calls are received at home more devolves upon the young ladies of the house; then they are expected to help their mothers in the conversation and in dispensing tea, etc. They can, if they please, receive lady visitors in their mother's absence, but it depends on her approval whether gentlemen are admitted, and this is not often allowed if there is but one daughter.

A young lady visiting at a house must use her discretion with regard to remaining in the room when visitors call. It depends whether she thinks her hostess would wish her to do so, and unless she happens to be herself acquainted with the people who come, it would be better, after a short interval, to retire. If visitors call upon her who are unknown to the hostess, as a young lady it would be right for her to introduce them, her chaperone taking the place of her mother for the time being.

A young girl with all the freshness of her youth and the sweet dignity of womanhood has a sure passport into society which secures her a warmth of welcome; it depends on herself whether this grows or is early nipped in the bud.

Fastness and prim sedateness are equally to be avoided; a calm, frank, unembarrassed manner, a sympathetic interest in and thought for others, a habit of saying the right thing in the right place, the power of being a good listener, and of letting the conversation take any turn most agreeable to the speaker—these are some of the component parts of good and pleasing manners. The fault of the age

rather runs towards young people assuming too much, being too confident and self-assertive and too thoughtless with regard to their elders—all essentially bad manners.

People who have at all a large acquaintance should keep a visiting book with the names and addresses of those on whom they are on visiting terms, and a correct alphabetical list of the several members of their family who, in case of an entertainment being given, would be invited. Without this a hostess is apt to forget the number of sons or daughters. A supplementary list in a small note-book kept in or with the card-case saves a great deal of trouble when visits are paid.

Twice a year as a broad rule is sufficient



"ALL HAVE THEIR TASKS TO DO."

number of times to call on acquaintances, unless they have given entertainments which necessitate card-leaving.

On hearing of the death of an acquaintance, cards should be at once left at the house, and when the relatives feel able to see their friends again they send by hand or post either specially printed cards or their own, "with thanks for kind enquiries," which are acknowledged by a call.

Ladies do not leave cards on gentlemen, unless they have been entertained. After a dinner given to ladies by a bachelor a wife would leave her card with her husband's. Common sense should be exercised in all these matters. The wife of a naval officer would hardly leave her husband's cards on mutual acquaintances when he was at sea.

ARDERN HOLT.

## WORK FOR ALL.

'TIS not a single bird  
That makes the forest ring;  
A thousand joyous notes are heard,  
A thousand warblers sing.

'Tis not a lonely flower,  
Though it may glad the sight,  
That makes the earth one summer bower,  
All beautiful and bright.

But each thing brings its share  
Amidst the mingled throng;  
Some cadence, or some treasure rare,  
Of beauty, or of song.

All have their tasks to do,  
All have their work assigned,  
And carry out in order true  
The plan their God designed.

The chorus grand rings forth  
From things both great and small:  
"On the broad circle of the earth  
God giveth work for all."

M. M. P.

## A CANADIAN HEROINE.

It was towards the end of June that one afternoon a clergyman was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of the Beaver Dams, near the town of Thorold—a place which received its name from the remarkable constructions of the industrious animal which has been adopted as the national emblem of Upper Canada—where there was a small force of British troops posted. In the twilight he observed a travel-worn woman approaching upon the forest pathway, with an air of bodily weariness, yet of mental alertness and anxiety. As she drew near he recognised a worthy Canadian matron, whom he had more than once seen in his congregation in the schoolhouse in the village of Chippewa.

"Why, Mrs. Secord," he exclaimed, reining in his horse as she attempted to pass him, furtively trying to conceal her face, "are you not afraid to be so far from home on foot, when the country is so disturbed?"

"Thank God it is you, Mr. Trueman!" she earnestly replied. "I was afraid it might be one of the American scouts. 'Home, did you say? I have no home,' she added, in a tone of bitterness.

"Can't I be of service to you? Where is your husband?" Neville asked, wondering at her distraught air.

"Haven't you heard?" she replied.

"He was sore wounded at Queenston Heights, and will never be a well man again; and our house was pillaged and burned. But we're wasting time; what reck my private wrongs when the country is overrun by the King's enemies? How far is it to the camp?"

"Farther than you can walk without resting," he answered. "You seem almost worn out."

"Nineteen miles I've walked this day through woods and thicket, without bit or sup, to warn the King's troops of their danger."

"What danger?" asked Neville, wondering if her grief had somewhat affected her mind.

"The enemy are on the move—hundreds of them—with cannon and horses. I saw them marching past my cottage this very morning, and I vowed to warn the King's soldiers or die in the attempt. I slipped unseen into the woods and ran like a deer, through



by-paths and 'cross lots, and I must press on or I may be too late."

Not for a moment did this American-born youth hesitate as to his duty to his adopted

and placed the travel-worn woman thereon. Walking by her side, he held the bridle-rein and carefully guarded the horse over the rugged forest path, the soldiers falling behind as a

heroism as this did the stout-hearted Canadian women of those stern war times serve their country at the risk of their lives.

Vigorous efforts were now made for defence. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon had only some forty-three regulars and two hundred Indians, to oppose a force of nearly six hundred men, including fifty cavalry and two field pieces. He must effect by stratagem what he could not effect by force. Every man who could sound a bugle, and for whom a bugle could be found, was sent into the woods, and these were posted at considerable distances apart. The Indians and thirty-four red-coats, concealed behind trees, lined the road. Before long was heard the tramp of cavalry and rumble of field guns. As they came within range the buglers, with all the vigour in their power, sounded a charge, the shrill notes ringing through the leafy forest aisles. The Indians yelled their fearful warwhoop, and the soldiers gave a gallant cheer and opened a sharp fire.

At this moment a body of twenty Canadian militia arrived, and Fitzgibbon, to carry out his ruse of affected superiority of numbers, boldly demanded the surrender of the enemy. Colonel Boerstler, the American commander, thinking

the British must be strongly supported, to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's astonishment, consented. The latter did not know what to do with his prisoners, who were twice as many as his own force, including the Indians. The opportune arrival of Major de Heren and Cap-

country. Wheeling his horse, he exclaimed: "You brave woman, you've nobly done your part. Let me take you to the nearest house, and then give the alarm."

"I hoped to have done it myself," she said. "But it is best as it is. Never mind me. Every minute is precious."

Without waiting for more words, Neville waved his hand in encouragement, and putting spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment. In a few minutes he galloped up to the post held by the British picket, and flung himself off his reeking steed—incurring imminent risk of being bayoneted by the sentry, because he took no notice of his peremptory challenge. Bursting into the guardroom, he called for the officer of the day, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon. A few words conveyed the startling intelligence, the alarm was promptly given, the bugle sounded to "turn out," the guard promptly responded, the men rushed to arms. Messengers were despatched to an outpost where Captain Ker was posted with two hundred Indians, and to Major de Heren, commanding a body of troops in the rear.

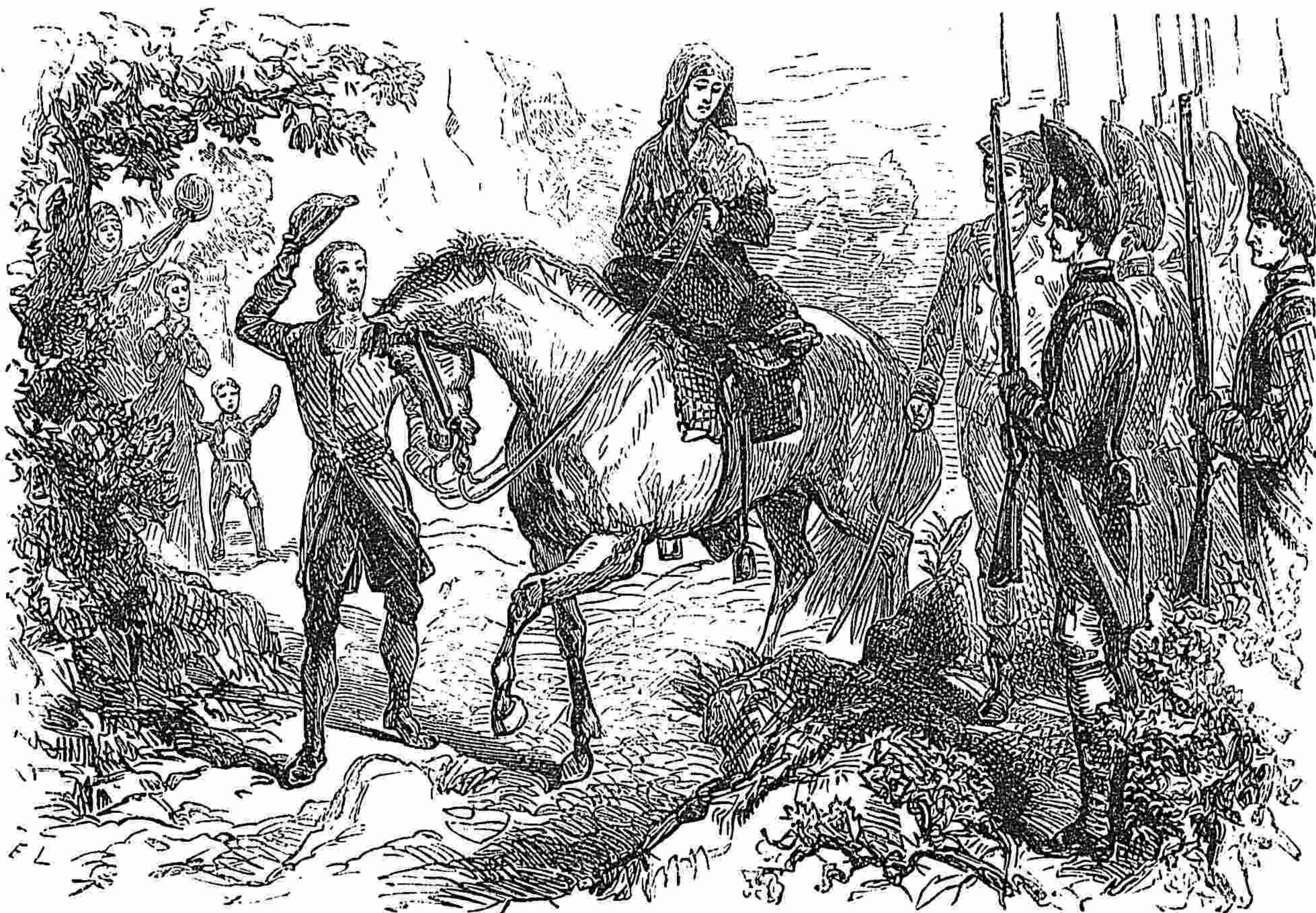
Neville, followed by two files of soldiers, returned to meet the brave Canadian matron, to whose patriotic heroism was due the rescue of the little post from an unexpected attack by an overwhelming force. They found her almost fainting from fatigue and the reaction from the overstrung tension of her nerves. Leaping from his horse, Neville adjusted his cloak so as to make a temporary side-saddle,

rear-guard. As they approached the post at Beaver Dams, the red-coats gave a hearty British cheer. The guard turned out, and presented arms as though she were the Queen; and the gallant Lieutenant Fitzgibbon assisted the lady to alight with as dignified a courtesy

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"THE ENEMY ARE ON THE MOVE."



"AS THOUGH SHE WERE THE QUEEN."

as he could use to royalty itself. She was committed to the care of the good wife of the farmhouse, which formed the headquarters of the post, and every means were taken to ensure her comfort. By such

tain Villiers, with two hundred men, furnished a sufficient force to guard the prisoners. The chagrin of the latter on hearing of their deception and capture by a handful of red-coats and redskins was intense.



WHAT TO DO ON HOLIDAY  
AFTERNOONS.

## CHAPTER I.



ABOUT a dozen girls, varying in age from ten to sixteen, were gathered in little groups round the three windows of a schoolroom. The scene on which they gazed in such listless fashion would have been charming in the sunshine, for the grounds were beautifully kept; but the croquet-lawn was turned into a shallow pond, the seats beneath the graceful old trees were only catching drippings from the boughs, and everything looked as doleful as long-continued rain could make it.

It was Saturday, the week's lessons were over, and the girls were longing to enjoy their half-holiday in the open air, but were still imprisoned, as they had been for days past, by that pitiless, unceasing downpour. Weary of everything, they stood gazing from the windows and grumbling at the weather.

"There it goes," said Marian Lane, the eldest of the group. "Drip, drip, splash, splash, as it has done for two whole days and nights. No chance of a walk, or even a scamper through the grounds. I have not had my head outside the door since Wednesday. We must be going to have a second Deluge."

"Drip, did you say? I should like to see a sample of rain that could be alluded to in such mild terms. It is one downpour. Talk about walking! If we venture out we must wade, if not swim for our lives. The paths are flooded, the lawn is a respectable pond, and there is a young river making its way to seaward down the main street; at least, the housemaid said the butcher's boy told her so, for of course we can see nothing. I wish we could."

"I have been wishing myself everything but a school girl for the last forty-eight hours. If one were a postman, a policeman, or even a milkboy, we should be obliged to go out."

"And if a boy at all, one might go on stilts."

"We girls might have stilts in the grounds, if only Miss Walker could see it."

There was a general burst of laughter at this suggestion, for could not each of the girls imagine the look which would overspread the face of Miss Walker, their head governess, at the idea of her young ladies taking exercise on stilts!

"Just fancy," said Clara Lane, Marian's younger sister, "our having two small boys called in from the street to teach us how to balance ourselves without going flat on our noses, or a master to put us through stilts' drill as we marched through the grounds like a company of exaggerated storks to the tune of —"

"The Dead March," nothing else would be slow enough for the long strides we should take."

Again there was a burst of laughter at the

ridiculous picture conjured up; for, as Clara remarked, it was as well to get a laugh out of their misfortunes if possible—all other sources of amusement having utterly failed them.

The girl addressed as Bertha was the only one who was not spending her time in idling or grumbling. Whilst the others were grouped round the windows, she continued busily at work, and had just completed a copy for her drawing-master when she first joined in the conversation.

"Begin anything else at your peril, miss," said Marian, seizing the girl. "Your persistent industry is such a perpetual reproach that I shall bear it no longer. Come here, little Wiseacre, and let me teach you a weather-rhyme. It is not original; but delightfully appropriate. Put your hands behind you this minute, hold your head up, and repeat after me."

Bertha rose with an appearance of combined humility and fear, placed herself in front of Marian in the prescribed attitude, and, after a mock curtsy, repeated the lesson after her instructress.

"Dirty days hath September, April, June, and November;  
And all the rest have thirty-one without a single gleam of sun;

And if any of them had two and thirty,  
'Twould be just as wet and twice as dirty."

More laughter hailed this paraphrase of the rhyme which was once supposed to fix on the juvenile memory the names of months and the number of days in each. Then tall, strong Marian Lane gave her pupil first a shake, then a little hug and a kiss, saying, "Bless the child! What am I to do with her? I fear she is incorrigible. She works when other people are idle, is patient when we grumble, smiles back an answer to our frowns, and, instead of rebelling when I plague her, submits in such an angelic manner that I have no excuse for shaking her into little pieces. She will not join us in abusing the weather, though, which is a high crime and misdemeanour."

"No, I will not. When I was at home with papa and mamma, before they went to India, I never heard them say, 'What a miserable day! What wretched weather!' Neither would they allow us children to do it. Papa used to say that when he considered Who made the laws by which the rain and the winds were governed, he could never use such expressions, for 'fire and hail, snow and vapours and stormy winds' were only 'fulfilling His word.'"

"True, Goody, darling. Now don't look shocked, for we do respect you, dear, for the way in which you think about and obey your parents as if they were present when they are thousands of miles away. And you must not suppose all our grumbling to be real wicked. Some of us are made of more explosive materials than you are, Goody, and the growl is a species of safety-valve to our over-wrought feelings."

"If grumbling would do any good, I would join you," said Bertha, as she packed up her drawing materials and put them out of sight. "Now you have made me put away my tools, please to suggest some employment for my idle head and hands. It is so wearisome to be doing nothing."

Bertha Fraser was one of the least of that group of merry school-girls, but not the youngest. She was nearly thirteen, but so slight and small for her age that she looked much younger. Her face was rather pale, and often an expression half-sad and half-patient was seen upon it. Her parents, whose only daughter she was, had been obliged to leave her behind when they went out to India, where they were likely to be detained for at least a couple of years; and her two brothers being grown up, she only saw them occasion-

ally. Indeed, only one of these was in England, and being unmarried, he had no home to which he could welcome his young sister. But Bertha was not unhappy, though she could not help feeling the separation from her parents a great trial. She worked cheerfully and conscientiously at her various studies, rejoicing as each difficulty was overcome in the thought of the pleasure it would give to her parents when they were able to see the fruits of her steady application. Her teachers could not but like a girl who gave them so little trouble, and did such credit to their efforts; and as to her schoolfellows, they loved her for her sweet temper and ability to bear any amount of teasing or petting, as the case might be, with equanimity. She had nicknames without end, "Goody" being the most general favourite, and she answered to them all as readily as though they had been given her in the days of long clothes.

Such was the individual who found doing nothing a wearisome occupation, and demanded employment.

"Nay, Goody," said Marian, "you must find something for 'idle hands' to do. Come, suggest a game."

"If she does, it is sure to be something dreadfully instructive, and so like school that once into it, we shall not know the difference," cried Emma.

"Well, as we are tired of all the things we generally play at we will give Goody a chance of improving our minds. Work will be a decided novelty to you, Emma, at any rate," said Marian, to the last speaker, who was the laziest girl in the school; "go on, Goody, and tell what the game is to be?"

"Get out your atlases and sit round the table, and we will try 'Souvenirs.'"

"Didn't I say so? Goody will set us playing at a geography lesson, and finish up with a sprinkling of botany, grammar, and common subjects, *vide* Miss Mangnall's questions. Never mind. Anything for us drowned-in-school girls who have got no work to do."

"Now, listen whilst I explain the game," said Bertha, "we are supposed to be a party of travellers, and to journey in various countries. We may go on horseback, by train, coach, steamboat, yacht, rowing boat, or even by balloon, if we choose. Only, when we speak of going from one place to another we must be careful to mention a suitable mode of conveyance. We must not talk of crossing rivers in a coach, or mountains in a steam packet, or the Arabian deserts in a railway train. If you do you must pay a forfeit. Then, whenever you arrive at a place, you must buy something and say for whom you intend it. The article must be a product or a manufacture of the place at which it is bought, and a suitable gift for the individual to whom it is to be presented."

"I suppose, Goody, you intend to convey some such warning as that it would not be advisable to purchase a fiery Arab steed in order that our aged grandmother might have facilities for equestrian exercise, or to place a pair of gold-mounted spectacles at the disposal of a three-year-old brother?"

"Certainly not, Marian. I see you have a good notion of the game already. There are generally plenty of forfeits and good fun in redeeming them, and we learn a great deal both about places and products."

"Right, Goody. Always combine instruction with recreation. What map shall we have?"

"As you are all beginners at the game, one which is familiar to everybody, say Europe. Properly, the game should be played without looking at a map; and after the first time we should put atlases away and use our memories only. Papa, my brothers, and I used to put everything into rhyme, and that



made still more fun; for we had forfeits for bad rhymes or lagging lines."

"Rhymes optional, then. We are not all poets born, or even able to make rain fit with Spain; so let us begin in a modest way. Are you ready? Goody must begin, for she knows the game, and we are only learners, and shall make blunders wholesale."

"Understand, then, the second player must always start from the place to which the first has travelled, and so on."

BERTHA begins:—

"I'll trim my bark and sail away  
South by Biscay's stormy bay,  
Until I come to Bourdeaux fair."

MARIAN.—"Pray what will you purchase there?"

BERTHA.—"I'll buy a cask of the choicest wine

That ever came from the purple vine."

"A forfeit, a forfeit, Goody!" shouted several voices. "The grapes are purple, not the vines!"

"I'm sure I have seen 'purple vine' in a real poem somewhere," expostulated Bertha.

"Well; if another poet blundered, that is no excuse for you. Hand out something." Bertha gave up her penknife, though by no means convinced of the equity of the sentence.

CLARA.—"Who is to have the famous cask?"

BERTHA.—"Surely you hardly need to ask.

I'll send the wine to my father dear,  
His board to grace and his guests to cheer."

"Bravo, Goody! You almost deserve your penknife back again. I suppose, as you have started rhyming, we must follow your example, as it will not do for a mite like you to crow over us." And Marian went on bravely:—

"I'll sail my bark into softer seas,  
And pass the columns of Hercules.  
The diver shall pierce the waves so blue  
To find the coral, dear girl, for you."

CLARA.—"From Malta the daintiest lace I'll bring

To my darling mother, love's offering."

"I think that last rhyme is anything but good," said Bertha. "It has a lame sound with it."

"I'm sure ring and bring rhyme all right," pleaded Clara, whose first attempt at putting two lines together had produced no small amount of satisfaction in her own mind, at any rate. "If you are so very severe on first attempts we must betake ourselves to prose."

"It is all prose," insisted Bertha, "only prose in rhyme; but go on."

"I shall give you prose without rhyme, then," said Emma. "We have only one sort of wine so far, and I'll sail first to Xeres for some sherry, and on to Oporto for some port wine, to bear Bertha's claret company."

"A forfeit, Emma!"

"What for? Doesn't sherry come from Xeres, and port from Oporto?"

"Yes, but you cannot sail to Xeres. You will have to leave your ship at Cadiz, and travel north-east by some other conveyance, if you are resolved to buy your wine on the spot."

"Oh, dear! what must I give you?" And after a rummage a pencil-case was handed over.

ALICE.—"I'll trim my bark, and away I'll sail

To the Arctic Ocean to catch a whale.  
I'll cut up the blubber and melt it down,  
And the oil shall yield me many a crown."

BERTHA.—"To whom will you give the crowns so bright?"

ALICE.—"I'll spend them on bread for the hungry wight,  
I'll clothe the naked and warm the cold,  
And gladden the hearts of the poor and old."

MARY.—"To the Isle of Man I will quickly sail,

To purchase a kitten without a tail.  
The gift is meant for a merry child,  
Who drives my elderly pussy wild.  
He pulls her tail and her paws and ears  
Till ancient Tabby both spits and swears."

NELLIE.—"I'll steer up the Liffey to Dublin town

That I may purchase a poplin gown;  
For grandmother dear it is just the thing,  
The nicest present that I can bring."

ANNIE.—"I must sail back to fair Kirkwall,  
To fetch my mother a Shetland shawl."

BERTHA.—"A forfeit, Annie, Kirkwall is in Orkney, not Shetland."

"I'm sure it is near enough, and we could get a Shetland shawl there."

"And so you can in London; but when you profess to fetch a thing in this game, you must go to the very spot where it is made. That is just the fun of it, and the only way we catch anybody blundering."

Annie gave up her thimble to Marian, who acted as receiver-general of forfeits, and grumbled that she had so little to do. There were only four girls who had not spoken, and as they seemed to be vainly cudgelling their brains for something to say, they were in turn allowed two minutes each to make up a rhyme. Failing in this each had to pay a forfeit for not having contributed to the amusement and instruction of the rest, and then Bertha concluded by saying,

"We've been to Ireland, France, and Spain,  
And now we will sail straight home again."

"Now for the forfeits," said Clara, and Marian sentenced the owners, in turn, to redeem them; one by standing on her right foot until she could find six more words to rhyme with soup.

This was Bertha's task, and she rapidly enumerated croup, stoup, hoop, coop, roup, whoop.

Two were objected to, namely, roup and stoup; but Bertha triumphed by exhibiting the words in Webster's ponderous English dictionary, though admitting the Scotchness, as Clara called it, of both.

Then the dunce was requested to tell how many two and two made, reckoned twice over. She insisted on replying four, and was with difficulty made to see that twice over, the amount would reach eight. Another was set to reckon the rain drops that fell on a certain spot during the space of one minute, and a second to check the account, and so on until the few forfeits were redeemed.

"That travelling game is not a bad one, Goody," said Marian, and I can see how it can be almost indefinitely extended, and be better than a geography lesson, by putting away maps altogether and journeying in imagination to far away lands. But tea-time is still distant. What shall we do now?"

"As it is hardly worth while beginning anything that will last long, let us play at 'Purveyors and house furnishers.'"

"What is that?"

"We pretend we are going to entertain a great company of guests, and we have nothing ready. Each one agrees to go and fetch either one of the table or house requisites. It is a very simple game—first cousin to the one we have been playing."

Marian and the rest entered into the spirit of this at once, and it was carried on with the greatest rapidity.

"I'll go to Axminster and fetch a velvet pile carpet and rugs for the drawing-room."

"I'll go to Brussels for another for the dining-room."

"I'll get others from Kidderminster for the bed-rooms."

"I will fetch the linen from Belfast."

"And I the cotton goods from Manchester."

"I'll fetch the blankets from Bury and Witney."

"And we will have eider down quilts, but we will not send for the down from the Arctic regions."

"I'll bring knives from Sheffield, and all the silver and plated goods."

"And we'll have the fenders and pokers from Birmingham."

"I will buy lace curtains from Nottingham."

"And I for a change, others from Switzerland."

"The daintiest glass and mirrors I bring from Venice."

"And I painted china for dessert service from Worcester."

"All the other crockery I will buy in Staffordshire."

"Only the tea service which shall be from Sèvres."

"And the chimney ornaments from Dresden."

"Now provisions must be thought of for all the meals."

"First we must have coal to cook with, so I order this from Lancashire."

"Best Silkstone," urged a girl whose father owned a large colliery, and who was laughed at for having a keen eye to business.

So they ran on, bringing in imagination spices, coffee, sugar, meats, fruits, everything that could be required in a well ordered and extremely hospitable mansion, until at length there was a brief pause, and Marian made everybody laugh by saying as she ran out of the room, "And I'll bring you letters if there are any; for I see the postman coming up the path," and thus abruptly ended the game by suggesting objects of greater interest for the school girls, to whom letters were so precious.

In a few moments Marian returned, accompanied by Miss Walker, to whom all letters were first handed.

The governess had a large parcel to distribute, and, amongst the rest Bertha received two. There were none for Marian; and letters could hardly be expected by her, as she frankly owned that everybody had written to her and she to nobody in return. But of course all was right, or there would be plenty of people to send bad news.

"It has been such a comfort to me, dears," said Miss Walker, "to hear your merry voices ringing out so cheerily this afternoon. I quite dreaded another rainy day, as I know it disappoints you terribly when Saturday is wet. I was specially sorry, as I could not be with you myself this afternoon. How have you amused yourselves?"

"Goody has been setting us to play at games as much like lessons as possible," replied Marian.

Miss Walker turned to Bertha with a bright smile, for she thoroughly understood the child; but the smile faded as she saw her bending with tearful eyes over one of the letters she had just received.

"I hope you have had no bad news from India, dear Bertha," said the governess.

"No, Miss Walker. I have excellent news of papa and mamma. Both are well, and the business which obliged them to go out is progressing very satisfactorily. Then, finding that she could not all at once master her emotion, she placed the letter which had caused it in Miss Walker's hand, and quietly left the room.

(To be continued.)

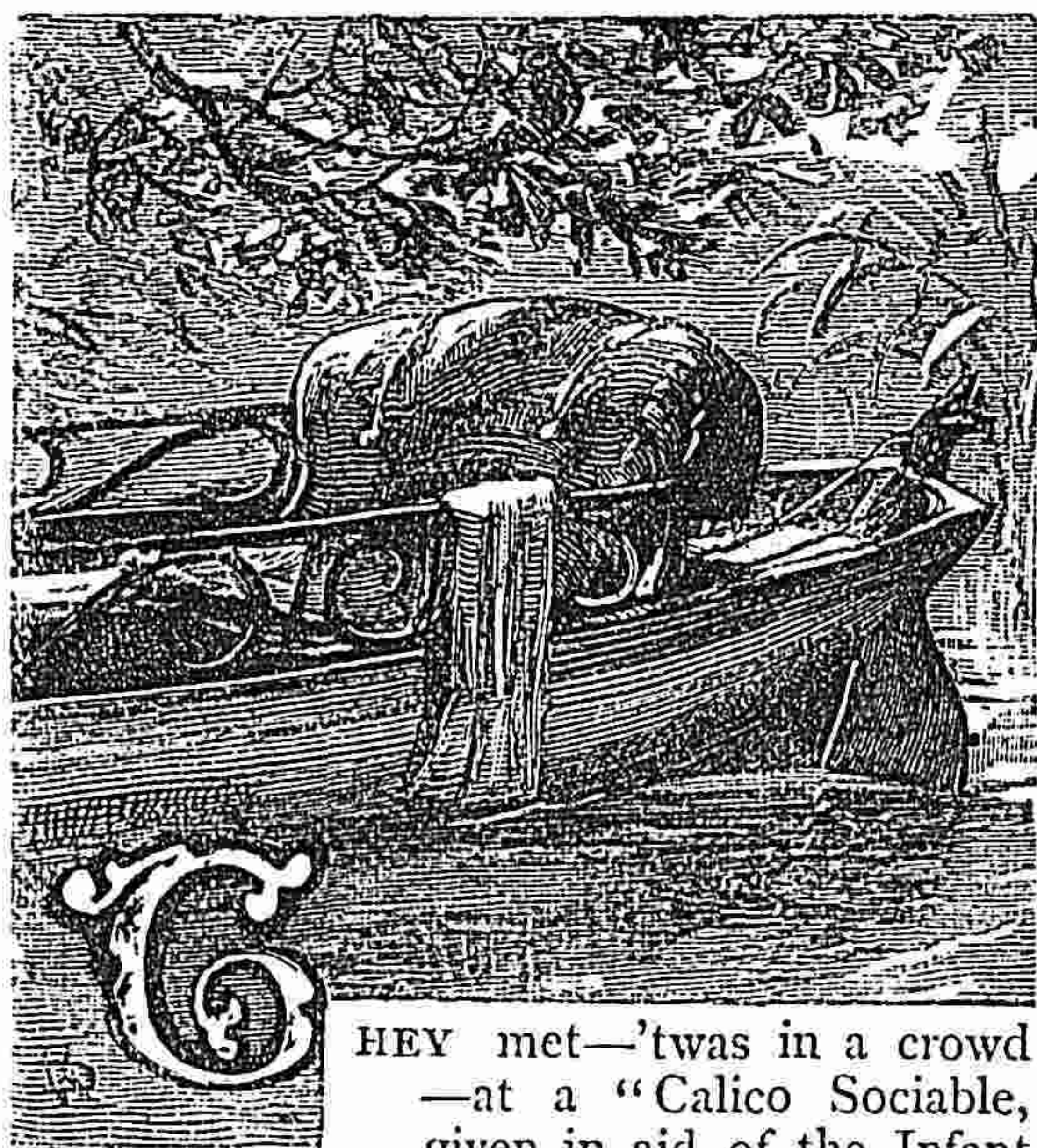


## 'T WAS IN A CROWD.

BY J. A. OWEN.

## CHAPTER I.

THE CALICO SOCIABLE.



HEY met—'twas in a crowd

—at a "Calico Sociable,"

given in aid of the Infant

Shelter," in San Francisco. No lady being allowed to appear in anything but cotton, my heroine, Norah Grey, wore a dress of the brightest percale, covered with a sprangly pattern of green leaves and the freshest little rosebuds. On her head a cap, which would be styled the Olivia here; her feet shod with neat American shoes and brightly clocked stockings.

She was just nineteen years of age; not very tall, but well and compactly built. I should not call her pretty, and yet her hazel eyes had so honest and affectionate a look, and the lines of her mouth were so sweet, although firm, that her friends generally fancied she was so, which amounts to the same thing after all.

Her parents were both dead, and she had no brother or sister. Mrs. Grey had been taken away when Norah was quite a child, and it was now two years since her husband followed her and left their daughter almost unprovided for, owing to an unfortunate passion for speculating, which was fed only too easily, and alas, too fatally, in California.

After his death, Mr. Maynard, a faithful friend, selected a quiet, respectable boarding house, where Norah could live under the kind chaperoneship of a Mrs. Anderson, a warm-hearted Scotch widow, who took an interest in the lonely girl, and exerted herself until she had procured some pupils, to whom Norah gladly gave lessons in music and English literature, studies in which her father had made her very proficient.

I said they met, and, as *they* must mean at least two persons, I may as well at once proceed to describe the hero of my story. Now, pray, do not let your foolish imaginations run away with you in respect to this personage. He was not a prince in disguise—he was not a travelling author—he was not a charming young Englishman. I did not say he was young at all, though you, no doubt, thought he was. No, he was a genial, pleasant-looking elderly man, or at least, middle-aged; and he had grey hair and keen, honest, fun-loving eyes.

He was not dressed in calico. How could a man, having any self-respect, attire himself in that fabric to appear in public; unless he were content to figure as a Chinaman or a French cook. Women may look attractive in fresh, bright cottons, but men? never! It would take away that look of solidity and strength which we all admire in the male sex. Besides, all men are at liberty to clothe themselves pretty much alike, whatever may be their grade in what the world calls society; their festive attire cannot differ very widely, and the

vainest of the sterner sex have very little scope for indulgence in dress. But with women it is different; so, when it is desirable to promote some good object by drawing all classes together, San Francisco often calls for a "Calico Sociable," and a very pretty gathering together of costumes is the result; the dress required being within the means of all, and the morning's reflections on the evening's amusement are freer from envy and heartburn than is sometimes the case.

On this particular evening Norah Grey was feeling anything but happy, though she looked so bright and fresh as to her dress. In the morning of the day she had received a letter from an uncle in England, of whom she knew nothing beyond the fact that her father had such a brother who had been living in India, she believed, for the last 30 years.

Now, just when she was beginning to feel happy and self-reliant, making a good income as a teacher, and having the hope of a capital position as lecturer on English literature in what was satirically called the "School for Pacific Females," but more properly "Pacific College for Women"; she must give up her pleasant life of independence for a dull conventional life in England, which was not the land of her birth. Norah always prided herself on being an American.

"I cannot, I will not go, Madre, dear!" she said to Mrs. Anderson.

Madre was the pet name which she had given to the large-hearted woman who had for the last two years sheltered her beneath a motherly wing.

"But Norah, Mr. Maynard says he fears you must. Your father spoke to him about this brother before he died. He told him it was his fault that they had quarrelled and separated in his youth; that he had written to him telling him he was leaving you alone and almost unprovided for."

"Why did not my father tell me this, Madre?"

"Because he did not know how his letter might be received. He said that his brother Arthur was a good and honourable man; and if he wrote kindly and wished to adopt you, Mr. Maynard must tell you it was his wish that you should go to him."

"Oh, I cannot leave you, Madre dear," the girl said, weeping and clinging to the woman she loved.

"But, Norah, think; your uncle is rich and childless. He writes, too, that his life is lonely. However, do not let us talk more about it just now; you know we have promised to go to the Calico Sociable to-night, and I want my Norah to look bright for the sake of the good women who are working so hard to support their Infant Shelter, as they call it."

They met Mr. Maynard there.

"Norah," said he, "let me introduce you to an Englishman who has just arrived in San Francisco. He tells me he knows your uncle. This is very fortunate, as he will be able to give you some information about him and his home; *your* future home I fear we must say."

Norah felt as though one claw of some huge cuttle-fish had already fastened on her, and the rest would soon follow and rob her of all freedom.

"Oh, dear, I wanted to forget all about him for just this one evening," she said, helplessly.

There was no time to say more, the middle aged gentleman we have already spoken of stood before her, and his quick, penetrating gaze seemed to go through her. Norah had no intention of making herself agreeable, but when her frank, fearless eyes met those of Mr. Wright, as her friend called him, she felt attracted against her will, and offered him her hand.

Both the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand were pleasant, and, to her relief, he did not begin to talk about the obnoxious uncle at once.

"Who is the dark young lady who sings so wonderfully?" he asked, presently.

"She is a half-caste from the Sandwich Islands, the *protégée* of a rich native lady there, who has sent her over here to be trained as a professional singer."

"She has a lovely voice and a beautiful face. Do you like music?"

"Very much, and I am grateful for it besides, as it helps me to earn my bread."

"To earn your bread?" said Mr. Wright; "you do not look as though you needed to do that for yourself."

"Ah! that is just such a notion as an Englishman would be likely to have," answered Norah, quickly. "You expect women who have to work for their living to look either poor, shabby, and depressed, or hard, dry, and pushing. You English people seem to cherish the idea which you embody in the disagreeable term of the 'decayed gentlewoman,' or the meek, sad-eyed, but highly-respectable governess. Both ideas are detestable to me."

"You are quite an American, I see."

"I am thankful that I am. I never want to be thought anything else. I would like to stay here all my life."

"You speak feelingly, Miss Grey," said Mr. Wright, with a touch of satire in his voice.

"Of course I do," Norah answered, impulsively. "I love this country and its fresh, buoyant atmosphere; and they tell me I must leave it and go to live under cold, grey skies amongst a cold and reserved people, with nothing to do but to sit quietly by the fire, and never say 'No' when a man whom I have never seen, but who calls himself my uncle, says 'Ay.'"

"You have been reading 'Aurora Leigh,' I see."

"O, I read that long ago, when I little thought such a fate was in store for me. Mr. Maynard says you know my uncle."

"I do, intimately; in fact, we are very near neighbours and on most friendly terms."

"It is odd that I should make your acquaintance on the very day on which I receive my uncle's letter."

"Not so very strange, since it was I who brought it. He asked me to call on you and to try and induce you to think of him with a little love. He has had a very sad life in some respects, and is now a very lonely man."

"Well, whose fault is that, I wonder?" said Norah, impatiently. "No man who has enough to live upon need be alone unless he is cold and selfish. The moated grange is not for him. But he is an Anglo-Indian, too, and I have always heard Anglo-Indians described as the most languid, dyspeptic, and uninteresting of men."

Mr. Wright smiled, and said, "I have lived in India many years myself, Miss Grey."

Norah glanced at him quickly. His eyes were full of fun, and spoke of a warm, loving heart; there was certainly no languor about him.

"You must have taken out a triple share of vitality, then, Mr. Wright, and no doubt also a loving wife, who has kept you from drying up into the yellow mummy I feel sure my uncle will prove to be."

Mr. Wright looked kindly at Norah's expressive face, which seemed to suggest half smiles half tears.

"I fear you will be shocked at my western frankness," she added, "do not judge me as you would one of your demure, properly-conducted English girls. My life has made me different from most of those you will have known."



"Come and have some coffee, Miss Grey, and then I will leave you; an old man like myself must not keep you from the younger folks; I see several bright faces looking our way, as though they wanted you to join them."

"You mean those girls who might be Dr. Primrose's daughters; they are lovely, and so capable too—they are all three what we call 'school ma'ams.'"

"Not lovely, surely, Miss Grey, though they may be very bright and clever."

"Ah that is another of your obtuse British misapplications of good Saxon words. By 'lovely' we Americans mean 'loveable'—like David and Jonathan in their lives, you know. I have heard an Englishman laugh at our girls for calling a good mealy potatoe 'elegant' after calling the same vegetable 'splendid' a few minutes before."

Mr. Wright laughed, and then said,

"You spoke of David and Jonathan just now; I am glad to see you are not in all things the 'advanced' woman of the age, since you have read your Bible. You have told me of your work, tell me what are your distractions, before we part."

"We have plenty of those, I can assure you; to-night, you see, we are amusing ourselves here; to-morrow being Saturday, half a dozen school-ma'ams and I are going across the bay to botanize on the hills of Sancelito. You never saw anything like our Californian wild flowers."

"I wish I might be one of your party, Miss Grey."

"I am sure you may, if you like. It will do an Englishman good to see how merry and happy we school-ma'ams can be sometimes. Madre, Mrs. Anderson that is, is going too, so you and she will be able to rest and chat together when we are too much for you."

\* \* \* \* \*

"If that dreary uncle of mine were only something like his friend!" said Norah to herself as she lay awake that night, after reading the unwelcome letter again and shedding many tears over it.

## CHAPTER II.

## FLOWERS AND SENTIMENT.

"MADRE, dear," said Norah to Mrs. Anderson on the following morning, "do not let us say a word about England to-day; to-morrow we will think of the dreary future. I want to have one more day of freedom with the dear little school-ma'ams and you."

The Bay of San Francisco is very beautiful,

fog was lifted, and which seemed bathed in happy sunlight. She was standing on the verandah of her home, which was built on one of the sandhills overlooking the bay. Tall heliotrope and fuschia trees climbed up the sides of the house, and the air was fragrant with mignonette and the delicate scent of the large tea rose. A passage from the "Songs of the Sierras" came into her mind as she

looked dreamily down on the bay, the sight of which filled her with regretful sadness and also with vague, undefined yearnings.

"I stand beside the mobile sea;

And sails are spread, and sails are furl'd

From farthest corners of the world,

And fold like white wings wearily.

Afar at sea some white shapes flee,

With arms stretch'd like a ghost's to me,

And cloud-like sails far blown and curl'd

Then glide down to the underworld."

"I would rather sail away to some palm-fringed South Sea island than go towards the cold east," she murmured.

The Madre's voice broke in on her reverie.

"Come, Norah, my child, we are waiting for you. You do not look as gay as I thought you intended to be to-day; and here is Mr. Wright, whom I have invited to breakfast with us before we start for our picnic expedition."

The day was charming, such a one as I fancy is only seen in California or New Zealand—not too hot; the air even a little keen and bracing on the hills. The slopes of Sancelito were masses of brilliant colouring: blue and white iris; yellow eschscholtzia; the quaint, old-fashioned columbine, pink and

deep purple; scarlet poppies; richly tinted calliopsis; lupins; all spread themselves lavishly beneath the friendly sunny skies. It seemed to Mr. Wright as though every flower he remembered to have loved in the home of his youth was there; and he felt almost like a boy again, showing his pleasure so gaily, and becoming so merry and active that he won the hearts of all the girls.

"We never met so charming an Englishman before," said they to Norah.



"WHILST HE PLEADED THE CAUSE OF THIS HATED UNCLE."

studded with vessels—some at rest, some sailing out beyond the Golden Gates, over the blue Pacific to the islands of the South Seas: large ocean steamers coming in from Japan or China, Australia, and Panama; and the curiously-built smaller ones which run across the bay to Oakland and Alameda, beyond whose plains the foothills rise, backed by mountain peaks.

Norah's eyes filled with tears as she gazed on the lovely scene from which the morning



"Do you hear, Mr. Wright?" she said, with a half mischievous smile, "the girls all say you are lovely. You will be quite spoiled if they make so much of you; come away, girls, let us leave him with Madre for a little whilst we look for that sulphur-backed Pteris."

"After all, Norah," said her great friend Nettie, "your uncle may not be —"

"So black as my fancy paints him," interrupted Norah. "Do not mention him. I feel almost inclined to ask Mr. Wright to run away with me, just to save me from him. Nettie," she whispered, "such a wild idea came into my head this morning, and it keeps returning to me. Suppose I ran away to the Sandwich Islands, to escape from it all. In a few days my fees for this term will be due. I could then take a passage on the mail steamer for Honolulu, at the last moment. I know a lady who has gone to be the principal of a girls' school there; she would take pity on me and give me work. Then my august uncle would be shocked to think he had so wild and improper a niece, and would disown me for ever; the dear little Madre would forgive me and let me come back to her after a year or so."

"Oh, Norah! Poor Norah!"

"Do not pity me, Nettie go, like a darling; and leave me alone a little."

Nettie looked at her friend and saw she wished her to do as she said. Norah was not in the habit of breaking down weakly before anyone, but her heart was very full just now.

She wandered away to a little copse of dwarf oak, and threw herself down on a soft bed of maiden-hair fern; then she took off her hat to relieve her heated temples, and burst into tears, her face in her hands. Her trouble and the soft green carpet prevented her from hearing approaching footsteps. Suddenly she felt the pressure of a firm but gentle hand on her head, and Mr. Wright's voice, in kind, anxious tones said, "What is it, Norah, my child? Miss Grey, tell me what troubles you so much. Is it the thought of the uncle you dread, or have you some other grief vexing you?"

Norah's sobs, which she could not now restrain, were her only answer.

Mr. Wright was deeply moved. Perhaps he was little used to the sight of a girl weeping. It seemed to touch him strangely.

He waited in silence for a little, until the sobs had ceased, and Norah, feeling thoroughly ashamed, raised herself from the ground, and put out a cold, trembling little hand for her hat.

Mr. Wright removed the hat, and taking the hand firmly in his own, he bade the girl sit down quietly to listen to him, whilst he pleaded, as he said, the cause of this hated uncle.

Norah was inclined to rebel at first, but she could not resist the magnetism of his strong, kind nature; she sat down like a child, and turned her face towards his.

"I am your uncle, dear Norah; have you not a little love to bestow on a lonely, childless man?"

He her uncle! It was some moments before she could take it in; he looked at her almost anxiously the while.

Then her heart and her instinct told her that this was her father's own brother, of her own blood, and that was why her love had gone out to him from the first. With eyes like those of a startled fawn, but with a happy little cry, she threw herself into the arms of her dreaded uncle.

"Oh, Madre, why did you all call him Mr. Wright? Why did you not tell me who he was this morning?" said Norah, when Mrs. Anderson came to look for them a few minutes later.

"You said his name was not to be mentioned to you for one day longer, at least."

"But uncle, dear uncle, for I do love you, can you not stay here, in California?"

"I cannot, my child. But see, here are your friends coming in search of you."

On Monday morning, Mr. Wright, or, as we must now call him, Mr. Arthur Grey, called upon them to have a long talk with his niece about their arrangements for the future, and he had also much to ask about his brother's last years, and about Norah's mother.

After a little pause Norah looked timidly at him and said—

"Will you tell me, uncle, why you and my father knew nothing of each other for so long. I never heard my parents mention you, but my father told Mr. Maynard it was his fault that you had quarrelled, and not yours."

"We loved the same woman, Norah, and that has done worse than separate brothers. I had to go out to India to make my way in the world. A good opening offered itself to me there, and I thought I had no right to speak of my love to the woman who was more to me than my life, because I was poor, and had only hardship and struggles to ask her to share with me. When I bade her good-bye my strong feeling seemed as though it must get the better of me, but I fought it down, and the effort to do so made me seem cold and indifferent to her. I can speak calmly of it now, Norah, or I would not tell her child my story; but when I was alone in my cabin, and repeated over and over again to myself her last words, and remembered the tones in which she had said—'It does not pain you to say good-bye, Arthur, as I thought it would; but it is those who stay behind who suffer, and not those who go'—I felt almost mad with longing to get back to the shore and tell her how I loved her. Do not look troubled, Norah, that wound was healed long ago, and yet I can love her child, perhaps, a little for her sake as well as for my brother's. I will tell you the rest of my story, and then we will never speak of it again."

"A few months after I left home my brother won her love, and wrote to me that she had promised to marry him soon. His letter, full of joy, and asking for my congratulations, was as poison to me at first. My strong passion for her made me unjust towards them both. I answered in such a way that he said, in reply, he never wished to hear of me again."

"But now, Norah dear, all that is over, and shall never be dwelt on again; only you must love me a little in place of both of them."

"Poor Uncle Arthur!" said Norah, putting her hand in his. "But did you never care for anyone again?"

"Yes, Norah, I do not believe a poor human heart can choose to remain always uncomfited, unless it be a very cold one. I loved another a few years later, a noble, true-hearted woman, who made me very happy for ten years; but God saw fit to take her from me. I laid her to rest under the fierce tropical sun, and then I wandered about the world restlessly for some years; returned again to India, where I gave myself up to my business; in which I made much money. And now I am tired of it, and feel myself a very lonely man again."

"Not lonely any more, dear uncle, for I love you with all my heart."

"I was half afraid your heart had passed out of your own keeping, Norah, when I found you in such despair under the bushes yesterday; I fancied some Californian had robbed you of it."

"No, no, Uncle Arthur, and I am perfectly heart-whole and ready to follow you wherever you wish, if you will give me time to say good bye to all my friends; only the thought of dear, good Madre troubles me. I do not like to think of leaving her here, alone."

The Madre looked very sad that evening.

Her brave, patient face, on each side of which the plentiful but silvery hair waved so prettily, wore a more touchingly patient look than usual. She had had a life of waiting and watching over those who once were with her, and all her waiting and watchfulness had been unavailing to keep them near her. She had taken warmly to Norah, and grown to love her as though she were her own daughter, and now she had to give her up also. "Thy will be done," she struggled to say calmly, when she was alone in her own room. But the words came out only brokenly, and the night was long and dreary to her.

She looked pale and weary next morning, and Norah was troubled.

"If only we could take Madre with us, Uncle Arthur," she said, when Mrs. Anderson had left them alone for a little.

"It shall not be my fault if we do not, child," he answered.

And so it was. A very cheerful, happy, trio started on the railroad journey to New York together, on their way to England. Madre is Mrs. Arthur Grey now, and they all live in a pleasant house in Kensington. Mr. Grey calls Norah his little school-ma'am, for she is still almost as busy giving lessons as when she was teaching in San Francisco. She helps in working women's colleges, takes an interest in women's provident leagues, and she and the Madre together are busy helping to get up what, in remembrance of the calico sociable, Mr. Grey always calls an "Infant Shelter." He says his only trouble, just now, is that an odious stranger will turn up some day who may want to rob him of his daughter. If such a man should appear on the scene, I will tell my readers, if they care to hear about it.

Madre is very fond of a particular version of the Psalms of King David, and the verse she loves to dwell on most is this, "God maketh a home for the solitary."

## OUR COOKERY CLASS.—V.

### THE FRYING-PAN.



I ALWAYS look upon a frying-pan as the pet utensil of an incompetent cook. Those who scramble through the preparation of food instead of cooking it intelligently generally

rely upon a frying-pan to save them from the difficulties into which their want of punctuality and forethought lead them. The result is that food from their hands is usually presented either burnt, greasy, or hard, very often all three, and it is nearly always indigestible.

There is no method of cookery that is so popular amongst a certain class of cooks as what they call frying, and there is no process that is so little understood by them as real frying. I am going to try to explain very clearly what true frying really is, and the difference between it and half frying.

You will remember that when we were



talking about boiling I said that if meat were plunged into boiling water and boiled for about five minutes the albumen would coagulate on the surface, and make a sort of case that would keep in the goodness of the meat.

Now, frying is boiling in fat, and the cause of the difference between boiling in water and boiling in fat is that fat can be made so very much hotter than water that the work can be done much more quickly, while at the same time a peculiar brown appearance and tasty flavour is given to the article fried. If we had a thermometer we should find that when water is boiling it reaches 212 deg. We might make a fire large enough to roast an ox, but we should never get water hotter than that. Fat, however, can be made more than twice as hot as water, and therefore it conveys heat much more quickly. We have, I dare say, all felt what it is to be scalded with boiling water, and that is bad enough; but the pain is trifling compared to that which we suffer when we are burned with boiling fat. And that is because hot fat is so very, very hot.

If we were going to boil anything in water we should never think of pouring a little drop of water into the bottom of a pan and laying the meat upon it, then leaving it till it was sufficiently cooked. In the same way, when we are going to fry anything, we should not be content to put a little fat in a frying-pan and cook the meat in this. And yet how many people there are who think a spoonful or two of fat is quite sufficient for frying! They would be quite horrified if we said that we must cover the article to be fried with fat before we could fry it perfectly. "Where are we to get such a quantity of fat from?" I can imagine them saying. "It would take a couple of pounds or more of fat to fry in that way. How extravagant to use a couple of pounds of fat to fry one dish!" Ah! I don't feel that the charge of extravagance can be fairly laid against me. Where, I would ask, is all the fat that these friends of ours have used for frying during the last three or four weeks? Is it not true that most of it was burnt away, and that the remainder was thrown out as soon as it was done with? If it could be collected and brought here there would be quite enough for our purpose.

The fact is, it is not wasteful to use a quantity of fat at a time. Fat lasts heated in quantities, and if properly treated can be used again and again; indeed, I do not hesitate to say that with care it could be used thirty or forty times over.

Before we can fry perfectly, however, there are one or two more points to be considered besides the quantity of the fat. One of these is its temperature. Fat used in frying should be *hot*, so hot that it is *still*. This sounds strange, I dare say, but it is quite true. If we put a saucepan half-filled with water on the fire it would at first be still, and as it became hot it would move about, and when it reached the boiling point it would bubble away in the most lively manner. Fat, on the contrary, would very quickly begin bubbling; then, as it grew hot, it would, if properly clarified, become quite still, and a light blue vapour would be seen rising from it. This stillness and the appearance of the vapour is the sign that it is at the proper heat for frying. It would not do to wait until the vapour became smoke, however, for that would mean that the fat was beginning to burn.

If we had a proper thermometer we might know that fat was hot enough for ordinary frying purposes when 350 degrees of heat were registered. For whitebait it would need to be higher than this, and should reach 400 degrees.

There are ways by which we can test the heat of fat without the thermometer, and, apart from the stillness of the fat, one is to

throw in a little piece of the crumb of bread into the fat, and if it at once becomes a golden colour the fat is hot and ready for whatever is to be fried. Another way is to let one single drop of cold water fall into the fat, and if this produces a loud hissing noise, the fat is hot enough for the purpose required.

Another point that must be looked after, if we would fry successfully, is that the article to be cooked should be *dry*. Unless it is, it will not brown properly. It is a good plan, in order to dry fish perfectly, to let it lie folded in a cloth for two or three hours before attempting to fry it, and it is very usually floured also to secure the same end. Of course the flour should be shaken off before the fish is put into the fat, especially if the fish is to be egged and breaded. Fish is, however, very good dipped in flour alone before being fried, thus saving the egg and bread crumbs.

It is evident that if we are to take as much fat for frying as I have said we ought to do we should never get on if we used only the flat shallow pan so common in English kitchens, and known as a frying-pan. Nor is it desirable that we should do so. In the kitchens of rich people there is found what is called a frying-kettle, or deep pan, for frying, which is provided with a wire lining, with a handle at each end. The cook lets her fat boil, puts whatever is to be fried on the wire, then plunges it into the hot fat, and when it has been in long enough, lifts the wire lining by the handle, and, of course, the fish or whatever is being fried is taken up with it, and the fat drains away as it rises. All that is then necessary is to place the fried articles on kitchen paper for a minute or two, to take the grease from the surface, and they are ready to serve. I said, take the grease from the surface only, for if the fat is hot, and the fish has been plunged into it as I have described, there will be no fear that it will be greasy inside. The hot fat will have hardened the outside so securely, that not only will the goodness have been kept inside the case, but the grease will have been kept outside it.

It is not every one, however, who possesses one of these convenient frying-kettles; and when we have not got a thing we must do as well as we can without it. It is always bad workmen who quarrel with their tools. Fortunately for small articles, an ordinary iron saucepan will supply all we want, if only it is perfectly clean. If there is anything sticking to the bottom, we must expect that it will burn and spoil our fat. If we can manage to procure a little wire frying-basket upon which our materials can be placed before they are plunged into the fat, we shall be as well off as the fortunate possessor of the finest frying-kettle in the world. A basket of this kind can be bought for about half-a-crown, or people with clever fingers can twist one together with two or three pennyworth of wire. If the basket is not to be had, we can take whatever is fried out with a skimmer, and for a great many things that will answer quite as well. If the article to be fried is large, such as a sole, for instance, we shall, if we have no frying-kettle, be obliged to use the frying pan, only we ought to have in it enough fat to *cover* the fish. Fortunately though soles are broad, they are thin, so that this can be done without much difficulty. Very thick soles are seldom fried, the flesh being usually lifted from the bone, and cooked in fillets or small slices.

And now I must say one word about the fat that is used for frying. Lard is commonly taken for this purpose, and, unfortunately, nothing worse could be chosen, because lard always makes food look greasy; besides which it often has a peculiar taste. Oil is very good, but it is expensive, and it is rather difficult to manage, because it quickly boils over. Butter

is also expensive, and it needs to be very gently heated. The very best fat that can be selected is what is called kitchen fat, that is, the skimmings of saucepans and the dripping from joints that in nine English kitchens out of every ten is put on one side by the cook and sold as her perquisite for about fourpence a pound. When the good fat is well out of the way, inferior fat, that is lard, is bought at 8d. or 9d. per pound to take its place.

It is quite a puzzle to me to make out how this most absurd custom arose, and a still greater one that it can be kept up. It is a comfort to think that when ladies get to understand cookery, it will soon be put a stop to. I have nothing to say against servants being well paid; if they do their work well, by all means let them have good wages; but why we should allow them to increase their wages by selling our excellent kitchen fat at less than half its value and then expect us to spend double the money in buying fat that is not nearly so good, is beyond my comprehension. I can only imagine that the practice was begun by some one who was ignorant, and kept up by some one who was dishonest. For fear of accidents we should let the boiling fat cool a minute or less in the basin before mixing the cold water with it, and we should add the cold water gradually.

But if, notwithstanding all our care, we are still short of the requisite quantity of fat, what are we to do? Make it up with lard? By no means. Rather gather together every piece of fat meat upon which you can lay your hands, cut it into small pieces, put these in a saucepan, and place this on a clear fire. Leave the lid off the pan, and boil the fat gently, stirring it every now and then to keep it from burning to the bottom of the pan. Afterwards we must pour the contents of the saucepan through a strainer into a basin, and then our fat is ready again for use.

If the pieces of fat taken from joints still do not afford as much dripping as we need, the best thing we can do is to buy what is called by the butchers ox flare, cut it into pieces, and render it down in the same way. This flare can be had for about 6d. per pound; it is much better than suet or hard fat because it produces a softer kind of dripping. A better fat still is the "twist" from the top side of the round of beef, but this can very seldom be obtained, as it is sold with the meat.

Fat does not need to be clarified each time it is used for frying. It requires only to be strained through a metal strainer to free it from any little pieces of meat or fish that are in it. Care should be taken, however, to remove it from the fire as soon as it is done with, to prevent its becoming discoloured, and also to let it cool a little before pouring it through the strainer, as otherwise it may melt the metal. The impurities will always settle at the bottom of the fat after melting, and they can be easily removed.

Fat that has been once used for fish is likely to have a fishy taste, therefore it should be kept exclusively for that purpose.

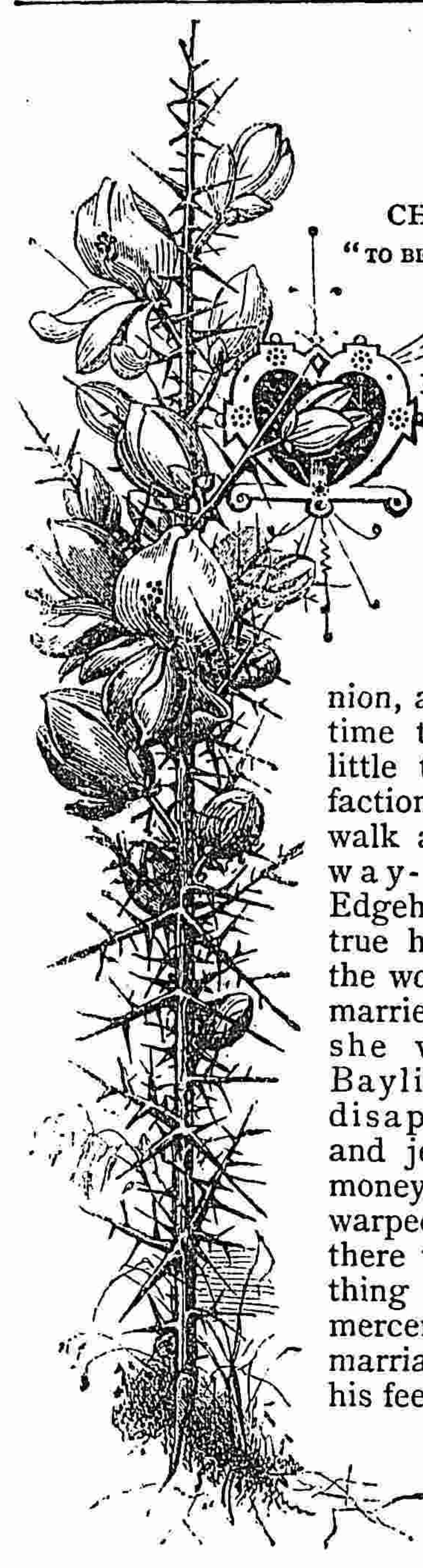
Now, perhaps, you will feel inclined to say Is there nothing we can fry without a large quantity of fat? Certainly there is. We fry pancakes and omelettes and slices of bacon with a small quantity of fat. Mutton chops and beefsteaks are often fried in the same way. Strictly speaking, however, this is not to fry them, but to *sauté* them. Chops and steaks, however should not be cooked in a frying-pan at all. They are sure to be greasy when thus prepared, and are much better broiled over a clear fire. And of broiling I will speak at our next lesson.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "The Manchester Man," &amp;c.

CHAPTER XI.  
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"


R. ROBERT MASON was late at his office that day. He, too, had heard Dr. Mitchell's opi-

nion, and had had time to ponder it, little to his satisfaction, during his walk and his railway-ride from Edgehill. It was true he had loved the woman he had married even when she was Fanny Bayliss; and if disappointment and jealousy, and money-getting had warped the man, there was a something not wholly mercenary in his marriage and in his feeling towards her. If his wife were really in danger

how could he carry out his plans with regard to Brian, and if Brian remained in England, whether he went to college or not, he would be called upon to open his pockets pretty freely; and be told it was the lad's own money into the bargain. If he was fool enough to risk so many thousands upon one venture, and had kept them in his own hands by his marriage he had a right to keep them. And what if he had secured against the loss of his thousands by re-insurance? that was a matter of business, and concerned neither Brian nor Dr. Forsyth. And no Dr. Forsyth could prevent his sending Brian to sea, and once apprenticed—well, there were a thousand chances against *his* claiming heirship.

And under all this a still, small, very small voice persecuted him with the question could he be wholly blameless if past excitement had brought his wife into this peril? and who would be to blame if the "frail thread snapped" under fresh excitement.

He had not a very tender conscience, but sufficient to send him to his office in anything but an amiable frame of mind for a model husband and stepfather.

There was a strong smell of decidedly genuine Havannah in the outer office as he entered.

"Who has been here?"

It did not make Robert Mason more

amiable to be told by the clerk that a very impatient Captain Somebody had called, and not finding him had gone straightway to a rival shipbroker on the other side of Castle-street, and that Captain Mawson had been there also, raving like a trooper at having been kept waiting at Mr. Crowe's half-an-hour over some indentures, and that if Mr. Mason was not there in the morning at ten o'clock sharp he would tear the indentures up and not have the lad aboard a ship of his.

"Let him tear them up, I've changed my mind," muttered the shipbroker as he took the morning letters from his clerk and went into the inner office with an ugly frown on that handsome face of his.

Sad was the consultation in the

us seem so. And I think he put the doctor up to saying that, just to frighten me into going off to sea quietly."

"Oh, Brian! don't say that. Dr. Mitchell would never lend himself to such a wicked thing."

"Well, perhaps not, Hesba; but *he* wouldn't mind doing it, I know!"

(Mr. Mason was rarely more than a pronoun in the school-room.)

"But you wouldn't go away and leave *me*, and Hesba, would you, Brian?" cried Mercy in affright, coming up to him and looking into his face pitifully with her large brown eyes all wet.

"Not unless I am *forced*. I should never know what was being done to you, or Hesba either, if I was out of the way. But only wait till I am a man, and then we'll see!"

Not very explicit this, but Mercy looked her satisfaction. Yet little satisfaction would there have been for any one of the three could they have known all Brian would have to see before his manhood came.

Hesba had been turning over her desk in quest of paper, of which they had but a scant supply. "Now, Brian, sit down and write your letter to grandma quickly," she said; "tell her what I heard, and how ill mamma is, and what doctor says, and ask her please to come. I must go to mamma, and will be back before you have finished."

She stole into the chamber on tiptoe, found her mother in a tranquil sleep on the couch, though there was a tear on her soft eyelash, and went back as gently upstairs to the schoolroom with her report.

"I think we had better not tell mamma of our letter," suggested Hesba, as Brian folded it up; "if she knows nothing about it, she cannot get blamed for what we have done."

"Aye, and he is sure to question mamma if grandma does come," assented Brian, rising to reach his straw hat. "But what are we to do for a postage stamp? We can't ask the servants, they would tell."

## TO A GIRL.

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWEN, B.A.



THINE is a precious, glorious heritage—

Life, and the power of speech, and sympathy,

And that which angels prize, the faculty

Of doing good, and showing to the age

In which thy lot is cast, the clear fair page

Of moral goodness and of Christian worth.

See that thou use it well, and walk the earth

In sympathy with God; thy hands engage

In works of love; near to the Cross abide,

For there thy safety lies; in heart be pure;

Should trials come, let patience still endure;

Give no place to the mother-sin of pride.

Be gracious in thy speech, love truth and right,

So shall thy latest days be calm and bright.

school-room which followed the stepfather's departure for town, Hesba having considered it her duty to lay the opinion of Dr. Mitchell before Brian and Mercy, and to supplement it with her own that they must be more particular to conciliate their step-father if possible, for their mother's sake.

"But how can we, Hesba?" said Brian, cogently. "You know we are *not* disobedient; it is only he who makes



This was a poser.

"Write on it, 'Without a stamp,' grandma will understand," suggested Hesba; and then Brian, with the letter hidden, sauntered into the garden and out of the gate, and, once clear of the house, pelted through the hot sun to the post-office, and came back broiling.

But the letter was gone, and grandma was safe to get it that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

For at least three months Hesba had presided at the breakfast table, at first as a temporary relief to her mother, whose strength was giving way, latterly as her substitute, Mrs. Mason's apology for a breakfast being taken in bed. There was a calm, self-possessed dignity about Hesba which well fitted her for the office. She was never flurried, and consequently avoided the customary mistakes and accidents of inexperience, and she gave her few brief orders with an unassuming natural ease and certainty which made rebellion against "so young a missis" next to an impossibility.

Even Mercy took her bread and milk decorously, lest she should in some way compromise her guarantor.

It was not an easy post, with those black eyes of Mr. Mason taking the circuit of the table from under their bushy brows as if he watched his opportunity for sarcastic fault-finding. Such eyes, waiting on a tongue as keen, are apt to take the edge off appetite, in spite of snow-white napery, polished silver, rich porcelain, and tempting viands; and for a long while Brian could never make a breakfast sufficient for a growing lad.

There were naturally some misgivings in the breasts of all three as they took their places the morning following the posting of the letter.

To their surprise and relief, so self-absorbed was their step-father that when they rose as usual to salute him on his entrance a curt nod was all the notice he took. There was no sneer at an ill-brushed jacket, a collar awry, a fluttering string, a missing button, a refractory curl, a clinking spoon, or falling crumbs. They certainly had been extra particular, but he was not. He slowly swallowed the coffee Hesba poured out, and ate a savoury omelette with an air of unwonted abstraction, glancing once or twice at the marble timepiece on the sideboard and then at Brian, apparently more from force of habit than of observation. All at once, as if from some change of plan or purpose, he hurried his breakfast to a conclusion, almost jumped from his seat, pulled down his waistcoat, and, as if in desperate haste to catch a train, snatched his hat and gloves from Brian, calling to Hesba as he went, "Tell Dr. Mitchell I regret I could not await his visit this morning."

No sooner was he fairly out at the gate than Mercy clapped her hands and Brian cut a caper of delight; even from less demonstrative Hesba broke a smiling sigh of satisfaction.

They would have been much less satisfied could they have known that Mr. Mason had been debating between his appointment with Dr. Mitchell and that of Captain Mawson, and wherefore?

Deliberate in his movements as a rule, it chafed Mr. Mason to hurry through the heat and dust, take a smart run at last, and—miss his train by half-a-minute. But it chafed him still more to be assailed by the coarse bluster and offensive epithets of Captain Mawson on the very steps of Mr. Crowe's office, when at length he arrived there some ten minutes behind time. The captain had evidently been drinking hard all night, and the innate brutality of the man was visible in his face, heard in his voice, as, like bullets from a steam gun, he poured forth a volley of oaths, demanding who Mr. Mason was that he should keep *him* waiting? Why the young scamp was not with him? He wasn't going to dance attendance one day after another; wasn't going to the owners to sign indentures or anything else till he had safe hold of the lad and his share of the cash; winding up by throwing his half-smoked end of cigar almost in Mr. Mason's face.

Little Mr. Crowe hopped about his office, papers in hand, in great perturbation, fearing a personal encounter; but Mr. Mason was not the man to risk his composure or his credit in a fight with a drunken skipper.

With preternatural coolness, therefore, he flicked the cigar ashes from his coat, and in his cold, incisive tones, which were heard through all the other's bluster, said, "You will not be required to sign those indentures, sir; I have changed my mind since I entered this office. For the boy's sake I now decline to send him out with you."

Without another word Robert Mason quitted the lawyer's office for his own, to all appearance as imperturbable a gentleman as when he entered. Yet was there considerable agitation beneath the surface. He told himself he should be as great a brute as Mawson if he were to hand over Brian to him after what he had seen and heard; and careful, of his spotless reputation on 'Change as of his spotless raiment, he feared lest his private arrangement with the brutal captain should ooze out. It was as much for his own sake as for the boy's that he had resented the personal indignity after such fashion in the presence of Crowe and his clerks.

Yet Robert Mason little thought what a service he had rendered his stepson when he shouted to him in the sycamore. Had he met the skipper the previous day—when he was somewhat less offensive—Brian's fate would have been sealed.

"I thought your papa would have waited until Dr. Mitchell came," said Mrs. Mason to Hesba after the latter had assisted her to rise and dress, and was helping the faltering feet across the landing to the drawing-room, where a couch had been drawn near the large window for her accommodation. But she seemed so fully content to meet the medical man alone, that it is just possible she, too, felt the presence of Mr. Mason a restraint.

As Hesba adjusted her cushions and shawl with light and delicate touch, the pale mother drew the young face down to hers and kissed it. "You are a dear,

good girl," she said; "that will do nicely. And now where is Brian?"

"I think he is putting up a swing for Mercy in the back garden," was the reply.

"And where is Mercy? I should like to see them both."

Mercy answered the question in person, coming in almost at a run with a handful of flowers arranged with much natural taste.

"See, dear mamma, I have gathered these for you. Are they not beautiful? Here is a moss-rose and a maiden's blush, and here are some lovely little roses off the Persian briar; and here, see this white azalea and this 'blue 'nemophilia,' Stevens calls it; and see, I have put a border of forget-me-nots all round, so that you will be sure to remember me."

"Yes, my darling, they are beautiful, and very sweet remembrancers; but I am afraid Mr. Mason will not like your gathering so many of his flowers."

"Not for *you*, mamma?" and Mercy opened her eyes. "Stevens (the gardener) said I might have them."

"Ah, little Sunbeam, Stevens does not"—Mrs. Mason checked herself, and continued—"Let me give you a kiss for your flowers, and then Hesba will put them in a vase for my table."

Brian was in the room; a tap at the window by Hesba had brought him. A faint flush of pleasure overspread the mother's face. "Oh, Brian, my boy, I am so pleased to see you," and a thin hand went out to meet his warm clasp, as he, too, bent down to meet the ready kiss. "I hope you did not think *you* frightened me yesterday?"

"I hope I did not, mamma. And you must not let us fatigue you this morning."

"But I want to speak to you about something which concerns—"

"Yes, I know, dear mamma; but you really must not talk, and here is the doctor's carriage," said he, repressing his own desire to know more of that which concerned him so nearly.

Hesba was down-stairs and had the door open in readiness. Dr. Mitchell smiled.

He saw his patient; saw her with her children around her, chatted awhile with them on seemingly irrelevant topics, elicited that except during vacations, the mother saw little of her children, that Master Brian, in addition to his own studies, was teaching Hesba Latin, and drawing to Mercy, consequently could not have much time or taste for the reckless exploits on which Mr. Mason had laid so much stress, and all the while he kept his eye on his patient, occasionally, as if in abstraction, laying a finger on her pulse. Then he dismissed them, bidding Hesba await his coming in the sitting-room below; where, after a while, he joined her, to find that in the meantime two other visitors had arrived who were equally anxious to confer with him, and whose coming had set Brian and Mercy wild with delight, Hesba alone retaining her composure, though not less moved.

Dr. Forsyth was known to Dr. Mitchell by repute as the author of one or two



recent medical works and a rising man in his profession, and the elder gentleman expressed his pleasure at this casual meeting, claiming also pre-knowledge of Mrs. Stapleton, having spent an agreeable evening or two with Dr. Stapleton at Larch Cottage some thirty years before.

This led to conversation. Dr. Forsyth stating that a "rumour" had reached Woodside that Mr. Mason was about to send his stepson to sea; and having been left guardian to the boy, who was to have been articulated to him as a pupil, according to Captain Stapleton's will (which had strangely disappeared), he considered it his duty to the boy and to the late captain to accompany Mrs. Stapleton thither, and ascertain how far "rumour" was correct, and, if correct, to remonstrate with the step-father.

Dr. Mitchell appeared surprised. He had understood that Captain Stapleton himself wished to make a seaman of the lad, and that Master Brian's hair-breadth escapes and misconduct were hurrying his good mother to the grave.

"Nothing of the kind, sir," put in grandma; "we will call Hesba and question her." And Hesba so questioned gave such a different face to Mr. Mason's "facts," that Brian shone forth a young hero instead of a young ruffian. For the "black-eye" previously cited was the result of his defence of a little lame match-seller, with whose cap and crutch a big blackguard of a school-fellow had run off; when he spoiled his clothes he had saved a child's life, and so on.

"Aweel, doctor," quoth James Forsyth, handing his snuff-box to the other, "there is something unco' questionable about a stepfather wha wad send a puir lad to sea wi' an ill name, the whiles he holds the stepson's siller in his hands an' renders nae account."

This seemed a new light to Dr. Mitchell, who looked grave as he said, "Yes, so I think; yet Mr. Mason certainly told me, and not by any means as a secret, that Master Brian was to sail this week with a Captain Mawson in the *Regia*."

Mrs. Stapleton started to her feet aghast. "Oh! you don't say so! There is not a greater brute in the service. He could never commit Brian's boy to that wretch."

"Aweel, if he does, I'll make Leeverpool too hot to hold him," was James Forsyth's declaration, after which Dr. Mitchell remembered his carriage.

Poor Mrs. Mason wept on the warm bosom of Grandma Stapleton, confiding to her the fear she had that Brian was to be sent to sea and her own powerlessness to prevent it. "She was afraid, too," she said, "that Hesba and Mercy were not going back to school. That Mr. Mason objected to the expense."

"Then I will pay for them," said grandma, "if he is so mean."

She and Mr. Forsyth went away after luncheon, leaving behind the promise that "no stone should be left unturned to keep Brian from the sea"; and carrying away with them the mother's assurance "that no better or more affectionate children ever lived."

Before she went, grandma asked

Hesba if she had ever opened Mercy's bundle whilst it lay in the nursery-cupboard; and, being answered in the negative, both by her and Brian, told them that Mercy's sleeve-bands with the gold clasps were gone, and must have been stolen. She had not missed them until she went to put fresh camphor with the things.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

**HOTTENTOT PREACHING.**—Mr. Campbell, the missionary, mentions, in his *Travels in South Africa*, that during his stay at Graaf Reynet, Boozak and Cupido, two converted Hottentots, frequently addressed the heathen, and he gives the following among other specimens of their oratorical powers:—

"Before the missionaries," said Boozak, "came to us, we were ignorant of everything as you now are. I thought then I was the same as a beast; that when I died there would be an end of me; but after hearing them, I found I had a soul that must be happy or miserable for ever. Then I became afraid to die; I was afraid to take a gun into my hand lest it should kill me, or to meet a serpent lest it should bite me. I was then afraid to go to the hills to hunt lions or elephants lest they should devour me. But when I heard of the Son of God having come into the world to die for sinners, all that fear went away: I took my gun again, and without fear of death went to hunt lions, and tigers and elephants."

## A LOVE POEM.

A WELL-SELECTED piece of poetry will often break the ice of conventionality for a bashful swain. The following stanzas express the feelings of an ardent lover, and show the beautiful unison and consistency of our language at the same time:—

"My feelings I'd write,  
But they cannot be wrote;  
Ah, who can indite  
What was never indote!  
And, my love, I hasten to plight—the first that  
I've plote.  
For thee I would weave  
Songs that seldom are wove;  
And deeds I'd achieve  
Which no man achove.  
And for me you never should grieve as for you  
I have grove.  
I'm as worthy a catch  
As ever was caught;  
Oh, your answer I watch  
As a man never waught,  
And we'd make the most elegant match that  
ever was maught.  
Let my longings not sink—  
I would die if they sunk.  
Oh, I ask you to think,  
As you never have thunk;  
And our fortunes and lives let us link as no  
lives could be lunk."

W. T. Marchant.

**THE RESULT OF A FALSE ACCUSATION.**—The Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* relates a circumstance that came within his own knowledge many years ago in Scotland. Some silver spoons having been mislaid, were supposed to have been stolen, and an expression fell from one of the family which was either intended, or was so understood by a young lady who acted as governess to the female children, that she had taken them. When the young lady rose the next morning her hair, which before was dark, was found to have changed to a pure white during the night. The spoons were afterwards found where the mistress of the family had herself deposited them.

**THE RIGHT VIEW OF LIFE.**—A sunny, cheerful view of life—resting on truth and fact, co-existing with practical aspiration ever to make things, men, and self better than they are—that, I believe, is the true, healthful poetry of existence. All other poetry of feeling, however delicate and beautiful, is only sickly; the mawkish feeling, which sees more beauty in unnatural consumption than in the ruddy glow of exercise.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

## ANSWERS (PAGE 200).

**HIDDEN WORD, SIX LETTERS.**—Mother.

**ANSWERS TO HIDDEN TOWNS.**—1. Brighton. 2. Andover. 3. Dover. 4. London.

**ANSWERS TO HIDDEN NAMES.**—1. Mary. 2. Edward. 3. Dora. 4. Helen.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One who deals in mysteries. One of Shakespeare's characters. Something from which wise men like to keep free, and yet they never wish to be without. Something to be avoided. A frightful mythical being. A beverage mentioned in classic story. The initials and finals give the names of two poets.

## BURIED LITERARY WORKS.

1. His master said, with sympathy, "Pat, I assure you, I feel deeply for you." 2. She did not see me until I advanced. 3. When you go to Witham let me hear from you.

**WHY SCULPTURE SHOULD NOT BE COLOURED.**—In explanation of the incompatibility of sculpture and colour, it is to be observed that with sculpture as with literature, something must be left to the imagination. Wax figures fail in this respect, hence they are not works of art.—*Schopenhauer.*

## USEFUL HINTS.

**A GOOD AND QUICKLY-MADE CAKE.**—Take the yolks of four eggs, three spoonfuls of sugar, the same of flour, about two table-spoonfuls of milk, and the juice of half a small lemon. Beat the whites of three eggs into a stiff froth, and mix them with the yolks, flour, etc. Put the whole into a well-buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

**INKSTAINS FROM LINEN, TO REMOVE.**—Bessie writes that a safe method is to damp the linen, to rub a little essential salt of lemons, which is a white powder, on the stained part until the black stain disappears. Rinse in clear cold water and dry in the sun, or before a fire.

**PARKIN.—CONFECTIONER'S RECEIPT.**  
A 1½ lb. of oatmeal, 1½ lb. of flour, ½ lb. of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of carbonate of soda, and the following spices well mixed together: ½ oz. caraway seeds, 1 oz. grated ginger, ½ oz. pounded allspice, one nutmeg finely grated, and a pinch of cayenne. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly and add 3 ozs. of candied lemon peel, cut into chips; then melt 2 lbs. of treacle and ½ lb. of butter together, and stir in whilst warm. Put the paste thus formed into well-buttered square tins, two inches deep, and bake thoroughly in a moderate oven. If too hot, the parkin burns easily. The paste should be from 1¼ in. to 2 in. deep.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPT FOR PARKIN.

3 lbs. of oatmeal, 3 ozs. candied lemon peel in chips, ½ lb. of sugar, ½ oz. caraway seeds, and 1 oz. of grated ginger. Mix as above, with 2 lbs. of treacle and 1 lb. of butter melted together, and bake as directed in confectioner's receipt.

This cake is eaten in Lancashire and the West of Yorkshire on the 5th of November. It is a thoroughly wholesome article, and a slice of it is often as valuable as a mild dose of medicine when eaten for supper by a child.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



## RULES.

- I. No charge is made for answering questions.
- II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
- III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.
- IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
- V. All questions must be brief, clearly worded, written upon one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.
- VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.
- N.B. Answers, as a rule, are published about a month after the question reaches the Editor.

## DRESS.

- RUBY.—If your evening dress be of a dark brown colour—not well selected for “a brunette”—we recommend you to wear, or trim it with, old-gold, a combination much worn at present.
- BLUE-STOCKING.—You may dispense with cuffs and frilling at the wrists if you wear gold or silver bracelets.
- T.S.S.—Benzine is a good cleaner of any greased material, but we should advise your sending your sealskin jacket to a furrier.
- ROWENA.—We think that a girl of seventeen or eighteen is too young to wear a cap in the evening. No pattern would be required if you wished to make one. You need only to bend a piece of ribbon-wire round your head, and cover it with a loose crown of velvet or other material, and then tack on an edging of lace as deep as may be becoming.
- FORGET-ME-NOT.—Turn to our “Dress of the Month” for some pretty illustrations of collars.
- D.A.—Muslin handkerchiefs trimmed with deep lace are still worn for full evening dress, and Grecian bands and fillets in the hair. See “Dress for the Month.”
- LUCIE.—You could procure the jerseys at a draper's shop. They are made in three sizes.

## COOKERY.

- FORGET-ME-NOT.—Consult the answer in No. 9 for our full directions for making toffee. You have stirred it too much if it “sugared.”
- ETAK.—I. For making gingerbread, take 1½ lbs. flour, 1 lb. treacle, ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. brown sugar, 1 oz. ginger, ½ oz. ground allspice, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, ½ pint of warm milk, and 3 eggs. Mix the flour, ginger, and allspice together, warm the butter, and add it and the treacle to them, stirring all well. Dissolve the carbonate of soda in the milk and whisk the eggs well, making the whole into a smooth dough. Pour it into a buttered tin, and bake for one hour. Just before it is done brush over the top with the yolk of an egg, beaten up with a little milk. 2. The recipe for Scotch short-bread is as follows:—Beat 1 lb. of butter into a cream, and add gradually to it 2 lbs. of flour, ½ lb. of white sugar, ½ oz. sweet almonds, and some candied orange-peel. Work the paste till quite smooth, and divide it into six parts. Roll each into a square cake of about an inch thick, and place every one on a separate piece of paper for baking. Prick the top and pinch it all round, and bake in the oven for 25 minutes.
- A SUBSCRIBER.—For Italian macaroni boil ½ lb. macaroni in salt and water till quite tender. Pour over it a pint of hot brown gravy, and cover the top with grated Parmesan cheese.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

- FORGET-ME-NOT.—For cleaning any marble take 2 oz. of common soda, 1 oz. pumice-stone, and 1 oz. chalk. Powder them finely, rub all over the marble, leave for a few hours, and wash off with soap and water.
- AN ELDER DAUGHTER, ANNIE, MRS. YOUNG, AND CRAVEN LODGE.—All four correspondents write to inquire about the “black enamel” paint for staining chairs, which can be obtained at any artists' colourmen.
- AMETHYST, MARGARET GARRETT, AND MRS. YOUNG are referred to Rules 4 and 6.

ANNIE.—1. To clean the whip-cord portion of your cane basket try pipeclay, such as that used for cleaning soldiers' belts and gloves. You can brush it off when dry, and with a small badger's hair brush might sweep it off the black canes and little interstices of the plaiting. 2. We are already overstocked with material for our magazine, but thank you for your kind note.

AN ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER.—1. We have no recipe to give you for restoring a shabby wax cloth. 2. Wall-paper can be cleaned by rubbing it down with bread.

## ART.

HELENA.—See answers to “A.” and “Fraga.”

LOUISA.—We advise you to procure a small manual of instruction in flower-painting, which will tell all about the back-grounds. In answer to your question as to whether you could compete for the prize, we advise you to do so. Even if you fail this time, you will have the pleasure of knowing that your work, if at all worth looking at, was not thrown away, but was contributed to a hospital, and was giving pleasure to some poor, little, suffering child. Think chiefly of this, all the time that you are painting, and you will find it pleasant work.

## RECREATION.

PERSEVERING.—Have you no young friends who would give you a few lessons? You would learn most easily by watching them, and they could explain the figures.

ONE OF SIX.—There are plenty of little shilling books, easily procurable at any booksellers', on the subject of children's plays.

## WORK.

CLARA H.—The cover of a gentleman's shaving-case may be made of any material you like—of cloth, braided or embroidered; of silk, satin, or velvet cloth; or of American cloth, lined with silk and bound with ribbon. The ordinary size is eight inches by sixteen; one side only be ornamented. Seven pieces of diaper, a little smaller than the cover, are to be hemmed and placed inside, with a button-hole worked in the centre of each. They are in this way fastened to the case, and one can be used every morning.

FOGGY.—There is no difficulty in making a square shawl, of Eis-wool, in crochet work. Make a chain for the centre of twelve stitches, work the crochet round it, and at each third stitch make a chain of two or three, in proportion to the size of the shawl. Continue in this way, working round and round, making a row of holes down the divisions of each quarter.

A SCHOOLGIRL, ANNIE J. S., AND THIMBLE.—The embroidery of the night-dress may be purchased, and the calico washed before being made-up. It may be cut from a pattern, and square yokes are permissible. No crochet trimmings admitted.

EMILY E. E.—To make a rattling inside the baby's ball you might insert a pill-box, or small tin box, containing a few shot or buttons. A knitted ball would be more of the style you require.

X. Y. Z.—We do not know where you could obtain lessons in millinery, unless by making arrangements at some respectable shop. Possibly one of the assistants might have time to give you lessons of an evening after her work was done.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SNOWDROP.—Try warm food instead of cold, also Indian corn and oats, for your poultry. This kind of food will very likely make them begin laying again.

MAY LE B.—We are obliged by your offer of poetry, riddles, and stories, but are quite overstocked.

M. M. G.—It will cost you about as much to buy a harp as a piano. A good second-hand one would “last your life,” for the strings only have to be renewed.

LUCRETIA.—1. We believe that the idea that the Government will allow two shillings for every old one stamped with the lion's head is one of numerous myths on a par with the supposed value of old postage-stamps and of Queen Anne's farthings. 2. You had better make enquiries for yourself about a binder. We do not give space for answers to such uninteresting and unsuitable questions.

E. T. N. N. A.—1. We do not prescribe “charms” for the curing of any complaints. The usual method adopted for removing warts is to touch them with lunar caustic or aromatic vinegar daily. 2. Your writing needs correction. Take some pretty and legible model, and copy it carefully every day, so as to form your hand by degrees.

SALLY.—The meaning of “cf.” is “compare.” It is an abbreviation of the Latin “confer,”—compare the assertion with the quotation.

A LOVER OF “THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.”—Blushing will subside in course of years; there is no cure except self-forgiveness.

NELLY ST. CLARE.—The Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster, would be the best person to whom you might apply for Governmental shorthand, or stenographic clerkships.

AN INQUIRER.—We hardly know what the shade of John Bunyan would say if it could read your enquiry as to “whether the ‘Pilgrim's Progress’

were a novel.” Procure it, and judge for yourself; this you evidently have not as yet done. But in case you have, I may tell you that it is an allegory or parabolic story, of which we have the first examples in the Holy Scriptures.

MARY.—Lemon juice and glycerine mixed, and if too strong, diluted with rose-water, is sometimes a cure for freckles. 2. Answers to correspondents are generally printed within the month.

CRUTCHES.—The stain of “Condy's Fluid” is more of the character of a burn, and we have no recipe to offer for its removal.

EVA.—We cannot recommend any depilatories.

A. S. K.—Your handwriting is fairly good, but your spelling is bad. Law-copying (not “coping”) may perhaps be obtained by personal enquiry in lawyers' offices in your own neighbourhood. But you will have to be taught, for one mistake will spoil a whole document.

FRANK.—You will certainly require a few lessons in Italian, on account of the pronunciation, which you cannot learn alone. Your instructor will recommend the most suitable vocabularies and grammar.

G. E.—We cannot give addresses of music publishers, as they would be advertisements. We have given this answer many times already.

FANNY.—Your enquiry respecting the making of an electric telegraph machine, is so expressed as to be utterly unintelligible. We advise you to devote a little time to learning your English grammar. There is not a single instance of punctuation in your letter. If you wish to manufacture such a machine you should take lessons of some mechanic.

A. R. O. I.—We regret that we do not give instructions in book-binding, which, like most trades, requires some appliances of its own. A lesson or two would be sufficient to give an idea. 2. A buttered biscuit with cayenne pepper sprinkled upon it, or two thin slices of bread and butter so sprinkled, and put together sandwich fashion, will often relieve a bilious headache.

MIN.—1. Try cutting the ends of the stems, and sealing them up with sealing-wax, to prevent their bleeding. 2. The competitions are designed for girls of every country and position, whether subscribers to the publication or not.

AN ELDER SISTER.—We do not consider that questions such as yours, respecting matrimony, come within the limits of our correspondence.

FLORENCE writes to say that “she would be glad to be informed how to earn her living; that she has read all that has been put in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but it is not the kind of thing for her.” As Florence gives us no information with respect to her acquirements, her natural gifts, nor her position in life, it is quite impossible for us to give her any further suggestions.

BLUE-STOCKING.—1. See answer to “Homedale” in No. 7 of this paper. 2. We cannot recommend special soaps; those having the least alkali are the best. 3. We know of no magazine to which amateurs might contribute. 4. The prizes will be paid in money.

SHAMROCK.—See answer to “Blue-Stocking.”

LILY GREY.—We are not able to give you any information about skating clubs. You should inquire amongst your own acquaintances. They are got up by various circles of friends respectively residing in the same neighbourhood.

DOROTHY.—1. See answer to “Lily S.” in No. 8. A little chalk should be rubbed on the mildewed spots after a previous application of a little white soap. 2. The 3rd of March, 1862, was a Monday.

WAVIE.—1. We never before heard that “a dark gentleman was the best person to be let in first on New Year's morning.” 2. People “sit up to see the old year out and the new come in,” because, being a solemn event (these successive periods marking, like so many footsteps, their progress towards the close of life in this world), they make use of the occasion for prayer and serious reflection. On this account special services are held in places of worship.

ICE.—We are very sorry that we are unable to give you any satisfactory advice as to supplementing your present earnings. You would not be eligible for any work in “law copying,” on account of your handwriting, which is very bad; and the composition of your letter is not even grammatical. Surely you could improve both. We do not write private letters.

MARGARET GARRETT.—See latter part of the reply to “A. S. R.,” No. 9, GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

GRISV.—1. See answer to “Spring Flowers” in No. 9, G. O. P. 2. If you wish to know “how to make every one love you,” we can only advise you to be sweet-tempered, unselfish, and watchful to help, and to be kind to all around you. But your unselfishness must not lead you to self-neglect—that is, to be untidy and careless of your appearance—a mistake into which many well-meaning and excellent people fall, rendering themselves objects of pity and repulsion to others.

\*\* The Publishers cannot undertake to post numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER weekly from the office. If there is any difficulty in procuring the magazine of local agents, the MONTHLY PARTS will be forwarded on receipt of P.O. Order or stamps for 7s. 8d. for twelve months, or 3s. 10d. for six months (in advance). P.O. Orders should be made payable to JOSEPH TARN, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, to whom all business letters also should be addressed.





WINTER is past—the little bee resumes  
Her share of sun and shade, and o'er the  
lea

Hums her first hymnings to the flowers'  
perfumes,

And wakes a sense of gratefulness in me:  
The little daisy keeps its wonted place,  
Ere March by April gets disarmed of  
snow;

A look of joy opes on its smiling face,  
Turned to that Power that suffers it to  
blow.

Ah, pleasant time! yet, pleasing as you be,  
One still more pleasing Hope reserves for  
me,

Where suns unsetting one long summer  
shine,  
Flowers endless bloom where winter ne'er  
destroys:

O may the good man's righteous end be  
mine,  
That I may witness these unfading joys!

BRYANT.





### SIGNS OF SPRING.

"The water-carts have begun again,  
a sure sign that summer is coming."

*Little Girl's Letter from Brighton.*

#### LITTLE GIRL TO THE BIRDS.

Ho! swallows, that from foreign parts  
Your summer tale are bringing,  
Know that the Brighton water-carts  
An earlier tune are singing.

Ho! cuckoos, pipe your blithest strain,  
And ply your swiftest feather,  
But marvel not if all in vain  
You chant of bright Spring weather.

Ho! nightingales, we shall not need  
Henceforth your annual story;  
The water-carts, 'tis well agreed,  
Have stolen all your glory.

*You* signs of Spring! go play your parts  
Where men will care about ye:  
*Our* signs of Spring are water-carts,  
And we can do without ye.

#### THE BIRDS' REPLY.

Thanks for the warning, maiden fair,  
We will not haunt your city:  
Have water-carts, for aught we care,  
And henceforth spare your ditty.

Your carts, too—bid them spare their  
fears  
That we shall land at Brighton;  
We've looked in vain these thousand  
years  
For tree or bush to light on! H. D.





VOL. I.—No. 15.

APRIL 10, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA :

### OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

ZARA looked haughty and determined as with glowing eyes and rapid enunciation she gave forth her ideas.

"Zara, you mistake. If Miss Venn consents to call on you, she will do so at my request, and visit you as my friend. You will be sure to like her; she is the best, the sweetest, the truest-hearted girl in the world."

"Your sweetheart, I suppose, sir?"

"No, Zara, not my sweetheart; she never will be that."

Paul repented of his words the moment they were spoken. A hot flush rose to his brow, and Zara's quick eyes noted it.

"I wonder she is not, as you think so much of the vicar's daughter."

"I think more than I can express of

her, and that is the reason I can almost promise she will accede to my wish, and visit you. Shall you be at home in the afternoon?"

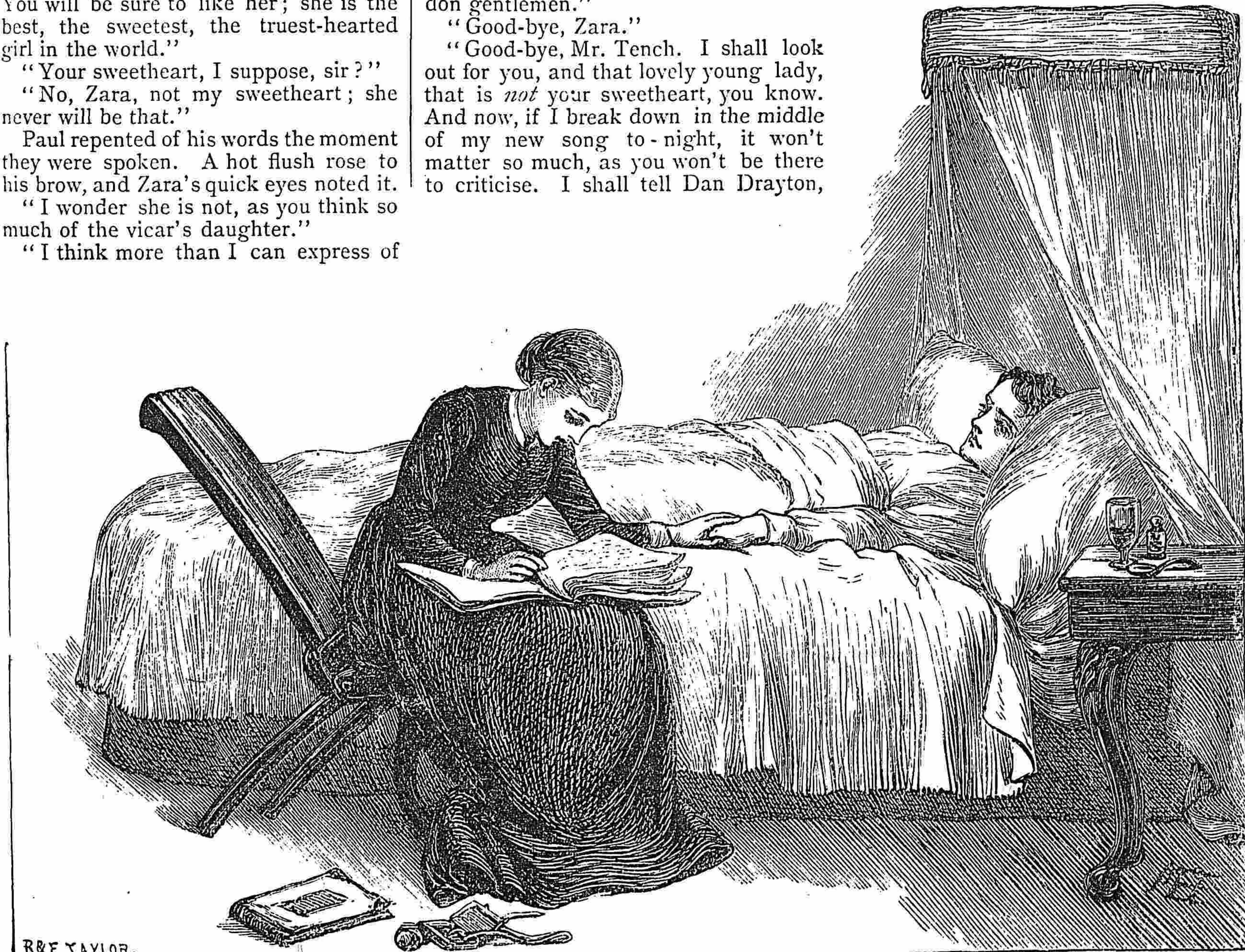
"I'm sure to be—stitching away to make up for the time I am wasting now. I don't often take long walks with London gentlemen."

"Good-bye, Zara."

"Good-bye, Mr. Tench. I shall look out for you, and that lovely young lady, that is *not* your sweetheart, you know. And now, if I break down in the middle of my new song to-night, it won't matter so much, as you won't be there to criticise. I shall tell Dan Drayton,

who plays my accompaniments, to thump away at the piano, and rattle off some runs, or strike a few loud chords, if he sees me going on a wrong track."

Paul turned away with a deep sigh, and a heart heavy as lead.



R&E. TAYLOR.

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"HE LISTENED ATTENTIVELY."



Whatever faults he had seen in Miss Keith, and they were neither few nor slight, he set them down in an indirect second-cause manner to his own account, for had he not, all his life long, been enjoying advantages that were the girl's by right?

Had the money been spent on her, very different would she have been in position and manner! There was a fastness, an exaggerated attempt at style about her, that offended his fastidious taste. But he believed from his very heart Zara was honest and guileless as any true lady in the land. Had he not felt thoroughly convinced of this he would never for a moment have dreamt of bringing her in contact with Annis—pure, peerless Annis!

Pondering thus, Paul rambled out on the sands again. The transient lull in the storm was over; it had been gathering up its forces gradually, and had now reached a considerable height, as the sun went down shrouded with angry red clouds.

What a restless vast the Seabright waters seemed! The waves seethed and pitched and rolled sullenly in on the shore in dense, leaden-coloured masses, fringed with white foam. They dashed high up on the rocks in vast up-heaved cataracts of splash and spray and fury.

The fishermen had drawn their boats far up on the beach for the night, and gone home. Noisy sea birds shrieked to one another as they flapped their great wings and flew inland, and a low, wild moan, far out at sea, told of a still more angry confusion raging out there.

But the commotion of the elements seemed only in unison with Paul's troubled thoughts. His heart was tuned to a minor key. He drew his hat close down on his brows, and paced to and fro, musing wearily, until the leaden hue of the sky had turned to blackness.

Courage came to him in that fierce conflict with himself. Courage and light, such as the true-hearted alone experience, such as God gives us when earth's shadows are pressing heavily on the soul, and we strive to look, in faith, beyond the gloom. Paul could have exclaimed with the poet Faber—

"But if this weariness hath come  
A present from on High,  
Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
That in its depths may lie.  
"So in this darkness I may learn  
To tremble and adore,  
To sound my own vile nothingness,  
And thus to love Thee more."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### A REQUEST.

PAUL TENCH returned to the lodgings at an hour unusual to him of late. His erratic habits had become so fixed that Annis never knew when to expect him home. On this evening tea was over, and the tea-things removed.

Annis was standing at the window in the twilight, looking at a "real storm," such as inland folk appreciate, the night closing like a pall over a waste of troubled waters.

The room was in shadow, but Paul's quick glance detected many large packages scattered about on tables, sofas, and chairs, and a general look of confusion in the apartment.

Then he discovered Annis, half hidden by the curtains of the window. She started when she saw him, for she had not heard his step.

"You are early to-night, Paul. I will ring for your tea."

"Don't, Annis; at least not yet. Are you alone?"

"Yes. Papa has gone upstairs to sit with poor Fred, who has had a dreadful attack of his old complaint to-day. We thought he would have died, and sent out in all haste for the doctor."

"How sorry I am! Is he better?"

"A little, but dreadfully weak. The doctor says we must leave Seabright. I have been packing all the afternoon."

"Why must you leave?"

"The cold rough winds are bad for Fred, so we start for London to-morrow night. Shall you return with us?"

She had turned on the gas and walked towards the window as she asked the question—looking out at the storm.

Paul did not answer for a minute, then his words came out hesitatingly.

"I hardly know about going back so soon. I must be guided by circumstances, but I should prefer returning with you if possible."

"Should you?"

"Annis, I wish to ask a great favour of you."

"Do you, Paul?"

"A favour I would not venture to name were I not sure your kind heart will lead you to do a kind action."

"Indeed! Perhaps you judge me too favourably?"

"I do not, Annis, and though my request may startle you, I will not hesitate. I want you to call on a person with whose name, even, you are unacquainted—Zara Meldicott Keith. She is a singer at a low place, called the 'Harmony Music Hall,' and I ask your help to win the girl from her present mode of life and associations."

"I suspect you ask more than lies in any one's power to accomplish."

"I don't think so, Annis. The girl is young and innocent, so there is every hope for her."

"Paul, I never expected to see *you* fascinated by the wiles of a designing singing girl," retorted Annis, bitterly.

"Nor am I fascinated; you mistake. Why do you say this, Annis? Well may they call women the bitterest foe women can have, since the best and purest of her sex will not withhold a taunt, will not put forth a hand to succour a sister."

"I did not say I would not."

"Then grant me this favour, and come with me and call on poor Zara."

"Poor Zara! Don't you think Mrs. Ashley would have been the best sort of person to patronise your singing girl? She is older and wiser than I am."

"I would not have her interfere for worlds. She would drive me mad with her persistent questions and foolish surmises. Besides, she has gone to London."

"I am not fond of mysteries," said Annis, coldly.

"Nor am I. But there are circumstances connected with this matter I cannot explain, and deep, cogent, forcible reasons that make my interest in Miss Keith a part of my very life. Annis, this is no foolish fancy of mine, but an obligation I dare not refuse to carry out. It is my positive duty to aid the girl, and to place her in a different position. I appeal to your highest feelings, to your Christian charity, to help me. Has it come to this between us that I plead in vain?"

His voice trembled with emotion; he laid his hand on hers, but she moved gently aside, and said gravely,

"If papa will sanction my calling on Miss Keith I will do so."

"Thank you. You load me with a debt of gratitude I can never repay. Zara must go to London. I will place her in a good school; she shall have the best masters, the best education that can be had. Sometimes you will see her, Annis, will you not? Your example will help her on, and I may yet see poor Zara a true English lady. You don't think it too late to expect this, do you?"

"I have never seen Miss Keith."

"She is a mere child in years, only seventeen—not too old to learn?"

"Not in most cases; but I should imagine Miss Keith has already had some experience of the world."

"She must unlearn all that experience, Annis. It has been false, unwholesome, injurious. Please God, we shall save her," he added fervently.

"It is to be hoped so, for her own sake."

"I cannot tell you how anxious I am for her good."

Annis walked across the room impatiently. She had heard enough of this girl, seen enough of Paul's anxiety. It seemed to banish every other feeling from his heart—to change his words, his thoughts, his very looks, to make him "the very reverse of himself."

"Where are you going, Annis?"

"To Fred; he will be expecting me."

"Is not his father with him?"

"Yes; but he likes to have me also. Josh will bring up your tea; and you won't mind pouring it out yourself, will you, Paul?"

"I will take your absence as a deserved punishment for staying away so late."

Annis did not go direct to Fred's room. First she went to her own chamber at the top of the house. She locked the door, drew down the blind, buried her face in the bed-clothes, while a storm of sobs swept over her.

It was weak of her—"detestable of her," as she herself pronounced judgment; but how could she help it?

Paul's revelation had taken her by surprise. It was a bitter awakening from the dream of love, the hope of happiness she had been cherishing in her heart. True, she had thought hard things of him lately. She had been puzzled beyond measure at his behaviour, but now the explanation had come it seemed ten times worse than she had ever anticipated.



To think Paul—the wise, sedate, fastidious Paul—could be so deluded as to be led to the verge of blind infatuation by the arts and graces of this designing, doubtless “pretty,” singing girl!

In olden times wily sirens on the sunny coast of Italy are said to have lured brave, stern mariners on to destruction by the music of their sweet, deceitful voices.

The moral of the ancient fable was revived in this instance. Paul Tench was being lured on by Zara Meldicott Keith's warbles at the “Harmony Music Hall.”

How thoroughly he had changed already! Where was his sympathy, his friendship? He had set her feelings and scruples at nought; all he wanted now was her help to bring forward this new idol—and an earthen, commonplace idol it must be!

One thing was certain. Paul must never know how bitterly she felt his desertion. Her self-respect, her woman's pride, her true courage forbade it. No fear of her faltering any more; she must not give way to weakness again.

She would call on this Zara, as Paul wished, and neither by word nor look would show how distasteful the task was to her.

Fred was lying on the pillow, his face haggard, his very lips blanched from the intensity of the pain through which he had passed. His white transparent hand was resting on the scarcely whiter coverlet of the bed.

The vicar was sitting by his side. He had been reading aloud until Fred had fallen into a doze.

Annis walked softly towards the bed.

“Is he asleep, papa?”

“Yes, resting nicely. Now you have come I will go and finish packing my books. How books gather, to be sure! I brought a few dozen down to Seabright, and now I have a great case full. I hardly know how to find room for them.”

“Why do you buy so many, papa?”

“True, that is a question I often ask myself; but I cannot resist when I see good second-hand bargains.”

The vicar closed the door softly as he went out, and Annis seated herself in the chair beside the bed.

Fred seemed to be still sleeping, and she was startled when he said abruptly,

“Annis, you are not happy. There are tears on your eye-lashes.”

She wiped them away quickly.

“Are you feeling better, Fred?”

“A little. Patched up again for awhile, I suppose. Tell me why you have been crying.”

“I have not admitted the fact yet,” replied she, trying to smile.

“The fact remains, all the same. Who is down in the drawing-room?”

“Only Paul Tench. I have just sent him some tea. Will you have a cup?”

“Thanks, no. Then Paul Tench has been making you cry.”

“Hush, Fred—don't, dear! Indeed, I would much rather talk of any other subject,” replied Annis, her lip quivering, her eyes filling again.

“Do you think I am blind? I can

see you are worrying yourself, and fretting and grieving about a man who is not worthy of you.”

“Fred, don't talk in that way.”

“I must speak out. Paul is making an idiot of himself about some singer he has met down here. He is no friend of mine now, and I shall tell him so.”

“Don't judge him harshly, dear.”

“Your own opinion is not favourable, or you would not have been crying. I wish I was strong, like Walter is; I would soon bring Master Paul to his senses. But what can I do—a weak, stricken-down, helpless invalid?”

“You can be silent about it, Fred. There are some things one cannot help, and we must try to bear them patiently.”

“Ah! yes, we need patience. Life seems full of trial, mental and bodily,” added Fred, as he tossed his head restlessly on his pillow.

“We know where to go for strength, don't we, my poor darling?”

“Yes, we know, Annis. But I fear we are apt to trust too much to our own strength, and it fails us, and so we get hurt and feeble and weary.”

“Shall I read to you?”

“Yes, Annis. Read me my ‘Essay on Ancient Coins.’ It is quite finished, ready for the publisher, and perhaps I may get a good sum for it—who knows? Here is the key of my desk.”

Annis took out the precious manuscript, and, with a voice rather unsteady at first, but that soon grew firm, and low, and musical, she went through the “Essay” to the very end.

“We all have our dreams; and Fred's dream was to be an author. From the time he had been laid aside from active work, two years ago, he had been seized with the desire of writing for the press. It would amuse him, and keep him from being altogether a burden on his father, he said.

He had begun many manuscripts on many subjects, but the usual experience with him was that when he was half through his task a severe fit of illness would seize him, and then his papers would be laid aside, his train of thought disturbed or forgotten. In his “essay” he had persevered to the end, though that very perseverance more than confirmed the fact that his mental powers had faded in sympathy with his bodily strength. The last chapters of the “essay” were blurred and blotted, the sentences were abrupt, the meaning involved and indistinct. His thoughts had lost their vigour and freshness, and it was evident there was no more of the world's work for him either with brain or hands.

For the first time Fred realised this. He listened attentively until Annis had finished the last word, then turned his pale face towards her, and said, with a deep sigh, “Lock up the manuscript; I shall never have it published. It has been labour lost, Annis.”

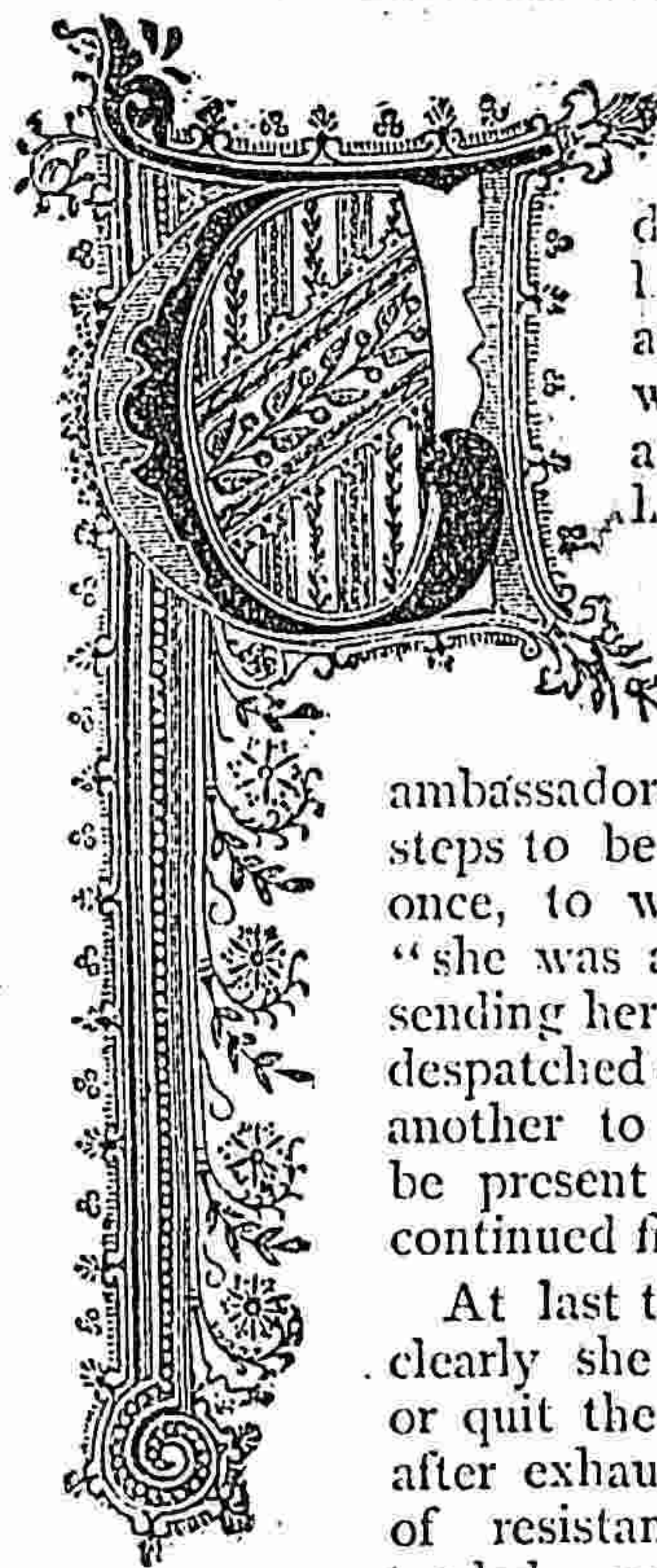
“Don't say that. You may be able to improve it by and by. But let me read something that will give peace, and bring no care with it.”

She turned to the page which has lightened the burden of many a weary

and heavy-laden spirit, and then she sang one of the sweet hymns which they had learned as children together, and left her dear brother tranquil and comforted.

(To be continued.)

## THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



THE funeral of Edward caused division to spring up between the Queen and her sister, Mary wishing Elizabeth to attend mass with her for the repose of their brother's soul, which she refused to do.

The Imperial ambassadors urged decided steps to be taken with her at once, to which Mary replied “she was already thinking of sending her from Court,” and despatched one messenger after another to urge Elizabeth to be present at mass; but she continued firm in her refusal.

At last the Queen told her clearly she must either yield or quit the Court; and then, after exhausting every means of resistance, Elizabeth attended mass on the 8th September. Although Mary was still urged by the Imperial ambassadors to secure Elizabeth's person secretly to avoid her forming a nucleus for the Protestant party to rally round, she appeared satisfied with her outward submission, and called her “good sister, led her by the hand in all the great assemblies,” and made her presents of many valuable jewels; but Noailles says she refused to adorn herself with them.

When Mary passed through the City of London on 30th September, Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves rode behind her litter in a car covered with cloth of silver, both dressed in robes of a similar material, and followed by eight princesses, sixty-six ladies on horseback, and a crowd of lords and gentlemen. At the coronation, Elizabeth was placed next to the Queen, as also at the banquet, and at a farewell entertainment to the envoys of Charles V.

On the 6th December, 1553, Elizabeth left London for her house in Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, attended by 500 gentlemen on horseback, forming quite a demonstration in her favour.

When Mary had decided on marrying Philip of Spain, she wrote to inform her sister of her intention; and when Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection broke out, she summoned her to her presence, alleging that she might be in danger from the rebels at Ashridge, and promising her a cordial reception. But Elizabeth, wishing to retain her freedom of action, excused herself as being too unwell to travel, and collected soldiers, and fortified her residence so as to resist any sudden attack. When the insurrection had failed, Renard urged that it was impossible for Philip to live safely in England as long as Elizabeth was alive to be a centre of renewed disturbances, and advised her execution; while Charles V. himself recommended extreme severity against her.

On the 26th January, the Queen sent Lord William Howard, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, with peremptory orders to bring Elizabeth from Ashridge; and,



in spite of illness, she entered London on 22nd February, 1554, riding in an open litter, dressed in white as a symbol of innocence, and attended by 200 of the Queen's gentlemen. Immense crowds of the populace met her, thronging both sides of the way, and the popularity of the young Princess received a considerable accession.

The Palace at Whitehall was assigned as the place of Elizabeth's detention, and only twelve persons of her own household were allowed to remain with her. Both Wyatt himself and others of the insurgents implicated both Elizabeth and Courtenay in their confessions, and Renard did not cease to urge the necessity of their destruction.

It was at last decided to commit Elizabeth to the Tower, and on the 17th March, 1554, she was informed that the barge was waiting to convey her thither. She insisted on writing to the Queen before being taken there, and it is an interesting proof of the firmness of her character that this letter, in which she thought herself fighting for her life, was in exquisite handwriting, steady and even, some of the initials ornamented, and the signature possessing her usual decorative flourish. Her caution is no less remarkable, for she covered a considerable interval between the last line and her signature with firm sloping strokes, firmly and straightly drawn, so as to prevent any possibility of dangerous interlineations. Her appeal was of no avail, and on the 18th March, Palm Sunday, she landed at the Traitor's Gate of the Tower.

When the bars and bolts had closed behind her, she assembled her few attendants, and prayed to God to give her grace to build not upon the sand, but upon the rock, when all the blasts of the tempest should not be able to

prevail against her. She continued, "All this and much more shall not deject my spirits; for Thou, O King of kings, art my Spectator, and Thy Son Christ, my Saviour Jesus, hath already undergone these trials for my encouragement. I will, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace; there it is, I am sure, that I shall find comfort in this time of need: though an Host should encampe against mee, my heart shall not feare; though warre shall rise against mee, in this I will be

was gradually relaxed, and the Queen's enmity abated.

Two months after her committal, she left the Tower, and, under the care of Sir Henry Bedingfield and Sir John Williams, Lord of Tame, was removed to Woodstock. During the journey, the populace displayed their affection for their future Queen; they crowded to see her pass, with tears and prayers, and the women almost stifled her with showers of nosegays. Elizabeth was not lodged in the

interior of the Castle, but in the Gate House, a dilapidated place hastily prepared for her reception. When left in Bedingfield's charge, who seems to have been much oppressed by his responsibility, she had no books, no ink, no pens, and was only allowed to walk in the garden under the eyes of the governor. On her requesting to have some books, she was allowed to receive Cicero "de Officiis" and a Latin copy of the Psalms of David and, subsequently, on asking for it, she was permitted to have an English Bible. After Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain, Elizabeth found a friend in him, and he advised her immediate liberation.

It is said that, while urging in every way that she might be set free, and waiting impatiently the hour of freedom, Elizabeth heard a milkmaid

singing merrily outside the park-wall, and envied her joyous liberty. She solaced her captivity by needlework, in which she was skilful; by prayer, reading, and meditation.

In the Bodleian library, at Oxford, is still to be seen her copy of St. Paul's Epistles, with the cover ornamented by her own handiwork.

On a blank page she has written a quaint account of her use and appreciation of its contents.

"I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of



"GOOD QUEEN BESS."

confident. Thou, Lord, art my light and salvation; whom shall I feare? Thou, Lord, art the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" The Princess was, however, compelled to attend mass, and so dangerous did she consider her position, that long after, she told a French envoy, that considering herself lost, she thought of making only one request, namely, that her head might be cut off with a sword as in France, not with an axe as customary in England, and that an executioner might be employed from France. After the execution of Wyatt, and having undergone strict examinations, public sympathy was much excited about the captive Elizabeth, and the rigour of her imprisonment

\* \* In the winter exhibition of the R.A. there are two original portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Both represent her with brick-yellow or red hair. As the same hair does not appear in later years we suppose dyeing was resorted to.



memorie, by gathering them together, that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

It is said that, during her imprisonment, Elizabeth wrote the following touching lines

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SIGNATURE.

in charcoal on a shutter, having been deprived of pen and ink:—

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless, wavering state

Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit;  
Witness this present prison, whither fate

Could bear me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed  
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,  
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,  
And freeing those that death had well deserved;  
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,  
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,  
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

While Elizabeth was in captivity, a project had been discussed for marrying her to the young Duke of Savoy, which would have removed her from England, and freed Mary and Philip from the risk of her presence there; but, owing to Elizabeth's refusal and other causes, the plan proved fruitless.

At length, after many delays, Elizabeth was allowed to quit Woodstock, after eleven months' imprisonment; and as she left the place where she had spent so many weary days in sadness and foreboding gloom, she wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass the lines:—

"Much suspected—of me  
Nothing proved can be,  
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

She was sent for by the Queen to join her at Hampton Court, where she was expecting her confinement; and after another three weeks' delay Elizabeth was conducted into Mary's presence, and an outward reconciliation took place.

In October, 1555, Elizabeth received permission to return to her favourite abode, Hatfield, where she found her old and faithful servants, Katherine Ashby and Thomas Parry. She also took with her Master Roger Ascham, with whom she was reading *Æschines* and *Demosthenes*.

A fresh conspiracy against Mary by Sir Anthony Kingston having been discovered, Elizabeth had a narrow escape from being again sent to the Tower; but the fear of popular commotion prevented such harsh measures from being adopted; though several of her attendants were sent thither.

Mary appointed Sir Thomas Pope to take the management of her sister's household, and she was removed for a time to his house.

Elizabeth found him a more agreeable custodian than Bedingfield, as he shared her literary tastes, and loved to converse on classical and other subjects with her.

She soon returned to Hatfield, and on 28th November, 1556, went to join the Queen in London.

As she passed through the City to her mansion, Somerset House, she was welcomed with rapturous delight by the people. She was received by the Queen very graciously, and the courtiers soon visited her in great numbers.

This gleam of royal favour was but fleeting, for having given fresh offence by her decided refusal to entertain the proposals of the Duke of Savoy, Elizabeth was sent back to Hatfield in disgrace, in December, 1556; she became ill, and was so worried by the harsh and uncertain treatment she had received as to contemplate an escape to the Continent, and sent to the Bishop of Dacqs to know how he could send her to France.

The ambassador, however, gave her wiser counsel, and she ceased to entertain the idea of thus giving her enemies the advantage of her absence from England in case of the death of Mary. On Philip's return to England, the proposed marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Savoy was again brought forward, and the Bishop of Dacqs informed her that it was intended to take her to Flanders and complete the marriage there.

She thanked him, and said she would die before either came to pass.

After Philip's final departure from England, Elizabeth enjoyed greater tranquillity. In February, 1557, the Venetian ambassador thus describes her to the Senate:—"Miladi Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, was born in 1533. She is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. She is tall and well-made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow. Her eyes, but, above all, her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty.

With this interesting picture of Elizabeth by a contemporary, when the days of her youth were just ended, our sketch of the early days of the Queen who used to say—"I am the most English woman of the kingdom," must come to a conclusion.

## THE WIFE OF EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE said of his wife:—"She is handsome, but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all these in a high degree; but it is not by these she touches the heart. It is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

"Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"Her voice is a soft, low music—not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must be close to her to hear it.

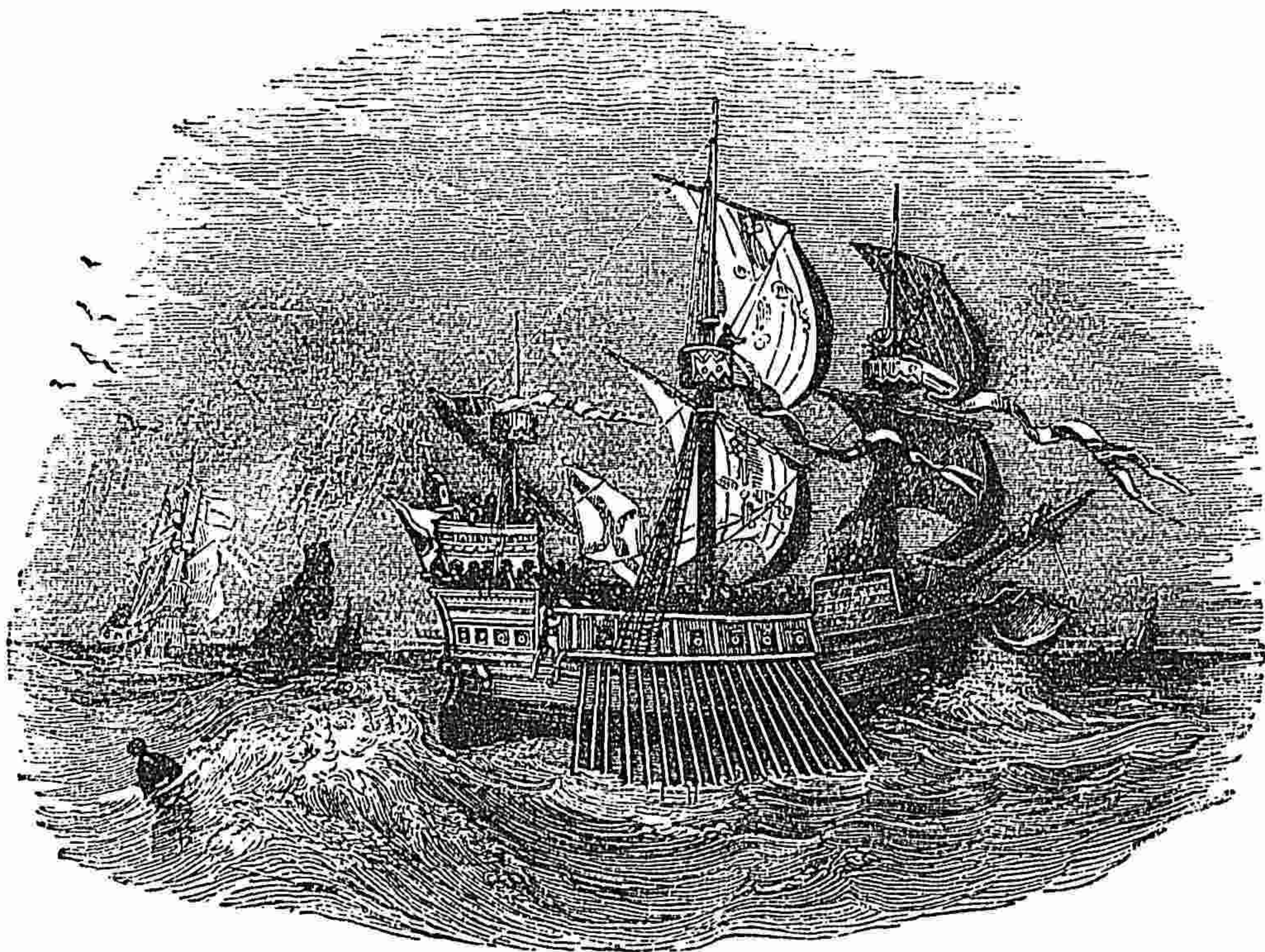
"To describe her body describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

"She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

"Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and, therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

"She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning, but by sagacity. She never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises.

"She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the beauty of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in hers."

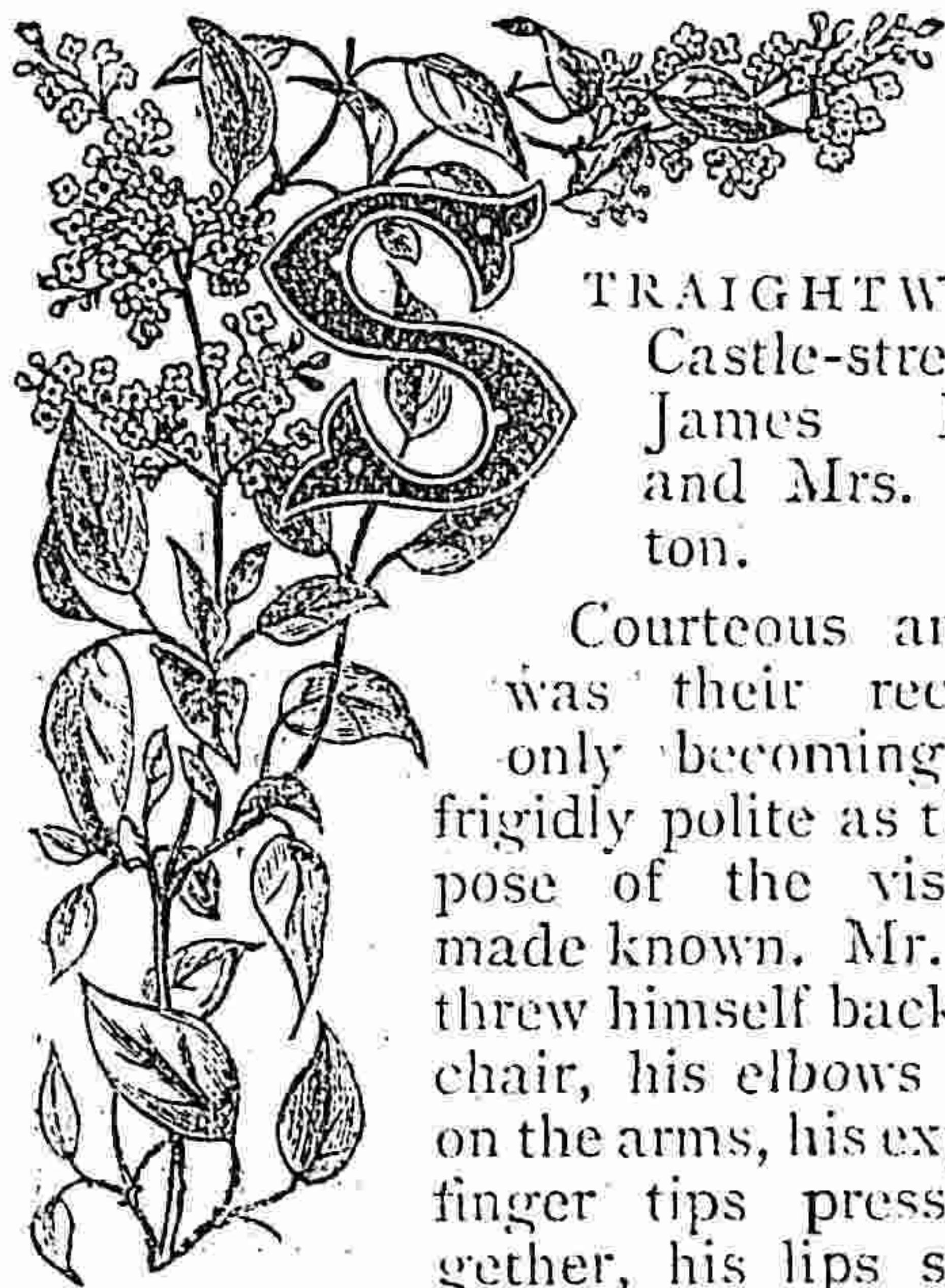


A SHIP OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

CHAPTER XII.  
PARTED.

STRAIGHTWAY to  
Castle-street went  
James Forsyth  
and Mrs. Staple-  
ton.

Courteous and cold  
was their reception,  
only becoming more  
frigidly polite as the pur-  
pose of the visit was  
made known. Mr. Mason  
threw himself back in his  
chair, his elbows resting  
on the arms, his expanded  
finger tips pressed to-  
gether, his lips smiling,  
his black brows bridging his sharp  
nose.

He admitted nothing, he denied  
nothing. He simply questioned the  
right of either Dr. Forsyth or Mrs.  
Stapleton to interfere in his domestic  
matters. He had married a wife encum-  
bered with three children, one a mere  
foundling, and required no one's dicta-  
tion what he should do with them.

"Or with their money either, I sup-  
pose?" cried James Forsyth, waxing  
warm.

"Mr. Forsyth, this is my office; Brian  
Stapleton's mother is my wife. I become  
joint guardian of her children. When  
you can produce the mythical will I  
may be prepared to acknowledge your  
authority, your right to claim my step-  
son as a pupil—not before. Nor do I  
account for any moneys which came to  
me with my wife to any but a legal  
claimant."

"You will have to account to some  
one if you send the heir to those  
moneys off to sea, and with a man  
like Captain Mawson," said James  
Forsyth, stoutly.

At the mention of the captain's name  
Mr. Mason's face changed. He touched  
a gong on his table. "Mr. Moss," said  
he to the clerk who responded, "go to  
Mr. Crowe's and ask him to be so good  
as to step in here."

Mr. Crowe came like a puppet when  
the wire is pulled.

"There was a scene in your office  
yesterday, Mr. Crowe, when a certain  
Captain Mawson assailed me coarsely  
for refusing to send my stepson to sea  
under him, he holding, as he said, the  
promise of the boy's father. Will you  
oblige me by saying to these friends of  
Mrs. Mason if this was true or not?"

"True! I thought the captain would  
have knocked you down; his abuse is not  
to be repeated. Certainly you refused  
to send the boy."

"You hear this gentleman? Perhaps  
you will hesitate to give 'rumour' so  
ready credence in the future. Good  
morning."

"Yes, I hear and I understand; but  
ye've not heard the last o' Jamie For-  
syth, Mr. Mason. Come, Mrs. Staple-  
ton, the air is purer out of doors."

And they went, having done nothing  
by their interposition but give a spur  
to flagging intent.

When Mr. Mason reached his office the  
next morning he found little Mr. Crowe  
perambulating the flags between their  
two offices with two open newspapers in  
his hand.

"I say, Mason, here's something that  
concerns you!" he began, thrusting into  
the other's hand the *Liverpool Daily  
Post*. "What does it mean?" and a  
finger, just like a claw, pointed to an  
advertisement which stood prominently  
out.

"FIFTY POUNDS REWARD: MISSING  
WILL.—The above reward will be given  
to anyone producing, or giving infor-  
mation which shall lead to the recovery  
of, the Will of Brian Stapleton, sea-  
captain, of the ship *Ariel*, and of Wood-  
side, Cheshire, bearing date June, 1862.  
—Answer to Vera, office of this paper."

Mr. Mason's face darkened as he  
read; but a keen, sharp gleam was in  
his eyes as the *Liverpool Courier* was  
substituted for the *Post*, and again the  
claw served as a pointer.

"REWARD offered for the present  
address of a girl named Dinah Smart,  
formerly in service at Larch Cottage,  
Woodside. The girl has a dark skin,  
black hair and eyes, a large head on a  
very diminutive body, and is very dressy.  
—Answer to Mrs. S., Larch Cottage,  
Woodside."

"What does it mean?" said Mr.  
Mason. "Why, it means that I shall  
pack Master Brian off by the next vessel  
Sparling and Grove clear out. There is  
a menace in those advertisements. They  
mean to have the will if money can  
tempt Dinah to turn it out. That she  
has it is a dead certainty."

"Can we not ferret her out without  
advertising?" suggested Mr. Crowe,  
with his head on one side.

"We can try; but the cunning jade  
had no label on her box when she left  
her place."

"Then you never thought of adver-  
tising for a servant, or of visiting the  
registry offices?"

"No; it did not occur to me. Now  
I mean business."

So it appeared. Before the afternoon  
the pair had had an interview with  
Messrs. Sparling and Grove, shipowners,  
and when Robert Mason rode home that  
Wednesday evening he was in a brown  
study how best to unfold to his wife that  
her son—her one only son—was to be  
torn from her on the Saturday, and sent  
off to sea. He did not trouble himself  
much how he should break the ill news  
to Brian himself or to his twin-sister. It  
was to be, and the sooner it was over  
the better, was his sole idea.

Yet he thought proper to wait until  
Hesba, now her mother's chief attendant,  
had seen the thin face laid calmly on  
her pillow, and left all comfortable for  
the night, parting with a mutual kiss and  
caress.

He had been smoking a cigar on the  
balcony. As Hesba mounted the higher

flight of stairs to the so-called school-  
room, he flung away his cigar and  
followed.

There Mercy, half asleep, sat with her  
head against Brian's shoulder, waiting  
for sister, whilst he, sitting close to the  
uncurtained dormer window with his  
arms folded, looked dreamily up at the  
silvery moon, towards which a dark cloud  
was slowly stealing, and in a vague sort  
of way, wondered if the cloud which  
threatened to darken his life would  
come as stealthily and surely on, or  
glide past.

Alas! When the cloud touched the  
moon's bright rim the foot of trouble  
was on the stair, and ere half the shining  
disc was blotted out, the room was  
darkened by the unwonted presence of  
Mr. Mason.

In very few and brief words he an-  
nounced to Brian that he had been  
destined for the sea by his dead father,  
who had hoped to find in him a worthy  
successor; that, after several disap-  
pointments, he had succeeded in finding  
a good opening for him, and, that as the  
vessel was to sail on Saturday, he ex-  
pected he would be ready to accompany  
him to town in the morning, to be intro-  
duced to the owners and to Captain  
Lever, as he would have to join his ship  
on the Friday.

Be sure he had not said all this with-  
out interruption. Brian had started to  
his feet on his entrance, rousing Mercy,  
who, no sooner awakened to compre-  
hension, than she clung to his arm as  
if he were to be torn from her that  
moment.

Hesba, too, crept closer to him, putting  
on a brave front, though a sense of hope-  
lessness was creeping round her heart.

"Oh, sir, I was to be a surgeon: was  
to study under Mr. Forsyth. You can-  
not surely mean to make a common  
sailor of me?" cried Brian.

"That depends upon yourself. Your  
indentures provide that you shall be  
instructed in navigation. You have only  
to use your opportunities well and pro-  
motion will come when apprenticeship  
ceases."

"But my brother has an aversion to  
the sea, sir. You surely would not force  
him on shipboard against his will?"  
urged Hesba, in evident pain.

"I do not allow young people to have  
wills of their own. The matter is settled,  
and there is no more to be said."

"But mamma!" exclaimed Hesba  
and Brian, in a breath. "Surely she  
will never consent?"

"Mrs. Mason has no will but mine;"  
and the thin lips tightened.

"It will kill her to part with Brian,"  
pleaded Hesba, with her hands clasped.  
"Oh, Mr. Mason, do not take him from  
us—do not be so cruel."

"It is in kindness I am removing him.  
And, unless you excite your mother by  
outcries and opposition, she will take no  
harm," and so he left them.

Brian had buried his face in his arms  
on the table, his breast heaving with  
emotion, and Mercy flung an arm round  
his neck, sobbing in a passion of grief.  
There is a contagion in tears, and  
Hesba's flowed freely too, though she  
strove to choke them back, the better to



console the child and her darling brother.

There they sat far into the night, after Mercy had cried herself to sleep, devising plans—not to move their iron-willed stepfather—but of escape. They planned, only to reject as impossible, and likely to bring greater sorrow to the mother both loved so dearly. There was nothing for it, as Mr. Mason had said, but to bow to the inevitable; and, that conceded, Brian was not of the mettle to flinch or to show the white feather. If he must go to sea, he would go bravely, as his father had gone.

His tender heart ached for those he would leave behind, fearing harsh measures for them also. But here Hesba strengthened him with her own fearlessness and her conviction that Mercy had not been preserved from the waves to be cast adrift on shore. She herself was old enough to take care of Mercy.

Then she began to talk hopefully of his return after his first voyage, and how much he and they would be changed.

And then they knelt down together as in the old nursery days, the very trustfulness of prayer bringing with it healing and strength.

Brian was not allowed to see his mother in the morning. She had had a bad night, Mr. Mason said, was asleep, and must not be disturbed. He did not say that he had driven repose from her pillow by his "advantageous arrangements" for her son.

And, as if he feared some attempt to escape, Mr. Mason never had his eye or his hand off him the whole of the busy day.

Brian found the shipowners agreeable gentlemen, Captain Lever rather facetious than formidable, the outfitters (who were ordered to furnish his kit with every requisite) most obliging, and he began to relent towards his stepfather when the latter turned into a photographer's, and Brian was required to sit for his portrait. Such had been the request of his mamma, for whom the *cartes-de-visite* were intended, so he was told.

Robert Mason did not say that the promise of photographs had been made, as one offers sweets to a child, to reconcile his wife to that which was unpalatable, or what a terrible night of anguish had been hers.

Hesba saw it, however, as soon as she set eyes on her mother's face, and, fearful of consequences, she stifled down her own emotions with a resolute will, laid strict injunctions on the sobbing Mercy "not to let mamma see her crying," and endeavoured to appear busied in preparations for Brian's departure and the selection of souvenirs for him to carry away, so as to keep up her mother's sinking heart.

It was a bright thought of hers. It nerved Mrs. Mason to sit up whilst she wrote in a letter to her son those words of farewell and advice she might have no opportunity to speak, but which clasped in her own Bible might pass into his hands and have double weight.

And it kept Mercy quiet, stitching hard and fast at "a thread-and-needle case for her brother."

Yet neither souvenirs, nor photo-

graphs, nor nerve could make the final parting anything but a terrible wrench. To Hesba it seemed as if half her life was going, and to the mother—well, Joe had to be sent flying for Dr. Mitchell before Mr. Mason could smile across a railway carriage at Brian and his carpet-bag.

Joe, a lad about the age of Brian, indignant at the sudden spiriting away of young master, had carried more than a bare message to the doctor's, and the grey-haired gentleman had no need to ask a reason for the red eyes he encountered at the door and on the stairs.

He shook his head gravely as he turned from Mrs. Mason's bedside, and having asked for writing materials, he penned something more than a prescription; a something which found its way to the post-office a few minutes later, and to Woodside before the night wore out.

Surely it must have been that same something which carried Mrs. Stapleton and Mr. Forsyth and Willie down to the docks and over a couple of barques to gladden the heart of Brian that Saturday morning before he sailed away over the wide ocean, and made him feel that he was not utterly deserted. As he advanced to meet them, his grandma thought and said, "Brian, my dear, it brings back old times to look upon you *here*, in that dress. You seem the very picture of your own father when he was a boy and went his first voyage. I hope you will be as brave a sailor and as good a man."

All at once the voice of Captain Lever, no longer facetious, but sharp, sung out a command to clear the deck of strangers, and, turning, they became aware that Mr. Mason, with his lips set close as his eyebrows, stood at Captain Lever's elbow by the gangway.

There was nothing for it but to wring the young sailor's hand once more, and leave him with good wishes and a blessing, renewing promises to watch over Hesba and Mercy in his absence.

"*Rumour* seems to fly fast, Mr. Forsyth," said Mr. Mason, with a sneer, as they were leaving the brig.

"It had need, sir, when iniquity is afoot!" exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton, indignation drying her humid eyes. "There is nothing fleetier than mischief—except it be God's justice!" and she looked him full in the face.

"Not faster than the villainy that ships a braw lad out of the way without the knowledge or consent of his friends," was the surgeon's simultaneous reply, in tones which, like those of Mrs. Stapleton, reached other ears than Mr. Mason's; ears that did not sail away with the *Dolphin*, but went back amongst shipowners and shipbrokers and underwriters, the very people Mr. Mason was most desirous to stand well with. And ere long, as if those ears had been in league with some other potent agent, rumour was flying in mysterious whispers on 'Change, amongst shippers and shipowners; and, as if that rumour had been an invisible moth, Mr. Mason's superfine black coat became fretted with holes, so minute he only discovered the damage when too late.

(To be continued.)

## AN ABSENT GENIUS.

THE Rev. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time. He was a good man, but very eccentric, very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts.

In his youth Harvest was engaged to a daughter of the Bishop of London; but on the day agreed upon for his wedding, being gudgeon-fishing, he overstayed the appointed time; and the lady, justly offended at this neglect, broke off the match.

He used frequently to forget the prayer days, and once walked into church with his fishing-rod and tackle to see what could have assembled the people. Wherever he slept he perverted the use of everything; wrapped the hand-towel round his head, put the night-cap over the jug, and went between the sheets with his boots on. Once, having to preach before the clergy at a Visitation, Harvest took three sermons with him in his pocket. Some wags contrived to get possession of them, unstitched them, and after mixing the leaves, sewed them up again into three separate sermons as before. Mr. Harvest took the first that came to his hand, began delivering it, and, as may easily be imagined, lost the thread of his discourse. He was not insensible to the strange confusion in which he found himself entangled, but made the best of it, though in a very diffuse rambling way, and continued till he had preached out first all the churchwardens, and next the clergy, who thought he was seized with madness.

With Mr. Arthur Onslow, the father of Lord Onslow, and Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Harvest was on terms of great intimacy. Being one day in a punt together on the Thames, Mr. Harvest began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author; and throwing himself backward in an ecstasy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend or let to Mr. Harvest a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least out of his hands. It was his practice to dismount, and lead his horse, putting the bridle under his arm. Sometimes the horse would pull away the bridle unobserved; and as often it was taken off the horse's head by mischievous boys, and the parson was seen drawing the bridle after him.

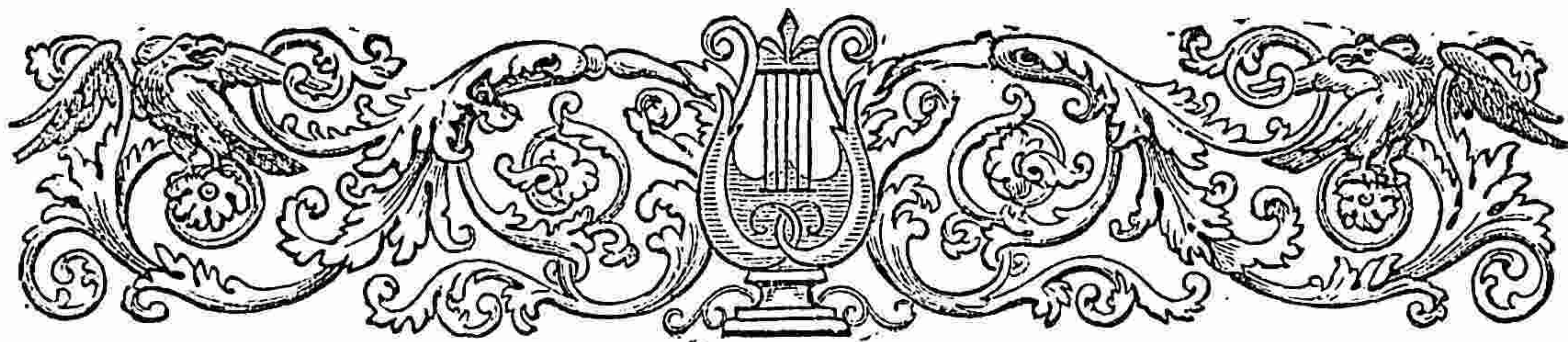
When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice-chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his school-fellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. One day at dinner, in a large company, his lordship joking with Harvest on their schoolboy tricks, the parson suddenly exclaimed, "*Apropos*, whence do you derive your nick-name of Jemmy Twitcher?"

"Whv," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow."

"No, no," interrupted Harvest, "it is not some, but everybody calls you so."

On this Lord Sandwich, being near the pudding, put a large slice on the doctor's plate, which, instantly finding its way to his mouth, stopped him for the moment from uttering any more such *apropos* observations.





## HOW TO PLAY THE VIOLIN.

By LADY LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES).



I HAVE been asked to write upon the art of violin playing, but, whilst doing so, I am well aware that it is far easier to say how the violin should be played than to play it, and many a girl who reads this little article, and who has grown discouraged and despondent over the manifold difficulties of her favourite instrument, will doubtless agree with such a statement. Still, there are some beginners and students who, though persevering and conscientious, are uncertain whether they are really following the wisest course of study; to them much conflicting advice is usually given, until they scarcely know what they should do or leave undone, and to them, perhaps, a few words of explanation and encouragement from a fellow-worker may not come amiss.

First of all, there is no doubt that the violin, whilst it is perhaps the most beautiful and fascinating musical instrument we possess, is difficult in absolute proportion to its beauty. No one should attempt to learn the violin who is not prepared to give up much time to it, to make many sacrifices for it, and to serve, like Jacob, for many years for his beloved object. Very much work is required for the smallest result. The beginning is possibly not so difficult as might be fancied; our friends and we ourselves are surprised to find that we can *pick out* a popular tune on four strings. We are delighted; but, as time goes on, as we leave the comfortable harbour of the 1st position and the safe anchorage of open strings, and sail out amongst the stormy seas of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th positions, grappling with *double stopping*, *arpeggios*, and passages, the intricacies of which are felt much more keenly by performers than listeners, we begin to know something of the hard work and toil that lies before us, seemingly harder and more uncompromising as time goes on.

Yet such work is not without its reward. The greater the struggle the greater the reward, and it sometimes happens that, as it is darkest before dawn, when we are most out of heart we are making the most progress. It is best to place our standard of excellence high from the very first, however far off and unattainable it may appear. After all, it is like climbing a hill to see a fine view. Though it be a steep hill, we may get a good deal of pleasure

during the ascent; it is not all fatigue. Nor is the view, when we at last come within sight of it, the only gratification we shall have gained. Surely a walk on a summer's day, as we go cheerfully up the hillside, is worth something; there are many lovely sights and glimpses of pretty country on the way, and, above all, we have pleasant companionship. For, as we toil up the side of the steep and rugged hill of musical knowledge, it is not necessary to wait until we become first-rate performers to spend many a happy afternoon or evening of music, to grow keenly interested in our own practising, and glean much delight from the playing of others, nor, more than all, to enjoy the companionship of the great composers who have written so much for our benefit, and whose works no one can thoroughly know or appreciate without learning to play them.

Perhaps of all instruments, the violin is the one to which the performer—and, therefore, as a rule, the owner—becomes the most attached. Its great advantages over other instruments are:—

1. Its extreme portability. You need never part from your instrument, need entrust it to no one, and, carrying it about with you, can always play on the same violin, and are not therefore puzzled or dispirited, like many unfortunate pianists or organists, by the complications of a strange or inferior instrument.

2. The violin greatly resembles the human voice in its tone, and, whilst possessing a far wider range of compass than the voice, has a similar capability of creating a responsive vibration in the hearts of its hearers, together with the same power of *portamento*, that is, of blending or carrying one note into another.

3. The notes are not ready-made, but have to be created by the player. Every player brings out a different quality of tone to that of other players, even when using the self-same instrument, and this adds much to the charm and personality of the music.

4. The violin is tuned in perfect and natural tune, and not according to the *tempered scale*, as are of necessity all ordinary keyed instruments (where the notes are divided), such as the piano, for example. Its vibrations are, therefore, infinitely more pleasing to the ear than the sound of any instrument tuned according to the tempered scale.\*

5. The violin is less monotonous for practising than many other instruments; it is more interesting to train the ear, together with the hand, in seeking after beauty and quality of tone, and not mere manual dexterity. Also, music written for violin is often simple, and so easily learned by heart that much practising may be gone through by moderately-advanced students whilst walking about the room, thus gaining a pleasant change and rest, though such a method is scarcely to be recommended for careless players.

6. Lastly, and not least, the violin is the leader in an orchestra, as in a quartet; and, even among its own family of beautiful stringed instruments, it is more brilliant and more

capable of variety of tone than the viola or the violoncello.

It is not very long since the violin was considered an "unladylike" instrument, ungraceful and impossible for women. I remember, as a child, reading in a story-book of a little girl who had surreptitiously bought a red fiddle, and who delighted her schoolfellows by playing to them in secret. This unfortunate girl was not allowed to become a great violinist; but was, on the contrary, reprimanded by the schoolmistress, who advised her to choose a more *ladylike* occupation for the future. I have also in former days known girls of whom it was darkly hinted that they played the violin, as it might be said that they smoked big cigars, or enjoyed the sport of rat-catching. But now all this has changed; there is scarcely a family of girls where there is not at least one who plays the fiddle; (I heard lately of a lady whose six daughters are *all* violinists!) Classes are held for female violinists, who likewise play in the orchestra of the Royal Academy, and in that of the National Training School of Music, and it is no uncommon sight in our streets to see a girl carrying her fiddle in its black case. Besides this, in almost every programme of a concert we read the name of some lady violinist, who probably plays with fine tone and execution, for there are many good artists among us now.

For this change we are indebted to Madame Norman-Néruda. It is she who, uniting with the firmness and vigour of a man's playing the purity of style and intonation of a great artist as well as her own perfect grace and delicate manipulation, has proved to the public at large what a woman can do in this field, at least. Madame Néruda's masterly playing is not to be surpassed by any one, whilst her feminine ease and elegance add an unusual charm to violin-playing.

Even in former years, there were some notable exceptions to the universal custom which precluded women from such performances, viz.: the sisters Ferny, the sisters Milanollo, and others; but these ladies, while achieving much reputation, seem to have had but small influence on others. It was reserved to Madame Norman-Néruda to head the great revolution, and to enlist an enormous train of followers. And yet it is difficult to say why a prophet should have been so sorely needed, for in the middle ages, and later even, women and girls were taught to play on viols and similar stringed instruments, held sometimes downwards like violoncellos, but also often beneath the chin as we hold our violins, whilst in the old Italian pictures, in the works of Fra Angelico, Bellini, Raphael, and many others, angels and feminine figures are constantly depicted playing on the violins of the period, so that we may assume that, in the eyes of the great painters, such doings were by no means unwomanly or ungraceful. Be this as it may, the question need no longer arise, the crusade need not be fought anew; Madame Néruda, like a musical St. George, has gone forth, violin and bow in hand, to fight the dragon of prejudice, or rather, like a female Orpheus, has made captive all the wild beasts about her by the sweet sounds she has

\* Those who are desirous of further knowledge on the subject of *Temperament*, can consult Dr. Stainer's Dictionary of Musical Terms, and many other words relating to the theory of music.



## FAITHFUL HANNAH



Poor lone Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!  
Faded, wrinkled,  
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!  
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
When the bloom was on the tree:  
Spring and winter,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbour  
Passing nod or answer will refuse  
To her whisper—  
"Is there from the fishers any news?"  
Oh, her heart's adrift with one  
On an endless voyage gone!  
Night and morning,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah  
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooed:  
Hale and clever  
For a willing heart and hand he sued.  
May-day skies are all aglow,  
And the waves are laughing so!  
For her wedding  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:  
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.  
Hannah shudders,  
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.  
Round the rocks of Marblehead,  
Outward bound, a schooner sped:  
Silent, lonesome,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,  
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;  
From Newfoundland  
Not a sail returning will she lose,—  
Whispering hoarsely—"Fishermen!  
Have you—have you heard of Ben?"  
Old with watching,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters  
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.  
Twenty seasons,—  
Never one has brought her any news.  
Still her dim eyes silently  
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:  
Hopeless, faithful,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

*Lucy Larcom.*



ICB



evoked. Certainly, no one requires now-a-days to be encouraged to learn the violin, but rather the contrary. Nay, sometimes, I am haunted by the fear that all "girls of the period" of the next generation will scrape unmercifully on their fiddles, with much complacency, perhaps, but with little time or tune. There will be no one left who does *not* play the fiddle, and with our modern system of mental *cramming*, patience and leisure will alike be wanting for necessary practising; consequently, but few will play well, and, alas, the pianoforte, the harp, the organ, the guitar, the zither, and many other beautiful instruments will be altogether laid aside, or left to the sterner sex.

The best axiom, therefore, for our present times seems to me: *Let no one learn the violin who has not a distinct and earnest vocation thereunto; and let whoever is determined to learn, learn well and thoroughly.*

Or, as Mr. Haweis wisely says: "Do not take up the violin unless you mean to work hard at it; any other instrument may be more safely trifled with."\*

To those who work, and want to work, I would venture to give a few practical hints.

Use every endeavour to learn from a really good master at the very outset, and to have as many lessons from him as possible. Later on it will be easier to you to practise alone. At first, by working alone (however carefully, even with the help of books written for students), many bad habits are engendered that are afterwards hard to cure: the violin is held wrongly, or is imperfectly tuned; the bow is not drawn straight, nor is the whole length of the bow used; the wrist of the left hand is allowed to support the instrument for the comfort of the player.

When you have advanced sufficiently to play fluently you can get on tolerably alone, though by no means so quickly as under the guidance of a master. But, having a naturally correct ear, you can make progress, using a metronome, a practical school of violin-playing, and, occasionally, a looking-glass.

Remember that each hand has its special work to do; each, different, yet very necessary to supplement the work of the other. Your right hand represents *tone*, your left hand *tune*. Your right hand gives expression, your left hand correctness. Most people think that the left hand does all the work—that bowing consists of sawing the bow up and down across the strings. Yet the right hand has perhaps the harder task of the two, as its duties are manifold, pure intonation and careful fingering, though important, being the sole occupations of the left.

It is *very* difficult to bow well; to hold the bow aright, lightly, and in what seems a constrained attitude; to keep the thumb steady, and the four fingers straight (not curved outwards), the tips resting firmly on the bow. It is very difficult in slow passages to bring out a full and mellow tone, to give fine expression, to draw the bow to its utmost limit (for there must be no tell-tale greyish mark on the horsehair near the nut to prove that the whole length has not been in constant use), also, to learn the different short, quick styles of bowing, *staccato*, *saltando*, etc., to mark a *crescendo* or *diminuendo* by more or less pressure, to prevent the bow from squeaking or slipping on the strings, or from giving a little grunt of disapprobation whenever you come to the end of an up or down bow, and proceed to draw it in the opposite direction. All these difficulties and technicalities can scarcely be overcome without the help and counsel of a master, whose patience and endurance must equal the docility of the pupil. But these are the difficulties of all beginners—nay, of all students, and many a moderately good

artist has by no means altogether conquered them.

It is absolutely necessary to stand well in a steady, upright, yet graceful attitude. Many girls, whose movements are natural and positively pretty before playing, undergo an extraordinary transformation the moment they take a violin in hand; they contort their features, turn their heads overmuch round, place their elbows and wrists at fearful angles, and look as though they were enduring frightful torture. Believe me, if from time to time you attempt a few bars before the looking-glass it will by no means feed your vanity, but rather prove a wholesome lesson of humility.

It is very ugly to see a girl place a pad like a large pincushion on her left shoulder before playing, or to see her use a piece of wood like a patch of black sticking plaister on the violin itself. All that is required to prevent the violin from slipping from under the chin (thus causing premature double chins and all manner of wry faces) is, to raise the shoulder very slightly, keeping the elbow well forward and a little turned inwards. Hold the violin high, that is to say, *quite* horizontally, and you will soon forget that it was ever disposed to slip away. Habit will become second nature; even in changing the positions the attitude that at first was so trying will grow perfectly easy; you must, however, remember that in the lower positions the wrist must never be allowed to touch the violin, but your hand must slide comfortably up and down, the neck of the violin merely resting between the thumb and first finger.

In all this, I fear, my hints are chiefly negative. It is easier to point out probable faults than to give instruction on violin-playing merely by writing. As I said before, the practical teaching of a master is absolutely necessary to all beginners.

I will, however, now suppose that you have mastered the first difficulties, that you have had a certain number of lessons, and have profited by them sufficiently to play little pieces and moderately difficult exercises fairly well. I will suppose that you are in the country, unable for some time to come to obtain any further instruction, yet anxious to "get on."

I should recommend you, above all, to practise regularly—that is, every day at stated times, one, two, three hours, as the case may be. Practise regularly, even though you are disinclined; unless you are *really* ill, a little weariness or fatigue soon goes off, and after playing for ten minutes you will probably feel fresher than before you began. Play good music, but do not disgust yourself with well-known beautiful things by playing them badly. Preserve them rather for by-and-by; pull them out of the drawer every few months, and play them through once or twice; then you will see how much progress you have made.

It is a good thing when you are working alone to vary your form of practice on alternate days. Let one day be devoted to difficult exercises, and to studying hard whatever pieces are to be studied. The following day, go through only a certain number of finger exercises, and then read at sight some easy sonatas, with, or without pianoforte accompaniment, according to your opportunities.

In practising pieces that you have learned, but cannot quite conquer, do not play them all through, or you will tire of them quickly, but pick out the difficult passages, and leave the easy ones to take care of themselves.

Invent small exercises and new combinations for yourself; try to add thirds and sixths to notes in different positions, thus accustoming yourself to play chords; learn by heart as much as possible, for two reasons, viz., that you should not always have the

trouble of preparing a music-stand, candles, &c., also because you will never play any piece really well that you do not know by heart, even though you play it from the book before your friends.

Whenever you are studying any new music, play it through once or twice with a metronome. Even though no metronome time be marked, the indications of *allegro*, *andante*, or *adagio*, will give you an idea of how to adjust the pendulum.

It seems to me more difficult to play in time on the violin than on the piano, because there is no bass for a foundation. The bass in pianoforte music is almost to the eye what a metronome is to the ear, and is a natural guide. In violin music you have but one slave; you cannot see what is going on below, and cannot, therefore, grasp the true nature of the composition.

A correct appreciation of *time* is very requisite. We often hear of amateurs who play charmingly, with wonderful genius and expression, but without any sense of time. That is very dreadful. Never allow your love of sentiment to put more *rallentando* passages into the music than are absolutely marked by the composer or dictated by your master.

It is a good thing to play often with pianoforte accompaniment, so as to learn the piece as a whole, to grow accustomed to the sound of the piano, and also to learn to play in time. But if you have no accompanist, play the violin part once or twice from the book in which both violin and piano parts are written. Or, if you are a sufficiently good theoretical musician, look at it well and study it, and hear the whole composition, as it were, in your mind. But the best plan of all is to play the accompaniment yourself on the piano, for, indeed, every violinist should be somewhat of a pianist also. In most *conservatoires* a slight knowledge of the piano is obligatory. The pianoforte is, in our drawing-rooms, the nearest approach to an orchestra; on this instrument alone can you get any orchestral or complete effects; and, as a musician, if you do not study it at least a little, you will debar yourself from much musical knowledge and advantage.

In playing before an audience, however limited, however friendly, you will probably be nervous, more or less nervous according to your nature. Some people unfortunately never quite get over nervousness; but it is best to do our utmost from the very first to struggle against it. Do not begin to play without careful consideration; see that your bow has a sufficient amount of rosin; tune your violin steadily; try to avoid being flurried. Practise the art of beginning well, not with a scrape nor out of time, so that the accompanist must needs begin again.

Wash your hands always before playing (as, indeed, before practising), and keep your violin nice and clean, carefully wiped before putting it away within its case under a silk handkerchief and flannel coat, the strings always in good order.

If you know that you are to play to an audience, try the strings a little beforehand. If you put on a new E string, play on it for an hour or two in your own room before using it in public. Play enough beforehand to be in good practice and to feel your fingers comfortably supple. Avoid if possible practising at the very last the piece you have to perform. Chopin, who usually performed his own pianoforte compositions, used immediately before his concerts to practise Bach's fugues.

As you progress in your art, you cannot fail to grow more and more devoted to it; violinists are, as a rule, as enthusiastic and "shoppy" in their talk as the keenest sportsmen, racing or hunting men, golfers, &c. To play or even to practise will be your greatest

\* See "Music and Morals," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis.



delight; you will lament the very shortest separation from your dear violin.

Do you remember the old rhyme?—

“Jacky, come give me thy fiddle,  
If ever thou hope to thrive.”

“Nay, I'll not give my fiddle  
To any man alive.”

“Were I to give my fiddle,  
The folks would think me mad;  
For many a joyful day  
My fiddle and I have had.”

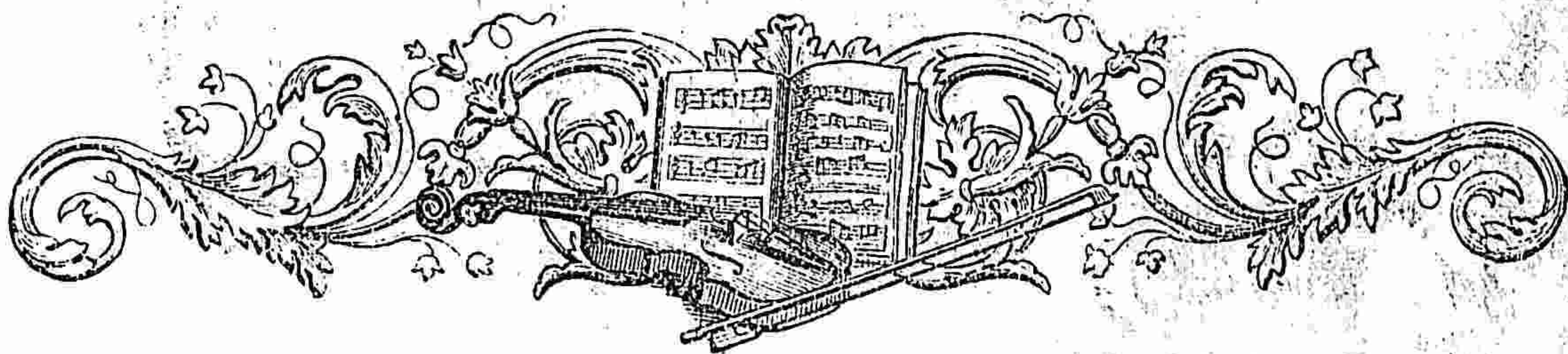
If possible, go often to good concerts, and hear good music, which, like good pictures, and indeed all good art, is thoroughly inspiring. We may be depressed by hearing a moderate player, but we become ardently anxious to work as we listen to something really great and fine. Such a performance incites our best efforts at imitation; we feel that it is worth while to work. You will learn a great deal by going to the Saturday or Monday popular concerts, by hearing and seeing Madame Norman-Néruda, the queen, and Herr Joachim, the king of violinists; or Signor Piatti, to whom his mighty violin of larger growth is a true slave of the ring, a potentate that conquers us but obeys him.

You will learn more of bowing, phrasing, more of attitude, more of style, tone, or tune, than can be taught by a mountain of books or essays. You will learn in fact, if not how to play the violin, at least how the violin should be played.

I have said nothing about books, *violin-methods*, or *schools*, as they are called. Any master you learn from will probably prefer one or another. To me, the elementary or first part of De Bériot's violin-school seems the best and easiest for beginners. Berthold Tours' Violin Primer (Novello) is also useful for beginners, and very cheap. At the commencement of De Bériot's and many other schools you will find drawings of mild young gentlemen, in different attitudes, that will show you clearly how both the violin and the bow should be held. As you progress you will probably learn to play the exercises of Kayser, Dont, Kreutzer, Dancla, Léonard, Ries, and others. As for drawing-room pieces there are a great many, more or less pretty. You must choose these for yourself. Messrs. Stanley Lucas, New Bond-street, can provide you with as many as you wish, especially those published in cheap German editions. As you gain mastery over your instrument you will love more and more the

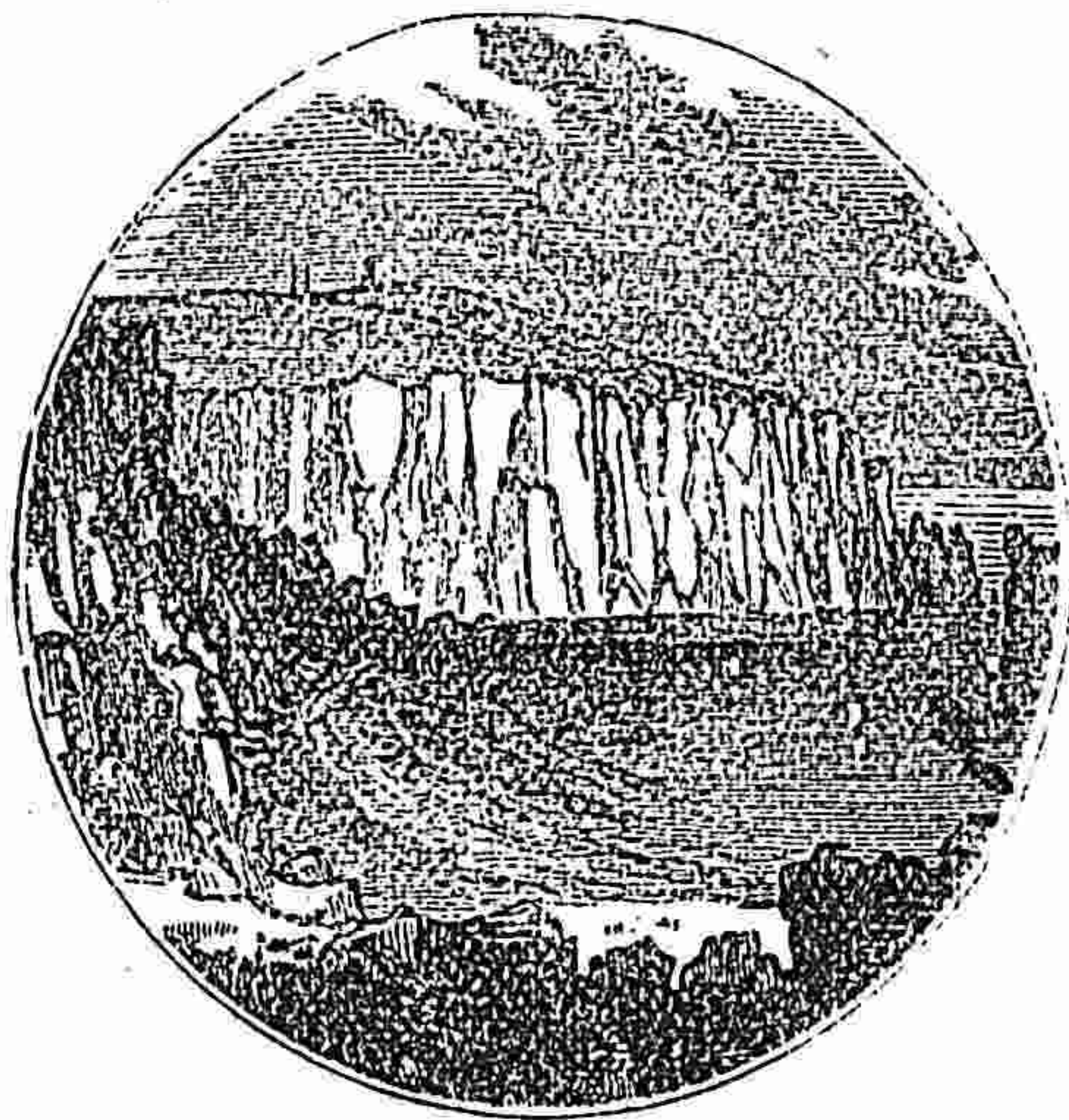
Mozart and Beethoven sonatas, the old music reprinted in the “Hohe Schule”; by-and-by, trios, and quartets.

I wish that in this short paper I had not been so pressed for space; I wish that I might have written something of the history of the violin. It is an interesting history through these last three centuries, during which time the instrument itself has been scarcely altered in any way. “What a little thing to make so much noise!” says the ignorant observer. “What a little thing to have so stirred the hearts of men!” responds the philosopher. And, as we hold the treasure in our hands, reverently and affectionately contemplating the delicate work of Stradivarius, Guarnierius, or Amati, we wonder through whose hands before ours our fiddle has passed, whose magic touch, long since silent and dead, evoked sweet melodies resonant from the brown wood that still shines with its fair coating of varnish almost as of yore. We seem to hear divine and strange harmonies; we can almost see the shades of Corelli, Tartini, Haydn, Spohr, or Paganini, beckoning us to follow their example, leading us on in the path of music, and teaching us, in truth, by those traditions that are our tangible heirlooms, how to play the violin.



## WILD KATHLEEN.

### CHAPTER V. PLENTY OF SALT.



“DEAR me! If it is not those very same three madcap girls again!”

That stentorian shout was followed by three little frightened squeaks, then a flop. The luncheon basket was gone.

“It's not my fault this time,” Kathleen found presence of mind calmly to remark in a few moments. Then she started shorewards, but carefully keeping her feet tucked beneath her all the while.

Her eyes met those of the artist who had rescued them that evening on the mountain, as she had expected, and she called to him gravely.

“The top of the morning to your honour. If I may make so bold I'll say it's not yourself that has kissed the Blarney Stone.”

“No indeed, young lady, and never mean, I hope,” was the cool, half laughing answer back. “At the same time I

don't mind confessing, if you like, that I ought to have said, ‘madcap girl,’ speaking in the singular instead of the plural. But do you mind letting me know what is meantime drowning in that basket I saw you drop into the sea?”

“Our luncheon is drowning—lamb sandwiches and jam tarts—and I am so hungry!”

“Umph! You look a sad spectacle of starving humanity, I must say. But as I feel rather guilty in the matter, I will do my best to remedy the disaster, although I fear the jam tarts will have gained more flavour than is desirable by the time they are rescued.”

The tide had fallen considerably since the three girls mounted to their elevated thrones, and, by means of the stepping stones they had used and others now visible, he contrived to gain a position from which with his umbrella he hooked up that unlucky basket, and restored it to Dorothy's hands.

“You are looking much stronger, I am glad to see, than when I saw you last,” he said in gentle tones, very different from those he used in addressing Miss Crofton, although the latter looked at least three years, instead of only six months, older than her friend, a girl the artist imagined to be about fourteen years of age, certainly not more, and possibly less.

As he looked at her the colour deepened in her cheeks, and she began hurriedly, but almost in a whisper from nervousness, to give him thanks for his kindness to her at their first meeting.

He quickly checked her. “Pray say no more about that, I beg you. I was only too fortunate to be of use, and I

wish I had met you all early enough to save you so much discomfort. However,” he added, “I am going to win some recompense from you all now, if you will let me.”

“What is't to be, your honour, if you please,” called Kathleen, quickly. “Don't you be giving rash promises, Dolly, me dear, about you know not what. You remember I told you only this morning, as we were coming along, that I'd ‘met wi' Napper Tandy, and he tould me they were hangin' men and women there for the wearin' o' the green.”

There was a mischievous smile in her eyes, as she added—“I begin to have my fears that yon is one o' the miscreants, or any way he's dangerous, belike. So if you please, your honour, you'll tell me your pleasure with us, and it's from meself that ye'll get your answer.”

“Then my first pleasure is that you sing me the ‘Wearin' o' the Green,’ as you evidently know it, and I have long wished to hear it.”

“That is your *first* pleasure, is it?” was the answer, in a tone of grave reflection. “Well, go back to your own place on the sands, and I will think.”

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A WORDLESS SONG IN THE SUNLIGHT.

THE artist had scarcely regained firm footing when a low, soft sound of wailing fell upon his ears. He turned. Dorothy and Angela were bending forward with clasped hands and earnest countenances. But his interest was soon wholly seized by the central figure of the group of girls, in spite of his own will.





low wail, with a bitter sadness in its sweetness, that her hushed and awed listeners found pathetic beyond description.

The artist forgot that he was looking, forgot that he was listening, forgot that he was in presence

of a reality. He felt as though he had been caught away into some one of those glorious dream-regions that at times, few and far between, had spread themselves out before him in a vision when his genius was at its brightest.

On and on flowed those wailing tones, now tender and beseeching, or mournful and despairing; then slowly rising and swelling into a great rich volume of sound, wild and weird, that thrilled the listeners almost to pain, and vibrated through their brains like the notes of a powerful organ. It seemed impossible to believe that no words were being spoken—that their hearts were being so deeply affected by a poem told without written language, formed only of inarticulate sound.

The young artist, overpowered by an emotion he neither could nor cared to conquer, bowed his head into his hands. He stood thus a few moments—long

enough to be noted with a keen, mischievous glance of triumph out of a pair of deep blue eyes, and then—

“Och! bother take it intirely. If mine cap has not gone ontill the bhack of the lhittle crab!”

The gentleman almost screamed as he dropped his hands and raised his head. Could it be possible that that uncouth mimicry had actually proceeded from the same mouth that scarcely a moment since had uttered tones almost unearthly in their sweetness and exquisite melody? He might well be puzzled. But he was not the first person who had been puzzled by the divers powers of that mouth.

While the man felt angrily indignant at the startling interruption of his poetical dreams Dorothy's highly-strung nerves took revenge in a different way, and with a gasping sob she burst into tears. In a moment Kathleen had sprung up. She caught a glimpse of her bare feet, looked across to the shore, met the eyes of the stranger as they travelled upwards from her feet to her face, and flushing rosily she tumbled herself down again in a heap on the boulder, and cried out saucily—

“We wish you good morning, sir. You can continue your journey; the entertainment is over for to-day.”

#### CHAPTER VII.

DUCKS AND DRAKES, AND A BURIED TART.

“WHAT a rough sort of way to send him off, Kathy,” remonstrated Dorothy, drying her tears, and looking after the retreating figure of the stranger, who, being a gentleman in heart and feeling as well as by name, had accepted his dismissal as promptly as it was given.

Kathleen, too, was gazing after him, and she now said rather absently, “I am glad he did not disappoint my expectations by lingering.”

The next moment she threw off her thoughtful air, and, turning to Dorothy Gilbank, said,—

“My dearest Dolly, I was afraid you would get the cramp sitting any longer doubled up in that fashion without your shoes and stockings; and although of course I should not have minded putting

He had seen Kathleen Crofton frightened, angry, defiant, anxious, almost boyishly bold and independent; now he saw her under a new and wholly unexpected aspect, and his whole artist soul was filled with wonder and extorted admiration.

She had risen into a half-kneeling attitude on the rugged clump of green-grey rock, and had turned sideways towards the shore. Her little blue serge cap was crumpled up between her hands, and the sunlight falling over her made the wavy masses of her hair shimmer and shine as she swayed slowly backwards and forwards, as though she were enveloped in a wonderful golden glory.

There was a strange, rapt look on her lifted face, as though she saw through the blue haze of distance mysteries hidden from other eyes. And from between the parted crimson lips of her beautiful mouth came that soft, long-drawn-out,



on my shoes and stockings before that individual, I thought perhaps you might have objections to doing so."

"And so would you, ma'am," laughed Angela. "If not, why did you drop down in such a fine hurry when you remembered, just now, that you hadn't got them on?"

"Thought it looked graceful," was the cool answer. "But come along. Let's get back to the beach while we can. This neighbourhood is evidently not as desirable a dressing-room as I had hoped. Besides, I have for some time past been fascinated by that rocky point yonder, and I must see what view it hides from us on the other side."

"The very thing I also have been wishing immensely," exclaimed Dolly.

"Then, my dear, why did you not say so?"

"Because you seemed to be so in love—"

"So in what?" suddenly interrupted Miss Crofton.

"So in love with playing mermaid," continued Dorothy, quietly, but with her brown eyes very round with surprise at the unexpected interruption.

"O-oh, ye-es," slowly; then with a short laugh, "but I'm out of love with it now. Come along."

With that injunction to her companions, she sprang from her slippery perch on to an equally slippery stepping-stone with as much ease as though she were jumping from a spring-board on to a sanded floor, and had her feet once more clad in their obnoxious coverings before her more timid and less agile friends had even reached the shore. Very soon, however, they were all once more shod, and were running races towards that jutting-out portion of the cliff which had excited their curiosity.

Angela was the first to round the point. Kathleen had lingered to give Dorothy instruction in throwing stones so as to make them skim and bound on the water. But the lessons were quite wasted on poor Dolly. Making "ducks and drakes" was an art quite beyond her powers. Kathleen threw beauties. Three, four, and even five rebounds rewarded her skill.

"You really ought to have been a boy instead of a girl, Kathy," said Dorothy, half laughing, half surprised, at her friend's interest in her present amusement. "You really ought."

"Faix thin, isn't it meself that's always wishing I was that same!"

"And why? So that you might spend your days in throwing stones and whistling?" asked Angela.

"Ay, me darlint, an' it's you that have been the clever one to hit the right nail on the head. But come along. What did you find the other side of the corner? Biddy Malone's pig, or what?"

"Well, something like a pig in a poke, I believe you will say, when you see," was the answer that still further aroused her companions' curiosity. But as they could coax nothing more definite out of her, they did the next best thing

by hurrying on to make discoveries for themselves.

"What a horrid shame!" cried Kathleen, as, pulling Dolly with her, she bounded round the point in eager anticipation of some hitherto unseen and romantic view.

There was no view at all!

There was a lofty cave, and that was all, the opposite side of which stood forward nearly into the water, even now at low tide.

"Never mind," said Dorothy, quickly recovering from the first shock of disappointment. "Let us go on, and see what the next turn will show us."

The next turn was as unsatisfying as the first, indeed more so, for the curve inwards was far shallower, and opened upwards almost perpendicularly to the top of the rocks. They went on, and



"WHAT WILL INTEREST HER MOST?"

then they could go no further, for they had advanced to within a few yards of a bold, rocky headland that was already washed by breakers. Meantime this third curve was beautiful enough in itself to make amends for their disappointments. It was a perfect seaside bower, with a floor of firm white sand, and curving walls and roof that shone as if they had been inlaid with silver. A literal treasure trove of shells lay like a *parqueterie* border round the sides, and soon all three girls were engaged in an eager collection of beauties or curiosities. Lunch followed.

"And it is not at all a bad lunch, either," exclaimed Kathleen, at the same time surreptitiously burying in the sand the greater part of a jam tart which she had insisted upon having, in spite of its uninviting appearance and Dolly's remonstrances, but of which she found the first mouthful a good deal more than enough.

Having disposed of the undesirable

dainty, she repeated her remark, further adding, "that she did not mind accepting another egg and salted sandwich, if Dorothy had it to bestow."

"What! After the tartlet?" asked Angela, "I thought you said that was to be 'a topper.'"

"And I just did then. But I find it a topper and a half, me dear. And so—and so—well now I'll condescend to a downer to take the taste out!"

"And that," said Dorothy, handing her friend the desired eatables, and then shaking out her basket, "that finishes up our—"

"Victuals," interrupted Kathleen. "I know that's an English word, for I learned it of an Englishman on board the steamer the other day, coming over. He said he never had much of a turn for no victuals aboard a boat. There! have I not remembered that well?"

"Perfectly. I wonder whether you have such a memory for pretty things as you have for ugly ones."

"I am afraid not, Dolly ashore. Pretty things never seem to my mind to have any edges for one's memory to catch hold of. They are all polish and smoothness, and my brain slips off them like water off a duck's back. And, talking of water, do you see that it has actually begun to rain again. I did think we were going to have one fine day. Well, well, we must be trudging homewards, or we shall have you laid up with a cold, Molly, my darling."

"Oh, no, this little light rain won't hurt me," answered Dorothy, unfortunately. "I am quite strong again now, and I do want to try to find another shell like that greenish one of Angie's."

"Besides," said Angela, "the rain has only just begun, and it looks much more like a passing shower than anything else. If we go on amusing ourselves here a while longer, we shall most likely have our walk home in sunshine again."

Kathleen looked doubtful. She looked at the clouds and she looked at Dorothy and her sister. But they both wished to linger. Kathleen was not yet seventeen, and pleasure is pleasanter than prudence. They remained in the cave.

(To be continued.)

## THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

ON sitting down to write a letter the first thing you should do is to ask yourself—"How shall I best please the individual to whom I write? What will interest her most? How may I relieve her of any feeling of anxiety?" Put these questions to yourself, and use your common sense; and be sure your letter will gratify the receiver. The writing of one with such an end in view occupies time well-spent; and you will have carried out faithfully the second grand principle—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

First of all, you should never lay aside your dictionary till your spelling difficulties are all mastered. Our language is very arbitrary, and there is no absolute rule as regards the



dropping or retention of the middle "e" of words that end with "able," and those also that end with "ment"; and in the doubling of "t's," "r's," "l's," and "p's." If you have a letter to write, no matter to whom, look out every word rather than spell incorrectly; the trouble taken will impress it on your memory.

As regards the writing itself, remember that it is a vulgar, ill-bred thing to do to form your letters incorrectly; it is not only an evidence of bad taste and awkwardness, but it is an act of discourtesy to the person addressed. It seems as though you thought that any scrawl would be sufficiently good, and you put your friend to inconvenience when giving the trouble of deciphering your unsightly hieroglyphics. It cannot be polite to give needless trouble; and thus, in sending an ill-written and ill-spelt letter, you have broken that great "law of kindness," which is the very foundation of all "good breeding." Do not let a silly feeling of vanity induce you to make "pot hooks and hangers" after your own eccentric fancy, nor elaborate flourishes, which only occupy needless space and spoil the style of your writing. When you can copy the copper-plate pattern given in your copy-books with perfect facility, then take some good running hand that you admire, and imitate what you please in that, to modify a little the copy-book style which you have acquired.

Having accomplished the difficulties of spelling and of caligraphy, you should practise the writing of ordinary notes, such as those of invitation or acceptance of evening entertainments. Turn the sentences and say the same thing in every possible variety of way; but take care to complete your sentences, leave nothing elliptical nor equivocal. Avoid all abbreviations, such as "I'm," "yr," "wd," and so forth, it is a kind of impertinent familiarity; a free-and-easy style that is by no means ladylike, nor even respectful.

You may very naturally ask why I pronounce abbreviations to be vulgar. I may explain the reason by comparing the off-hand style of representing a word of half-a-dozen letters by two, to the recognition of an acquaintance by a short nod of the head, instead of a polite bow. Suppose yourself ushered into a drawing-room, and instead of a graceful inclination, imagine yourself giving a short nod to the assembled guests, in return to their courteous salutations. How unseemly it would be, I scarcely need to say, and the same rule that forbids the one breach of politeness, forbids the others. Why? Because it is an impertinent familiarity which, uninvited, you force upon other. To be guilty of this, is to lower yourself, and detract from that respectful regard which you might all win; more than this—it is offensive to others.

But there are few rules that admit of no exceptions, and while abbreviations are ill-bred in a private letter, they are quite admissible in trade correspondence. "Time is money," and neither familiarity, nor discourtesy is understood by short signs and diminished words, written at the utmost speed; in these days when steam carriages cannot convey our business messages sufficiently fast, and telegraphs and telephones are brought into requisition.

Avoid slang expressions in writing as much as in speaking. Try to write sound grammatical English, if you cannot attain to a still higher and more elegant style. There is an evidence of a want of self-respect in writing or speaking in a careless, slip-slop, anyhow manner. Do not end your sentences with little pronouns, nor ever confound the imperfect tense with the past participle, and make no mistakes about the subjunctive mood.

I am not going to give you a lesson in

grammar; you have one at home, and need only to study it with attention, to understand the allusions to it which I have made, and to know as much about it as I can tell you.

Having mastered the first three difficulties in the way of letter-writing—difficulties which you are disposed to weigh far too lightly—the subject matter of your letter, and the mode of address is next to be considered.

Punctuation is little understood by ordinary letter-writers, and it occasions much difficulty to the reader. Besides, the meaning of a sentence may be completely altered, or, at least, mystified, by placing a stop in the wrong place. Always place commas before and after a parenthesis, and never forget your full stops. If the "i" needed not a dot, and the "t" a cross, you would not have been taught to add them. In any case, your business is to make your writing as legible as possible, so as to save all trouble to the reader.

And now I will suppose that, prepared at all points so far, you are waiting, pen in hand, to commence an epistle. Collect your thoughts for a moment. If not a little note, the date must be written at the top of the page, and your present address in full, which latter must never be omitted in any letter, as former letters may be mislaid and the address forgotten, and so the omission on your part may give trouble and delay an answer. Should a journey or sickness be in question, you should give the hour, as well as the day—for good news at a certain time of the day might give hope of permanent recovery, and show some crisis to be past; and if you have just arrived from a journey, those you have left behind will like to know all such little particulars. Remember that nothing is insignificant to those who care for you, and nothing should be too troublesome for you to do to reward their interest and affection. Do not make your letter like a washerwoman's list, or a grocer's bill by writing the year with a long stroke, and the last two figures only, nor substitute a mere numeral for the name of the current month. This is a very vulgar style—write it in full.

The superscription being now completed, we begin with the first part of your letter. Consider to whom you are writing; if to one of your own immediate family—father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, or grand-parents, never omit the word "my," whether it be followed only with "dear" or any term of a more demonstrative character; it is due to the near tie of blood, and it would be in extremely bad taste to omit it. Consider, if you have just left home, what news will be most welcome, *i.e.*, that of your safe arrival, a little account of the journey, of your reception, of how your hosts are, and whom you have met, how you are lodged, and what plans, if any, have been formed for your business-arrangements or for your entertainment. Let your writing be clear, let the size of your hand be suited to the reader for whom it is designed. If an old person (as for a child), it should be larger than for anyone else; otherwise let it rather be small and round, than large and scrawled. I have seen many hands that would cover the whole length of a line with two words, they should be very significant and contain very good news indeed to be worth so much valuable space! It is so disappointing to those who care for the news you could send, to see an empty sheet of paper; which, had the writer been more thoughtfully kind, and willing to take a little trouble to please, might have given so much satisfaction to a whole family party.

The second part of your letter should be devoted to inquiries and expressions of interest about those you have left behind. Were any of them ailing in health? Were any other-

wise in anxiety or distress? Had any one of them engaged in any work or enterprise? Is there anything which you might do for them in your absence? Make your inquiries, express your sympathy, offer your services, or give your advice, if seemly so to do. Let them see that you are not wholly absorbed with your own amusements and personal interests, that you do not send them any sort of an epistle, just because you had to write, and evidently grudged the miserable pittance of news, and of time you squeezed out of your ample leisure to write. Alas! how often has a letter of this sorry description given a pang, untold to any sympathizing ear, to one who perhaps provided the means of every pleasure which the thankless writer enjoyed!

Lastly, tell, so far as you may be able, when you hope to write next, where the answer is to be addressed, and give any messages that your hosts may wish to convey through you. Remember to send loves and kind remembrances to each and all, but do not "lump" either of your parents in the "all" to whom you may send them. They should always have a distinct and separate recognition, and, as a rule, personal mention is always more appreciated by every one, because more kind, than that made in mere general and collective terms. In signing your name, or pet name, if writing to any of the near relatives before enumerated, be careful never to omit the mention of your own relationship to the person you address; *i.e.*, "Your affectionate daughter—sister—niece." Never sign yourself "Yours affectionately," for this would be unseemly and a making light, as it were, of your ties of near and dear relationship to them. You will observe how, throughout the whole of the rules which I have prescribed for you, that every one of them, and the whole composition of the letter suggested, is based on that golden "law of kindness" which I told you was the very foundation of all good breeding.

And now, suppose that, instead of writing the first letter yourself, you have one to answer. Observe whether any questions have been asked, and begin by answering them all, at once. Never forget to do so. There is also another fault into which some letter-writers fall—instead of giving any news, they merely recapitulate the scraps of information received in the letter they are answering.

For example, they say, "It must be very pleasant to you to have your aunt with you; and what a surprise such and such an event must have been! No doubt you feel glad that so-and-so," &c., "and your plan of doing so-and-so will doubtless prove a good one," and so on, through a most uninteresting and truly aggravating letter, winding up with repetitions, just as it began. Some notice of news received and sympathy expressed, as the case may be, is a very good thing, but not to the exclusion of news.

In directing a letter, if to a visitor in the house of another person, never fail to add the owner's name to the address. Thus:—

Miss B—,  
Care of John K—, Esq.,  
Warrendale,  
&c., &c.

And observe, also, do not abbreviate the words "Care of" to "c/o," for this is altogether in commercial style and very unladylike.

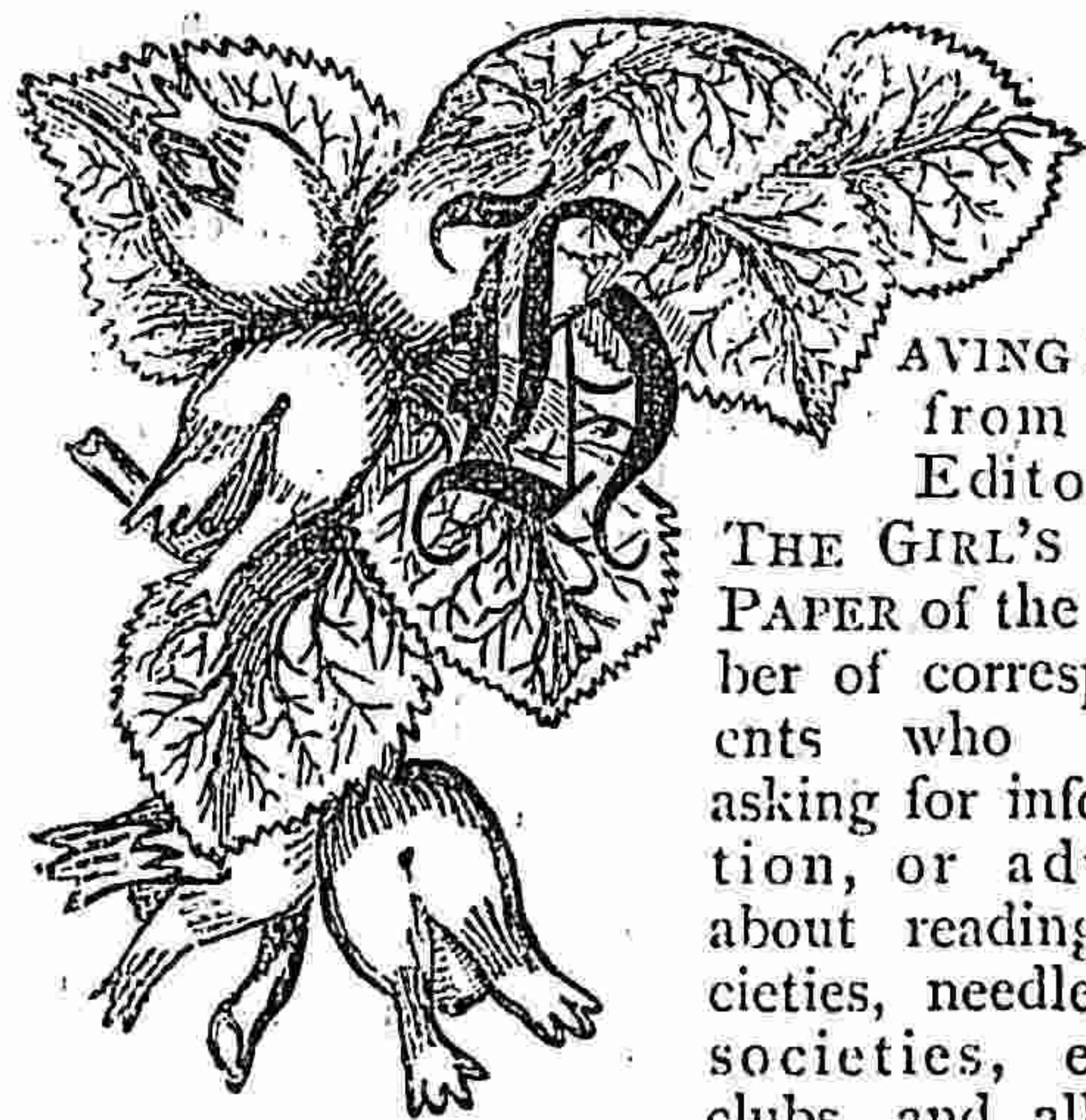
And now I leave my rules and illustrations for the earnest and kindly consideration of my readers, begging them never to fall into the grave error of imagining that anything is but a trifle, and beneath their consideration, for

"Grains of sand the mountains make,  
And atomies infinity."

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.



## GIRLS' OWN SOCIETIES.



HAVING heard from the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of the number of correspondents who write asking for information, or advice, about reading societies, needlework societies, essay clubs, and all the other societies so much in vogue just now, I think it may perhaps be a help to those anxious for information if I give them a little of my own experience of several I have been connected with. It would be quite impossible to answer such numerous inquiries separately, and, of course, the rules of private societies could not be given. They are generally begun on a small scale amongst a circle of friends, and are very easily arranged, the only difficulty being to get them once started.

But for my own experiences. Like most people who are entirely ignorant on any subject, I despised that which I did not understand, and when, soon after the idea became popular, some friends wrote and asked me to join a practising society, I felt that my dignity was insulted, and wrote, I am afraid, a rather hasty letter declining the invitation, on the ground that if girls were not sufficiently fond of music to practise without being compelled from fear of a fine, their performances were never likely to be worth hearing. I must confess that when some weeks after that severe letter I found that my own practising had fallen very much into arrears I had uncomfortable twinges of conscience, and wished I had not been quite so hard on the music of those who only practise under compulsion. But I held my peace, and tried to quiet my uneasy conscience by making good resolutions for the future, which, alas! shared the same fate as many previous ones.

While still bemoaning my own want of determination in carrying out my plans, I had a letter from another friend who had just left school, saying that though she was very anxious to keep up her reading, and intended to read something instructive every day, somehow the days always slipped by without her having read anything worth mentioning; and as she found that many other girls were in the same difficulty, she suggested that we should form ourselves into a society, every member of which should promise to read some really useful book for six hours a week, Sundays excluded; and in order to enforce the rule, there should be a penny fine for every hour missed, the amount of the fines to be given, at the end of the half year, to the member who had missed the fewest hours.

Here was a dilemma; my conscience would not let me again write that girls ought to do their duty without compulsion, as I had so signally failed in doing mine; but I felt it a great come down from all my dignified ideas to consent to pay a fine if I did not read. However, I was very unwilling to offend the friends who had asked me, so I put my pride in my pocket and joined the society. After a little correspondence we elected a secretary, who was to take charge of the fines and be general manager; and we made a few rules, the chief of which were: That there should be an entrance-fee of one shilling; that no reading, for less than twenty minutes at a time, was to be counted; that the books read

should be on science, history, biography, or anything except novels, which could be honestly considered instructive; that at the close of each half year every member was to send to the secretary the amount of the fines incurred, and also a list of the books which had been read. We began directly the rules were finally fixed, and the society has flourished ever since.

Shortly after a friend upbraided me very much for joining one of these foolish societies, and said it would show so much more strength of mind to read or work of one's own free will, and not solely for fear of being fined. Very true; I quite agreed with her in theory, but in practice I have found, from my own experience and other people's, that we are but poor, weak mortals at best, and since we are compelled to acknowledge that painful fact the only thing we can do is to discover how best to supply the deficiency in our own strength of mind; and if we find it a help to give a regular fixed time to a certain work every day, then by all means we had better do it. It is not necessary for every one. Girls who live in very quiet, methodical households probably find time for all their necessary reading, sewing, practising, and other studies; it is those who lead busy, active lives who find this method useful, as affording them a sufficient pretext for sitting quietly at their work, whatever it may be, when, perhaps, otherwise they would have uncomfortable doubts all the time whether they had not better be doing something else.

There are societies in active existence for almost every possible occupation, and each girl who wishes to join one should think for herself what is the useful occupation which she is most tempted to neglect, and should join an established club, or start a new one, for that particular subject.

In reading societies, a useful addition to the rules, though not generally adopted, is to require every member to write a brief account, from memory, of the books which have been read during the half year, and the quality of these little summaries would be considered in the award of the prizes. This rule would at any rate insure attentive reading, and would perhaps prevent the knowledge gained being forgotten as quickly as it often is.

In needlework societies the work is generally limited to plain sewing, and sometimes includes dress-making. Occasionally a judge is elected, to whom the work must be shown, that she may inspect the quality as well as the quantity done. This is one of the societies most highly to be recommended, as, unfortunately, girls in the present day frequently neglect the art of plain needlework, which, however they may despise it, always has been, and always will be, one of the most important branches of every woman's work.

Essay clubs are very popular. The rules generally require that one or two subjects are given out by the secretary each month, on which short essays are to be written, and a fine is incurred in default of writing. Books of any sort may be freely consulted for information, but of course nothing is to be directly copied. The essays are sent in to the secretary on the last day of each month, and are then forwarded all together to each member in turn, who criticises and affixes her signature to the one she considers the best. When they have been all round the secretary counts the signatures on the back, and at the end of the half-year awards the prize to the one who has had the greatest number.

Those who are apt to be unpunctual in the morning sometimes join themselves to an early rising society, in the hope of curing themselves of this bad habit; but I fear the fines for transgressing would have to be very heavy to rouse some people from their beds on a morning when the desire for "just five

minutes more" was very strong. The rules require every one to be up and perfectly dressed by a certain fixed hour every morning, generally allowing however a certain number of "grace" mornings in case of illness.

Besides these, there are societies for walking, singing, reading French and other languages, and for many other things, but as the principle is the same in all, it is unnecessary to describe more. If a girl finds that she has leisure time sufficient for all she would like to do, then there is no object in joining a society; but if there is one who, though she seems always busy, feels that she has nothing satisfactory to show for her time, I should strongly recommend her to look round amongst her friends, and see if there are not any like-minded with herself, who would be glad to devote one hour a day to some definite subject. If she makes a good set of rules there will be no difficulty in getting members, to whom, doubtless, their society will prove a source of pleasure as well as of profit.

DORA HOPE.

## VARIETIES.

THE PRICELESS JEWEL OF PEACE.—Peace on earth is a thing to strive for and pray for, but more important to each one of us is peace in the heart. The Christian is in possession of this great and priceless boon. If the soul looks up to God, it sees Him a gracious Father in Christ Jesus. If it looks around, it is with feelings of goodwill and love to others. If it looks within, it sees chaos being transformed into the cosmos by the Holy Spirit who dwells there; the affections purified, the passions subdued, the desires controlled, submitting to the revealed will of God.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- He lies and dreams,  
But half awake he seems,  
Thinks his life "better than a play,"  
And has no wish to run away.
1. This do we all possess,  
Without it would not be;  
We see it everywhere,  
In high or low degree.
  2. A place to go and sit and hear  
Sounds very pleasing to the ear.
  3. The traveller in the desert land  
Carries it when it does not stand.  
It can be used by night or day,  
Or may be decked with colours gay.
  4. To take me from my hidden veins  
Men spend their money, time, and pains.  
Sometimes in mountains I am found,  
And sometimes deep below the ground.
  5. A state of being which expresses  
The state the subject of these verses  
Attains to, while he idly dreams,  
And only semi-conscious seems.

WHEN charity walks into the dark places of the earth we can see the beautiful purity of her robe the more distinctly.

## GEOGRAPHICAL BURIALS.

1. Too constant, I no pleasure will pursue,  
Lest constant disappointment be my due.
2. First say A, then say B.
3. The bride smiled at the disaster.
4. Don't go to sea with a mesmeriser.
5. How do you spell cat, with C or K?
6. Whenever I emigrate, I will go to N. America.
7. Lydia then said spar takes a fine polish.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON P. 222.

M Y S T I C  
I A G O  
L A W  
T R A P  
O G R - E  
N E C T A R

ANSWER TO BURIED LITERARY WORKS ON P. 222.—1. Hypatia. 2. Iliad. 3. Hamlet.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRESS.

**HONEYSUCKLE and EMMA SMEETON** are both anxious to know what will clean the backs of dresses soiled by wearing the hair over them. Benzine might do some good. But we advise them to keep their hair cleaner, and wear it higher on the head. Such a disgusting state of things would be impossible to a person of cleanly habits.

**ANNIS.**—1. Yes, it is fashionable to wear black round the throat. 2. Short dresses are more worn by girls in the evening than long ones. 3. Use powdered chalk when brushing your teeth in the morning, and Castile soap at night. Perhaps the teeth are loaded with tartar (between each); in that case go to a dentist and have it removed. 4. Eggs are (not "is") considered to be cleansing to the hair and head.

**MOUSETTE.**—Crewel-work is still used for trimming dresses. The Jersey might be embroidered as well as the skirt. A pattern of poppies and ox-eye daisies mixed would be pretty.

**MAGGIE.**—It is far more fashionable to wear your winter dress cut short than with a train looped up.

**CLUMSY.**—1. Brush and beat your velvet dress thoroughly. Search well for the eggs of the moth, and prevent their hatching in May or June. 2. We think that benzine might remove the stains you mention.

**RUBY.**—We think that your fawn-coloured dress would look prettier without the striped silk. If you wish to make up the latter, mix it with a brown velvet, to match it exactly in shade.

**CLARICE M.**—A white cashmere or serge would be the most suitable made as a plain "Princess." You can leave your cloak or shawl on your seat.

**HEBE.**—Should your Albert watch chain have a hook make a silk loop in your dress for it.

**E. C. D.**—If you sent your dress to a good dyer it would probably give you satisfaction. We do not think that "hand-knit black silk gloves" would prove a nice description of article.

**B. A. L. M.**—We advise you to send your seal-skin jacket to a furrier.

**ANDREW FERNLY.**—1. For washing lace see answer to "No. 7." in No. 5. of this paper. 2. Your handwriting is not very good.

**JARY MANE.**—Unless on a very cold day, we should not advise you to wear your black fur cape and cuffs over a white cashmere dress, at a wedding. You might, at least, lay them aside at the breakfast.

**B. E. S.**—1. Not one stop in your letter, and not one capital letter for the beginning of any sentence; still, we shall try to discover your meaning. A Roman or Neapolitan peasant's dress would suit a dark girl. 2. The fishwife's style would suit your plain serge. 3. Consult "Dress of the Month" for fashions of hats. 4. It is not too late for you to compete.

**MAUD.**—We do not give addresses. A directory can be consulted.

**KATE ELIZABETH J.**—Kindly refer to the rules for the night-dress competition given in No. 4. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and read them over. You will perhaps see by them that the competition is for a night-dress, and not for a "dressed doll." Certificates of Merit will only be given to "deserving competitors."

**BUTTERCUP.**—Crewel-work on Bath sheeting, or oatmeal cloth, will clean without injury to the colours, if they be really good crewels.

## ART.

**TOBIE.**—We propose giving an article on the subject of tile-painting. Write to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W., for information respecting the National Art Training School.

**NELL.**—You can compete in any description of examination at South Kensington, science, art, music, needlework, cookery.

**NELLIE.**—We should think that if you took specimens of your painting on screens, fans, velvet, and etchings of doyleys, to some of the London fancy-work shops you might get orders. Your sample shall be returned to you. Try a fancy stationer's. Your handwriting is particularly good, and we wish more of our correspondents wrote equally well.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

**A. M. R.**—Wash the ground-glass globes in warm water and soda.

**CLARISSA LOVE.**—Send the velvet-pile table-cover to a proper cleaner. Salt and water is sometimes efficacious in cleansing carpets, or else ox-gall may answer the purpose. Both of these should be applied with a sponge.

## WORK.

**MABEL.**—1. The border of the satchel is to be worked in blue, of various shades. 2. We could not recommend any especial sewing-machine, as we do not advertise in this way. 3. The address of the Ladies' School of Dressmaking is 42, Somerset Street, Portman-square, W.

**A. F. F. G.**—Cannot your friend instruct you how to draw the satchel for yourself?

**SARIANNE.**—1. The bed satchel may be worked in a frame if you like. 2. Satin-stitch not admissible. **QUEEN PHILIPPA, A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER, and S. E. RODGERS.**—In answer to the entreaties of numberless correspondents, we have consented to allow girls of 19 years of age to compete for "Certificates of Merit." We are also taking into consideration the question of affording to girls under 21 a special competition.

**ZARA A.**—1. Any patterns for Berlin wool-work will answer for working on perforated card-board. They may be obtained at any bazaar or fancy work shop. 2. Consult "My Work Basket" for small articles that can be made for your bazaar.

**FRANCES, FODA, and POLLY** are all desirous to dispose of their needlework. This is a matter of considerable difficulty, and can only be accomplished by personal application at shops, for if through private friends, it becomes a matter of charity. We think that if girls made all their own clothes, and helped to do the needlework of their respective families, they would save the amount of money which they now seek to obtain through the sale of fancy work.

**E. M.**—We regret to be obliged once more to decline giving the addresses of shops. They all advertise for themselves.

**JUDY.**—See "My Work Basket" in No. 7. of this paper for a pretty idea of soft boots, which could be made of any size.

**HYACINTH.**—Crochet the stripes of your antimacassar together, and finish the ends with fringe.



"PLEASE, LADIES, THE EDITOR WISHES TRUSTWORTHY AND KIND ANSWERS TO THESE FEW NOTES IMMEDIATELY. PRINTER'S WAITING."

**GLADYS.**—1. None of the night-dresses made in competition for prizes will be returned to the makers. 2. You may use a pattern. 3. Perhaps you may obtain hand-screens for painting upon at a fancy work shop or bazaar.

**MARY, and REBECCA D.**—There is no objection to your having the calico washed before it is made into the competition night-dress.

**CATHERINE WOOD.**—Can you not procure a pattern and cut one out for yourself? All competitors are required to do this for themselves, in reference to the night gowns and all other specimens of work.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A. L. W.**—We regret that we cannot assist you with advice, as we are totally unacquainted with the powers and capabilities of those whom you wish to aid. Your spelling needs attention.

**C. A. WEBBER.**—The photographs which you have seen mounted in pink wax were probably so done by someone who invented the idea. You had better make inquiries at the place where you saw them.

**E. H.**—1. Your information for writing the essay should not be derived only from your reading of this magazine. 2. Inquire at some bookseller's for a naturalist's calendar. 3. The verse that you quote is, we believe, by Lowell, an American poet.

**MERCURY.**—It is the nature of mercury to spread over, and so whiten, all it touches; and it combines with many metals. You do not mention the substance of which your brooch was made.

**LADY JANE GREY.**—1. "Beau" is French, and should be pronounced as if written Bo. "Chief" as a termination, should be pronounced, we suppose, as in pocket-handkerchief, short. But, names often have an arbitrary pronunciation, for which no rules can be given. Were "chief" written alone, the *e* would be given the most emphasis.

**J. W.**—We cannot do better than give you the result of the inquiries made by "J. M. Weston-s.-M., who says that she made direct application to the Law-copying Office, in Lincoln's Inn, and found that "its advantages were limited to residents in London."

**KATIE BURTON, A. C. H., JOSEPHINE, and J. M., WESTON-s.-M.** have all written to us on the question of Law-copying, or some other employment, by which an addition to their income could

be made. We regret to say that we only offer suggestions—we do not find employment; and do not belong to any society with that end in view. But we may give you the name of one that may be of use to you, namely, the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Remember that training is essential in every branch of work—intellectual or manual.

**VIXEN.**—Some celebrated doctor has said that "neuralgia is the cry of the nerve for nutriment, and good blood," to which we may add, and sufficiency of rest of both mind and body. Consult a doctor. Sometimes a disordered digestion and liver may produce it.

**MARION.**—We cannot undertake to give medical advice. Consult a doctor.

**Y. M. A.**—See article on "Girls' Own Societies" in this number.

**GIPSY.**—Your question respecting prize essays reveals the fact that you have not read the regulations.

**THE MYSTIFIED ONE.**—Should you succeed in passing your examinations well, you would obtain all the information you need from the masters who have examined you, as to the next steps to be taken.

**ANNETTE.**—1. Consult a Dublin directory. 2. Gentle exercise will tend to keep you quite as slight as you ought to be. If well in health, you may venture to indulge in the good looks derived from the plumpness natural to it, and to youth. 3. There is no cure for blushing. Self-forgetfulness may tend towards it. 4. We never heard that smoking discolours a man's skin, but it does the teeth, and ruins the breath.

**FLORIE.**—Of course, you and your sister may both compete for a prize.

**P. T.**—1. Bookbinding is a trade, and demands an apprenticeship. Make inquiries of a bookbinder in your own neighbourhood. 2. Certainly, it is not admissible so to use the objective case. Finish your sentence, and then you will always have your answer. He could not be taller nor shorter "than me am"! You could not conclude such a sentence with "me." 3. You can improve your writing by taking some well-formed, legible, free running-hand, that you admire, and copy it, as a study, every day.

**CATHERINE HENRIETTA.**—Write to the Secretary of the National Training College for Music, Albert Hall, South Kensington, for the information you require.

**MIGNONETTE.**—See answer to "Snowdrop and Crocus," in No. 9, for both your queries.

**RETHYMO.**—We shall have no such clubs as those to which you refer, in connection with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

**ZOE.**—1. There are plenty of stories and other papers in this magazine suitable for Sunday reading. We cannot make any promises respecting additional prize competitions. When new ones are to be offered (if any) there will be due notice given. 2. Of course, laurel and ivy leaves are not suitable food for rabbits.

**HAMILTON.**—1. The prize essay has reference only to English Women, as we said before. 2. The price of the black enamel paint is mentioned in the article.

**CLARA and CORNU.**—Articles on Botany are given every month. Specimens should be pressed between sheets of blotting paper to absorb the moisture.

**K. E. S.**—1. Your handwriting is fairly good for your age. 2. In reply to your inquiries respecting Law-copying, see answers to "J. W." "Katie Burton" and several others.

**MADGE.**—There are manuals in considerable numbers on Harmony; and articles in this magazine appear monthly on the subject of Botany.

**MINNIE.**—1. We cannot aid you to find either a phrenologist or physiologist. We do not advertise. 2. The hoods worn by the clergy depend on their respective Universities and the nature of their degrees. 3. The verses about which you inquire were written, we believe, by Faber. 4. Your writing is fairly good. 5. There are so many small works published on the subject of church decoration, that you have all necessary information within easy reach.

**IRENE CALDER.**—1. See answer to "Spring Flowers," in No. 10. We regret that we cannot give you addresses. If your designs be original and meritorious, you will, no doubt, find a sale for them in some shop. But you must be prepared to try your chance at several. In old Saxon times, according to Dr. Lardner, chequers were painted on benches, on which, by their aid calculations were made; vertical parallel lines, (such as are now used for the money columns) and horizontal ones crossing them to keep the writing and figures in straight lines. The squares left between these made chequers—and this table was called an "Exchequer." 2. In Pompeii the sign of the chequers denoted that draughts and backgammon were played in the public houses where they were seen. There they were painted lozenge-wise in red, white, and yellow. 3. Use the lemon juice and glycerine continually.

**A VILLAGE ORGANIST.**—Next month we hope to publish a paper on "How to Play the Organ," by Dr. Stainer, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.





Vol. I.—No. 16.]

APRIL 17, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA : OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE VISIT.

FRED did not rally from his attack so quickly as they expected. The doctor looked grave, and advised the vicar not to think of leaving Seabright for a couple of days.

"Your son is so prostrated by his attack, it would not be safe for him to travel yet," said that undisputed authority.

"Would Saturday be too soon?"

"Probably not. But after such acute pain he must have a certain amount of rest."

The vicar was sorry he had packed his books in such a hurry. Two whole days without the volumes on which he was at work would be a dire mental deprivation, and he set about fishing those he most required from the depths of a huge packing-case.

This occupation drew his attention from Annis, or he might have noticed how silently she moved about the sick room, how sad and preoccupied she seemed.

Annis had asked her father's consent to call on Miss Keith, telling him the various particulars she knew of the girl.

The vicar was slightly surprised she should have consulted him on the subject; he was well accustomed to his daughter's calling on people of all grades and positions in his own parish. Her district was large, and mixed in its population, and she was ever welcome in the haunts of poverty and misery. So he gave his consent readily, and had forgotten her request almost as soon as it was granted.

The task was neither a pleasant nor a

congenial one to Annis. She grieved for Paul's mad infatuation, and had hard work to crush down the prejudice that was cropping up in her own mind against this "singing girl," as she called her.

When dinner was over—they dined early at Seabright—she asked Paul if it was time for her to get ready.

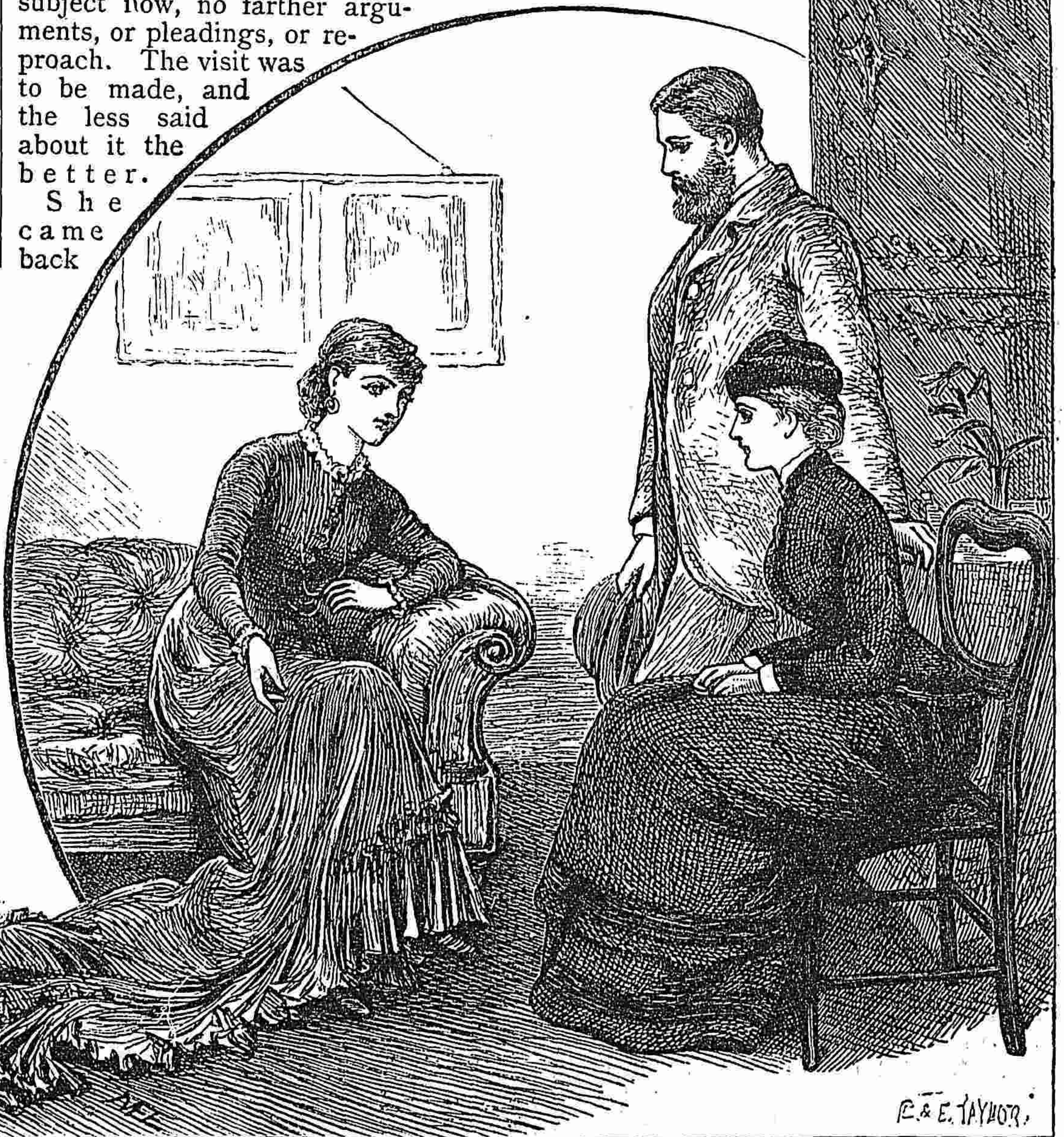
"Perhaps so, Annis." He flushed slightly as he looked at his watch. She rose at once. No discussion on the subject now, no farther arguments, or pleadings, or reproach. The visit was to be made, and the less said about it the better.

She came back

presently in her neat, well-fitting, blue serge dress, and her blue hat to match, looking, as she always did, a nicely-dressed, ladylike girl.

"You will find it rough and cold on the beach, Annis, and we must go that way."

"I don't mind the wind or the cold in the least."



[All rights reserved.]

"ZARA SPOKE RAPIDLY."



But she shivered, notwithstanding, as they turned the corner, and the sea-breeze came full in their faces.

Paul looked down anxiously at her. The close-fitting dress seemed to him as though its folds could not sufficiently keep off the rude gusts from her slender frame, and he would fain have sheltered her from every rough blast had it been in his power.

Annis walked on by his side, with a reserve and silence very unusual to her, who was wont to tell him her very thoughts. Had their visit been to one requiring *pity*, no one could have been more easily moved to compassion than Miss Venn. Had it been a case for sympathy, Annis was of so generous, so sensitive a nature, that she would have held out a sister's hand to Zara.

But with the slight knowledge she possessed of the facts, scorn and vexation seemed the natural outcome of feeling, and so her pretty, fair Saxon face was grave and cold—her bright blue eyes were clouded with a determined pride, that, in anyone less amiable than Annis, might have been called "temper."

Yesterday's storm was still keeping up its revels, as though intending to make a clean sweep of the few remaining visitors at Seabright, and once more to keep the town sacred to its old inhabitants.

All along the shore were heaps of rough brown sea-weed, fragments of broken wood, and other *débris*, flung in during the gale of last night. Paul looked over the scene and sighed.

"How different everything is now from what it was when we last walked here together, Annis!"

"Yes, there is *rather* a contrast." She held her hat firmly, as she stood for a minute looking out on the sullen, tossing, leaden waters.

"Have we much farther to go, Paul?"

"We turn up the next street—'Sprat-street' they call it."

Miss White was in the shop talking to a customer, Mrs. Evans, the pawnbroker's wife, who lived round the corner, and for whose two little girls she was trimming brown hats, with brown ribbon and pink daisies. She had just been telling her these hats were the top of the fashion, worn "that way" in Regent-street, by children of high-rank—when Paul and Annis appeared at the door.

"What can I do for you, Miss?"—she began—when recognising Paul, she knew that they were the expected visitors of whose coming Zara had given her due notice. She smiled graciously, begged Mrs. Evans to excuse her, and prepared to show them up stairs.

"I must ask your pardon, sir, for being a little short and rude to you the other day, but I didn't understand, how could I?" chirped she blithely as she came forward.

Paul bowed gravely, then followed Annis and her up the dark, narrow, uncarpeted stairs.

The milliner's room was unique in its way. Instead of the walls being hung with pictures, they were adorned with various high-coloured fashion-plates; two or three elaborately ornamented

and gaily wreathed bonnets, a few seasons old, were hanging on pegs under glass shades on a side table.

For the rest, the carpet was grey, the chairs were grey covered, and so was the hard little sofa, in a corner near the window. Artificial flowers stood in glass vases on the mantel-piece, a round table in the centre of the room was strewn with fashion books and photographs in gay frames.

Paul thought how a mind like Zara's, clever, romantic, and ambitious, would starve and pine and contract in such a prosaic home. No marvel if its force and vigour went in straggling directions like a plant in the darkness, striving to reach the light.

What Annis thought of the place is not on record. She gave a quick glance round the room, took in its surroundings at once, and then stood looking out of the window, apparently deeply interested in a noisy squabble going on below between two fish women, whose voices, tinged with pure Seabright *patois* rose up clear and shrill in the silence.

Paul went over to her, and said—

"Annis, we have always been good friends, have we not?"

"Of course we have. Why do you ask me now?"

"Because I am putting your friendship to a keen test. Will you be kind to Zara for my sake?"

"I did not come here intending to be unkind."

"Bear with the poor child. Help me to do the best for her."

"Certainly," retorted Annis, icily.

"You know what I mean. Women can help each other so much; but the effort requires love, tenderness."

"I shall not fail, Paul."

"Thank you. The poor child is so young, so—"

Paul did not finish his sentence, for at the moment the "poor child" herself put in an appearance, and came into the room with a flounce and a flutter, the long train of her pale green flimsy dress sweeping far behind her on the grey carpet, the glitter of her large gilt earrings, her brooch, and chain lighting up the place with a faint glory.

She shook hands warmly with Paul Tench, nodded familiarly to Annis, then seated herself on the sofa, and favoured the latter with a long scrutinising glance from her lustrous dark eyes, that shone forth beneath the jetty fringe of her hair.

Paul had introduced them in due form, and stood looking at the two girls in a constrained manner, very unlike his usual self-possessed mien.

The incongruity between Annis and Zara seemed to strike him so forcibly, that at the moment he regretted having brought them together. It was doubtless a wrong step of his.

"They never can be friends—never!" decided he.

Zara took the initiative, and asked Miss Venn how she liked Seabright.

"At first I quite enjoyed being down here."

"And then you grew tired of the place, I suppose? Well, everybody does that. It does not improve on acquaintance, and we seldom have the

same lodgers down here two seasons following."

"How do you account for that?" asked Annis.

"The air disagrees with them, perhaps." Zara laughed merrily, showing a set of brilliant white teeth.

"You like the place, of course, Miss Keith?"

"Pretty well. I hope my turn will come to leave it some day."

"Where should you like to go?" asked Paul, eagerly.

"To London—all the world goes there." Another flash of the pearly teeth.

"Your wish shall be granted, Zara. Miss Venn and I have called to invite you to accompany us to London. Can you be ready to go on Saturday?"

Zara did not reply. She fixed her full, flashing dark eyes, a little more widely opened than usual, on Annis Venn's face, as she said inquiringly—

"What shall I answer? Am I to consider this an invitation?"

"Certainly, Miss Keith. Mr. Tench has only said the words I ought to have spoken. My father and I will do our best to make you comfortable at the Vicarage. Can you be ready to travel with us on Saturday?"

"Thank you! Oh, thank you so much. This is very kind. I have always longed to visit the big city—it has been my constant dream, but you know—"

Zara left her sentence unfinished.

"Is there any obstacle in the way?" inquired Paul, quickly.

"I thought of making my visit pay, sir—of earning a livelihood on the stage or the platform—and the Vicar of Old-acre might not like that."

"Certainly not, nor should I like it, Zara. There are better things in store for you than that sort of life."

"Better things! What can be better or grander than winning the applause of crowds, bringing the house down at your feet, being half deafened by applause—half pelted to death with wreaths of flowers?"

"A questionable kind of pleasure, I should say."

"How, sir? You make a whole lot of people happy for the time being—a magician's wand could do no more than that. There is something in success of any kind that makes life worth living for."

Zara spoke rapidly, in her quick impetuous manner. A hot glow had spread over her soft full cheeks—her lips were parted in a defiant smile. The speech was evidently aimed at the vicar's daughter, but Paul Tench replied.

"Zara, you must get rid of those notions, at once and for ever! It may be rather difficult at first, but you must persevere."

"That is not so easily done, sir."

"Recollect, it requires a first-rate singer to win the favour on which you set so high a store—you may never reach that height, Zara." Paul spoke gravely, but the girl retorted with a laugh, apparently not the least offended, as she said brightly—

"You may never reach the height of being a first-rate doctor, Mr. Tench."



"That is very likely," assented Paul, so meekly, so humbly, that Annis for the first time during her visit, returned Zara's smile.

"Still, sir, that would not hinder you from trying to succeed, and can you blame me if I also aim at success?"

She detected the smile on the lip of the vicar's daughter, and felt just a little of the kind of triumph which brings the "house down at one's feet" as she termed it.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## ADIEU TO SEABRIGHT.

MISS WHITE finished packing the brown hats in paper bags, she made out the bill for Mrs. Evans, and duly locked away the money in her cash box.

This business transaction being concluded, she had a little time to bestow on her visitors upstairs; indeed she was more than a little curious to have another glimpse at Zara's new London friends.

She left the shop in charge of the small servant girl, with a strict injunction to call her if she was wanted, then came bowing and smiling into the room.

Under her supervision, the invitation to Zara and the arrangements connected with it grew into shape and form.

"A great honour indeed you are putting on Zara, Miss Venn, to invite her thus, and to treat her as one of your own rank and station, and I'm sure the vicar is very condescending, but what will the manager of the music hall say?"

"What matter can it make to him?" asked Paul quickly.

"He may not like to lose Zara's services so suddenly. She has been quite a 'draw' to the place this season, I hear, though I haven't time to visit such places myself."

"I will see the manager, we can settle that," returned Paul.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, sir. They do say, he's a man inclined to impose—I hope you won't find him so."

"Not very likely, I think."

"That removes the last obstacle I shall put in the way. Not but what this unexpected invitation drives us quite up in a corner, as it were."

"How do you mean?" asked Annis.

"About getting Zara's clothes ready in such a hurry."

"That sort of thing can be arranged in London," suggested Paul.

"Still, there must be some preparation, sir. But we'll manage, won't we, Zara? A couple of ready-made dresses from Thompson's, a hat or two out of the shop, and, as for the rest, why, we can sit up all night to finish off. I suppose she needn't take with her any of her stage costume?" said Miss White, meditatively.

"Burn all the rubbish," replied Paul, emphatically.

Miss White laughed gaily at his imperiousness. It seemed so droll to hear this London gentleman calling Zara's gay dresses "rubbish."

"No, no, sir, I won't burn the things; but maybe I'll sell them second-hand, and that'll pay for some of the new clothes. There's that little girl, Kitty

Lane, down in the shop knocking for me as if she'd bring the place about her ears. Some customer has come in, I suppose. I shall see you again, Miss Venn, and you, Mr. Tench, as you pass through the shop."

With beaming smiles Miss White made her exit.

"She is a good, kind creature, notwithstanding her queer ways," said Zara, in a tone of apology that Annis thought wholly unnecessary.

She much preferred Miss White's homely, honest, straightforward manner to the extra fine polish Zara assumed, and which seemed to the vicar's daughter to savour of pretence.

That day was a gala occasion to Miss White in the shop. To every neighbour who came in she whispered in confidence the grand news, that Zara Keith was going to London on a long visit with the family of a clergyman.

"He's very high up in the church, and so clever; and the vicar's daughter came here herself and invited her, and wouldn't take 'No' for an answer; so I'm forced to let her go."

Mrs. Evans brought back one of the brown hats to have a longer elastic sewn on, and to her Miss White poured out the whole story.

"What! you mean she's going with the lady and gentleman as passed through the shop when I were here before?"

"The very same, Mrs. Evans."

"Who is the gentleman? Is he the vicar's son?"

"No, but a friend. He's a young doctor, very rich, who lives with them, and it's my opinion he's smitten with Zara. We shall hear more by-and-bye."

"Zara will be fortunate to get such a fine aristocratic sweetheart."

"Won't she, now? We shall soon hear of a wedding, I'm very sure. There's more in that invitation than comes to the surface. Mr. Tench is over head and ears in love with our Zara, and has got his friends to invite her on that account. It may be premature for me to give my opinion—but, there! you know it now, Mrs. Evans," continued Miss White, much elated.

"Well, we shall miss Zara at the music hall. When she goes, half the charm of the place will be gone. Me and my good man often gives ourselves a treat there, for it's nigh and handy; but I shan't care about going so much now."

Paul did not find it so easy as he imagined to settle with the manager of the music hall.

He was a little, fussy, irascible man, stout and vulgar, who smelt strongly of beer and tobacco, and talked loudly. Acting, perhaps, on the principle that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," he was eloquent in his lament at losing such a promising young *artiste* as Zara Meldicott Keith.

"She has broken her engagement," said he, stamping his foot, and speaking fiercely.

"I am willing to offer you, in her name, a just compensation. Recollect, though you valued her services highly, as you say, you did not pay her highly.

Eight shillings a week was not particularly liberal." The man's anger rose to fury.

"Pay me down twelve pound, I say, or I'll drag her through the law courts, and *make* her fulfil her engagement."

"Twelve pounds is more than half a year's salary, but you shall have them. I have neither time nor inclination to argue the point," said Paul, as he wrote out a cheque for the sum.

It was a glorious day when they finally set out on their journey. The air was sweet and fresh with the pleasant sea-breeze, and the deceitful waters of the bay were again tinged with sunshine, and glistened and sparkled in the morning light.

Fred had been helped into the train with difficulty, but was now comfortably stretched out on one of the seats, with his father and Josh opposite him, and with an invalid's changeable mood he was wishing the journey over, and wondered he had ever left his own room at the Vicarage.

Annis, Zara, and Paul were in another compartment of the same carriage, and they began their journey silently enough. Annis and Paul were gazing out of opposite windows, taking last looks of the sands and waters.

Their visit to the seaside had brought changes to them that made Annis's heart very sad as she looked back on the wide stretch of ocean. Somehow things had all gone wrong at Seabright. She and Paul had drifted apart—the old, true, tender, loving confidence between them had all vanished, perhaps for ever!

Little thought she when she left the Vicarage a short time before, she would go back to it so changed, so saddened, and with such a weight of distrust at her heart.

People seldom return to a place to find everything as they left it. Too often is there some hint of hope and happiness gone, some waving of the bright wings of joy, passing away from sight.

Annis mused thus, as the houses and trees of Seabright disappeared from view, and they were steaming over the downs, fragrant with the perfume of wild thyme and heather. Once she glanced at Paul, and saw that he also was gazing out of his window with a face grave as her own.

Then she looked at Zara, who was sitting beside him in all the lustre of a new dress and hat—her eyes full of glad light, her face glowing and bright as a ripe Autumn peach.

Annis roused herself at once—opened her basket and brought out an illustrated newspaper, which she handed to Zara with a smile.

"Perhaps you would like to read a little?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I much prefer watching the passengers. I wonder where they are all going, and what they are thinking about?"

"It would be hard to say."

"I don't suppose any of them can be so happy as I am. Only think! I am really going to London—grand, glorious, beautiful London!"

(To be continued.)



## MY WORK BASKET.

FIG. I.—FINE HOLLAND MAT.

This mat is made of good brown holland rather more than six inches square. Enlarge, and draw the pattern on tracing paper. Then fixing it on the holland, run a sharp-pointed pencil or fine stiletto over each line, and when the tracing paper is removed the pattern will be sufficiently

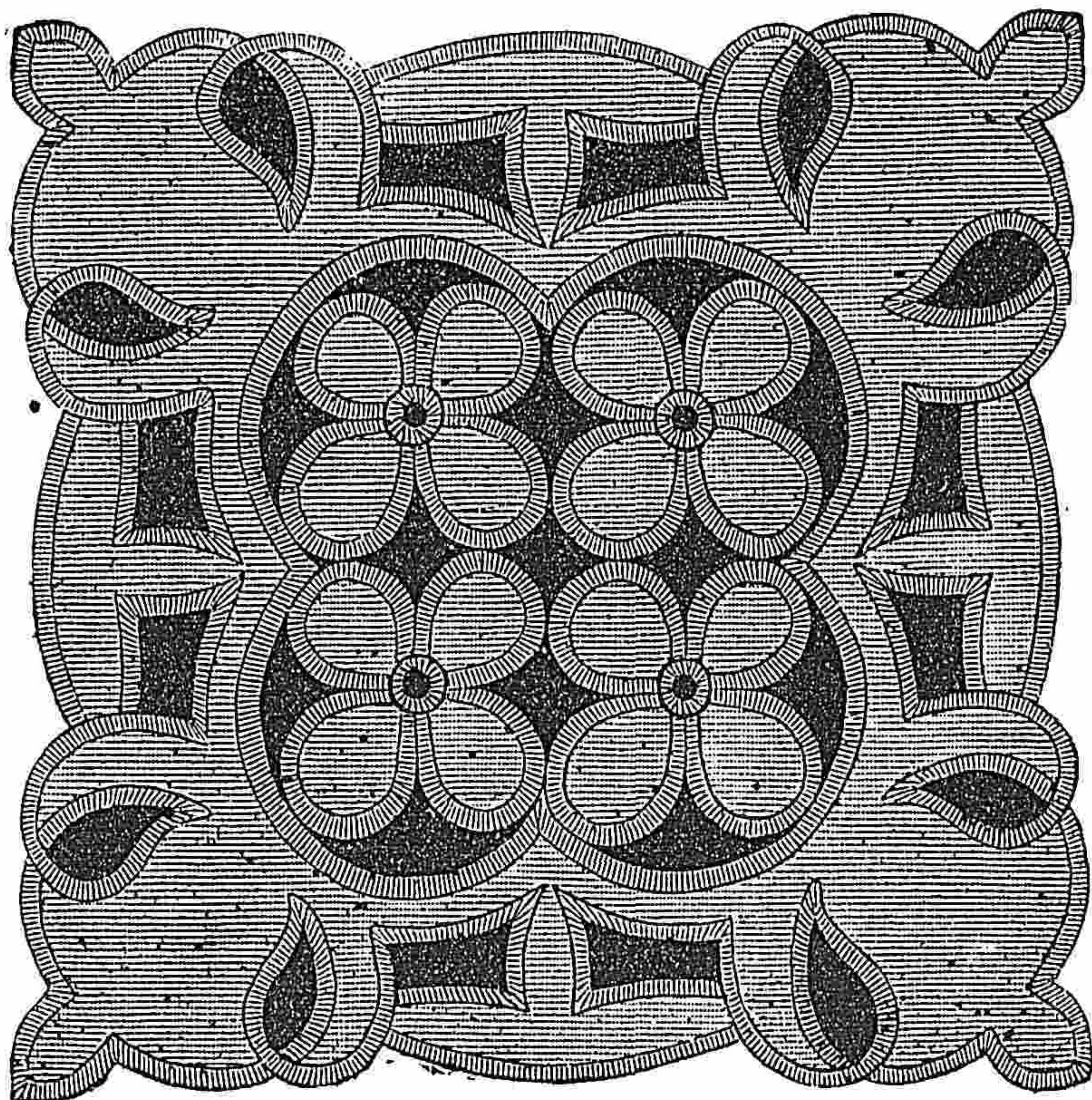


FIG. I.

distinct to work from. The whole of the pattern is worked in button-hole stitch with Luxemburg linen thread, the same shade as the holland, taking care that all the stitches are of the same width. Cut out the holland as indicated by the dark ground. The work is to be tacked on a piece of cardboard of the same size, and covered with any coloured sateen, and makes a most useful as well as pretty mat for the toilet, or hot water jug.

FIG. II.—SMALL EASEL AND LEATHER FOLIO FOR LETTERS.

The case is made of cardboard, covered with a fawn-coloured leather, the front of which is embroidered with filoselle and fine crewels. A spray of rosebuds, forget-me-nots, and foliage is traced lightly with a white chalk pencil.

The large rosebuds are in two shades, and worked in long and satin stitches; the stems in dark brown crewels, and the forget-me-nots in blue crewels, with centres of gold-coloured filoselle in the French knot stitch. The leaves are of different shades of green. The portfolio is lined with brown silk, and has a couple of strong hooks sewn to the back to suspend it on the easel. The easel is easily made. Three thin pieces of wood, and covered with leather, neatly gummed on. The two outer supports have a small ring fastened on each, half-way down, with which the hooks on the folio are inserted.

FIG II.

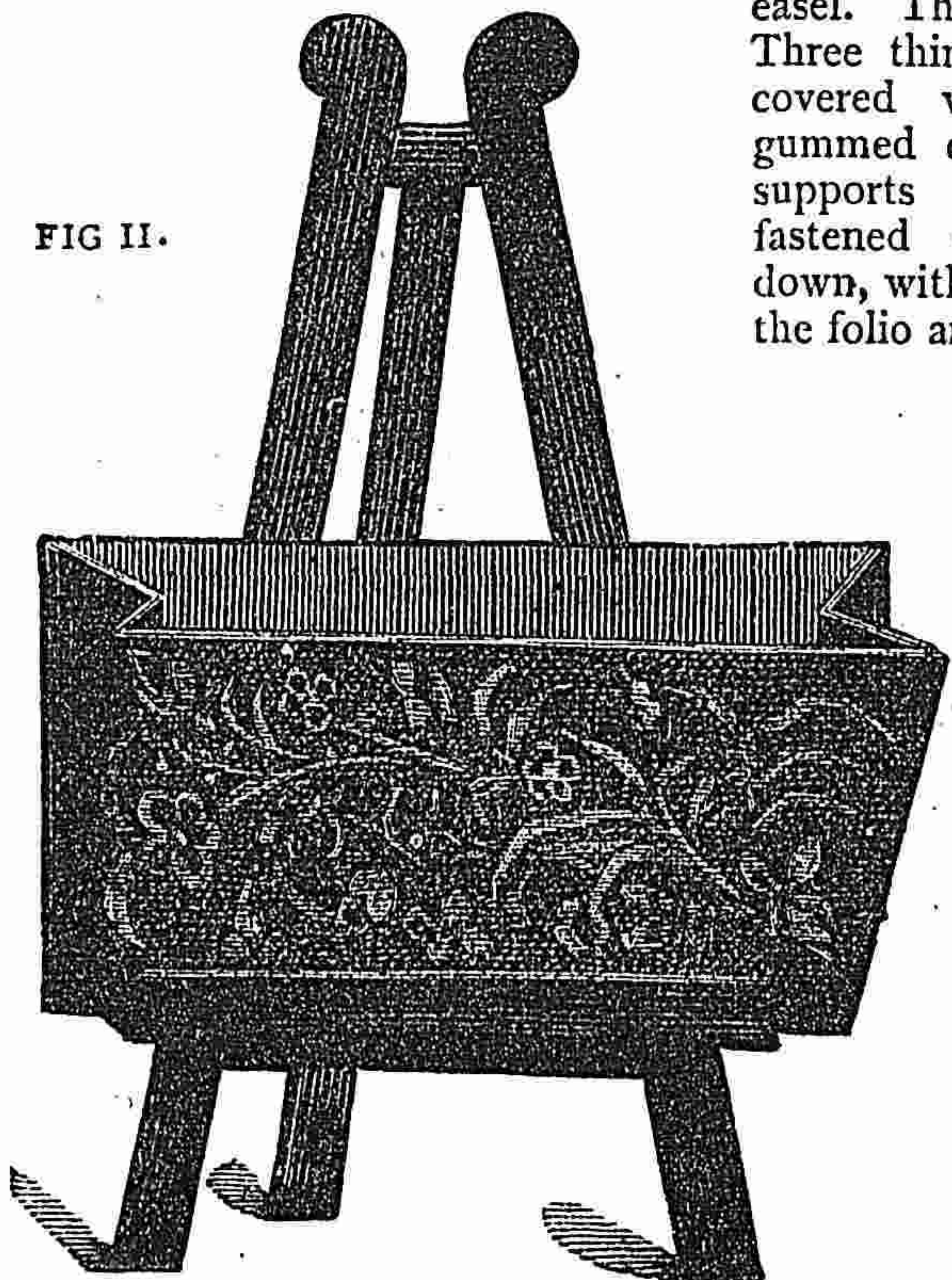


FIG. III.—MAT FOR LAMP.

This mat is made of bronze-coloured cloth, and trimmed with gold-coloured braid and flat embroidery of Algerian silk. The braid is crossed with *point lancés* in black silk, with pale blue stars in each square. A flower, with shaded leaves and dots of gold is worked in each triangle. Two of the flowers should be blue and two pink, in the faded or old shades; the stalks and leaves should also be in the dull shades.

The flowers are traced in the colours, and the petals are of maize and brown; the two petals of the bud are of the same colours as the flowers, only in lighter shades; the heart of the flowers with blue, and maize for the pink flowers, and crimson and maize for the blue.

The large leaves are in the darkest shades. The edge is trimmed with a tassel fringe.

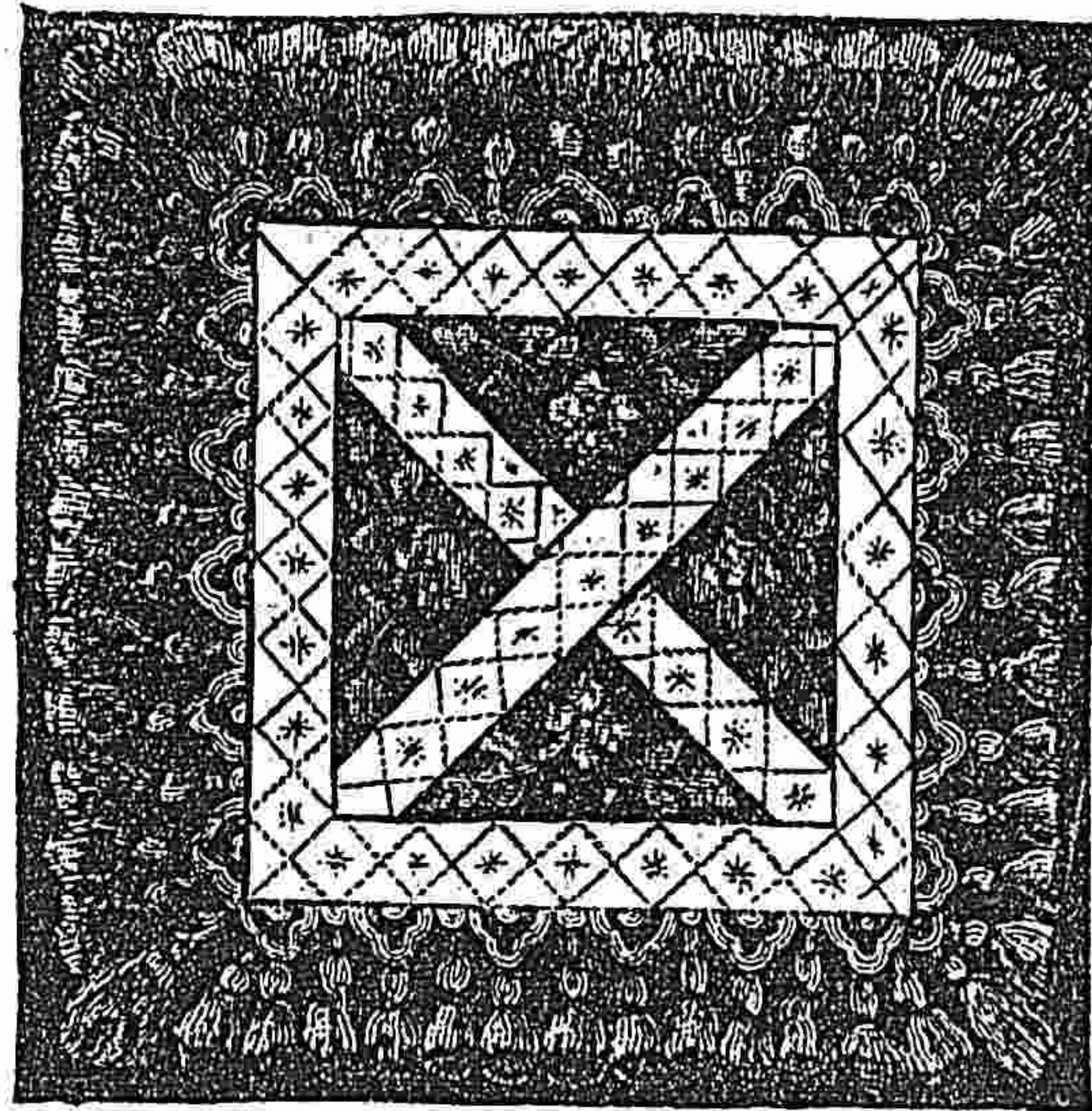


FIG. III.

FIG. IV.—THE IVY-LEAF PATTERN FOR EDGING.

Take a knot of vandyke braid (a knot will make about a yard and a half of the edging, and only cost three halfpence), then with a needle and stout thread or crochet cotton sew four of the points together so as to form the ivy leaf; run your needle along neatly so as not to show the thread in front to the opposite side of the braid,

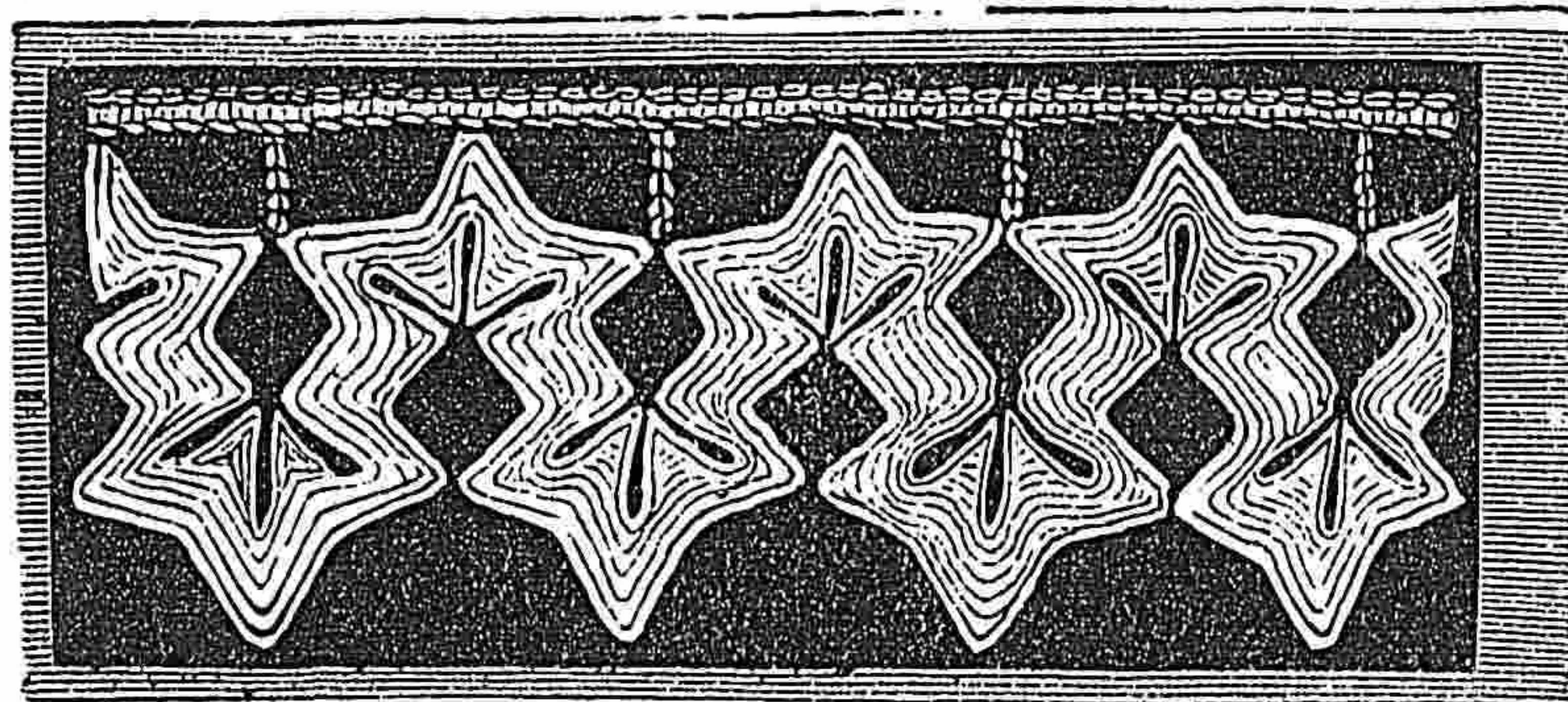


FIG. IV.

and sew the other four points, as in pattern; it is very easily done; and has the advantage of being cheap and effective. After you have sewn all your braid into ivy leaves, commence to crochet four plain stitches, then one treble, and fasten two of the points together by means of it, crochet four more plain stitches and fasten into the top point, and continue until all is done.

FIG. V.—MUSIC OTTOMAN.

Any box sufficiently large may be usefully converted into a drawing-room seat, as well as a receptacle for music; thus preserving it from dust and dilapidation. Reps or satin may be used as a covering; the one of which we give the design is of black satin with cretonne embroidery and crewels.

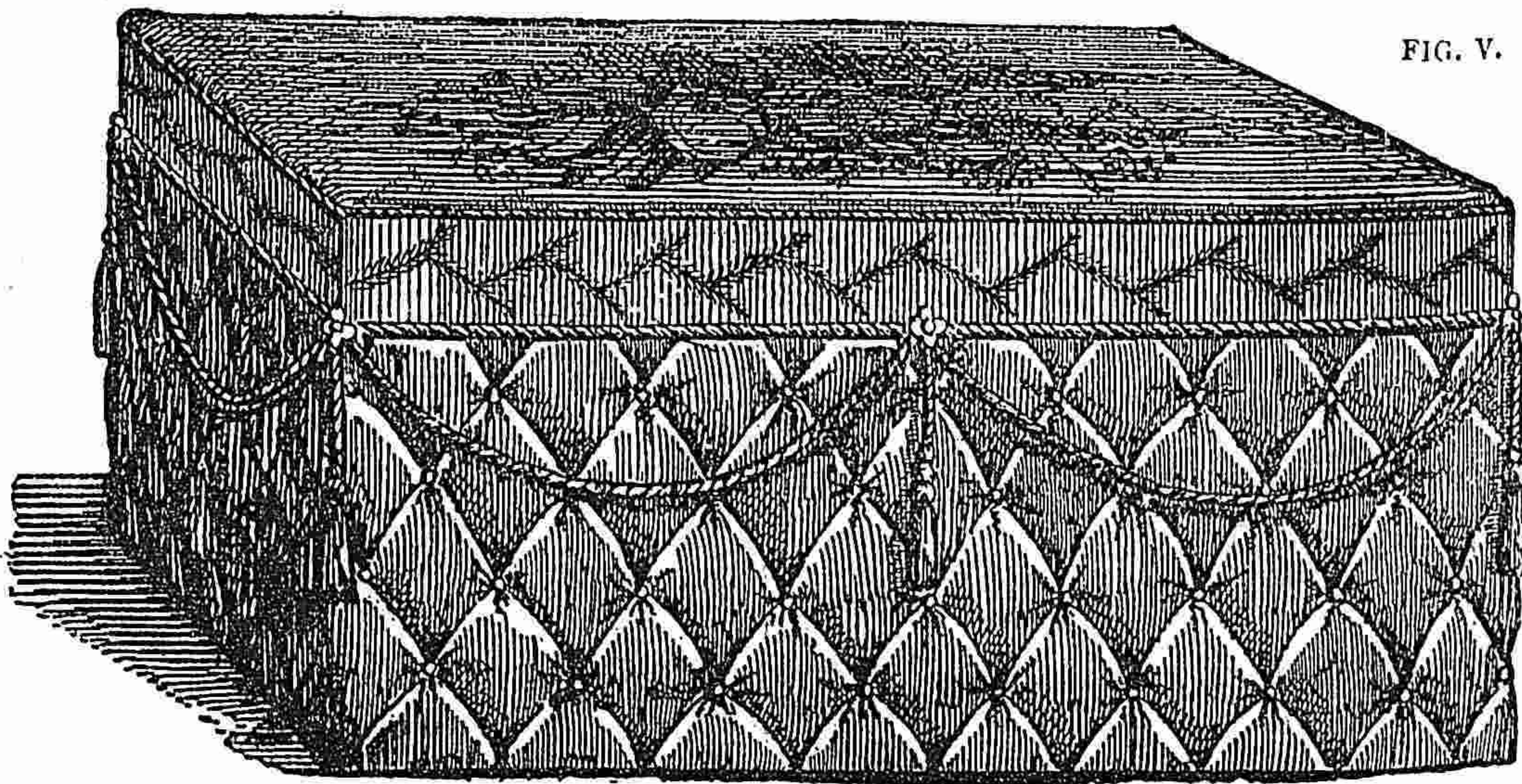


FIG. V.



The box is lined with strong unbleached calico, carefully fastened down at each corner, turning the top edge over the box. Another length of the calico, with a good margin for joining, and drawing in quilting, is covered with wadding, over which the satin is tacked after it has been creased with a warm iron in crossed lines. At the points

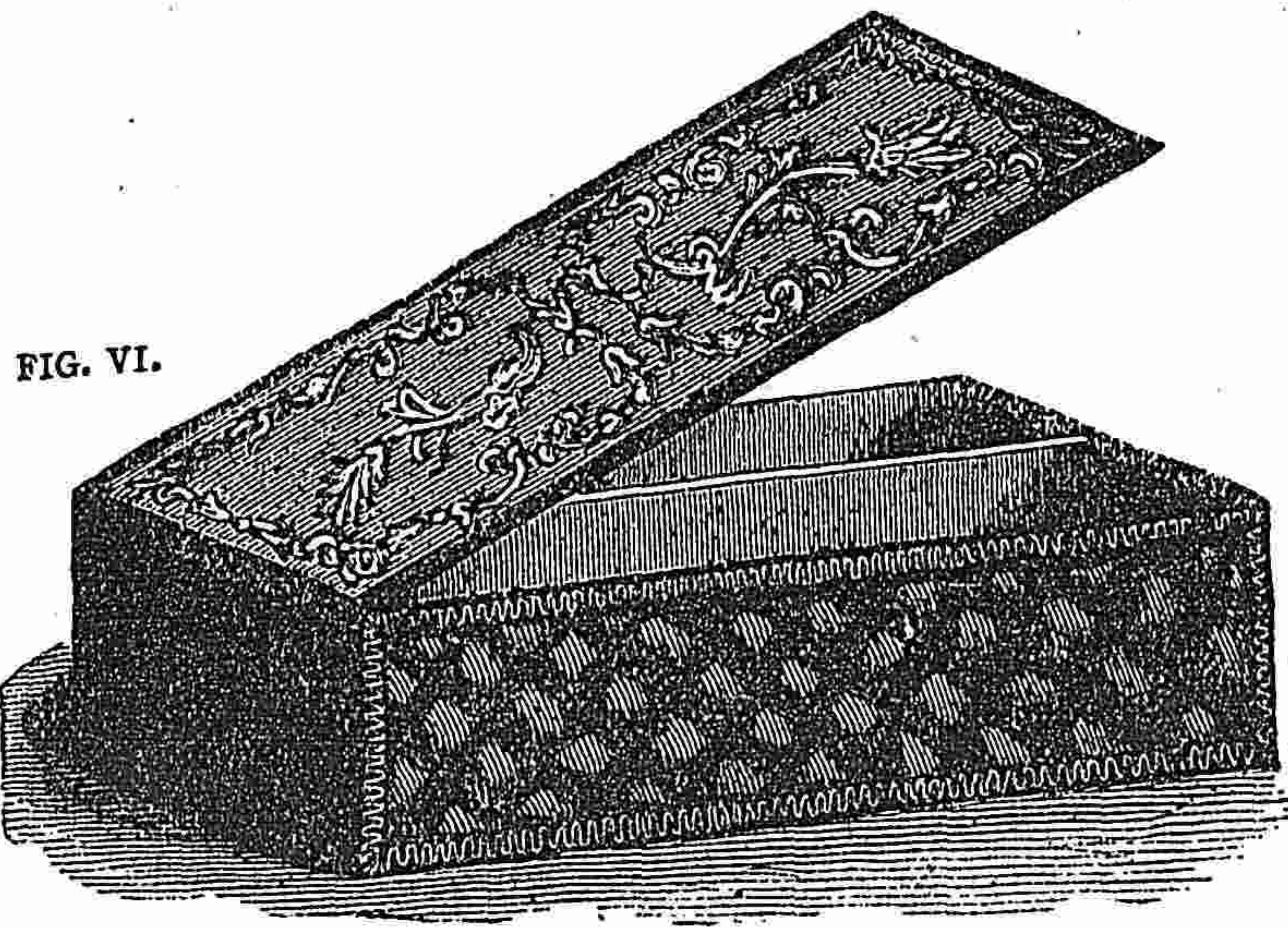


FIG. VI.

of each line a small fancy button of gold-coloured silk, or mixed colours, is fastened through firmly to the lining.

It is then joined (the join to be at one corner), and, placing the top edge of the outside covering wrong side uppermost on the lining, nail it round the box and turn it over.

The bottom edge is nailed underneath.

The lid is covered with plain satin, on which a pattern cut from some good French cretonne, and nicely arranged is *appliqué*, with shaded crewels to match the colours of the flowers and leaves, and well worked has the appearance of tapestry embroidery. All the satin should be lined with calico, and interlined with wadding.

The band round the edge of the lid is worked in long coral stitches with the different green crewels.

A thick cord with tassels is festooned round the box.

FIG. VI.—GLOVE BOX.

The box is made either of very stiff cardboard or thin wood, with a division for light and dark kid gloves, the length to admit of the six-buttoned gloves without folding them.

Our design is covered with quilted black satin round the bottom, and the lid with some pretty pattern embroidered in chain stitch with rich blue and dead gold-coloured filoselle. The edges are covered with a flat embroidered band on satin, or a very narrow ruche of blue and gold ribbon.

The box should be carefully lined with slightly wadded white silk, and have a soft scented cushion in each department.

FIG. VII.—HEAD REST FOR BACK OF CHAIR.

Make a bag of calico, thirty-two inches long and twenty inches wide; fill it with cotton wool and a little horsehair, so as to make it pliable. Draw each end of the bag together with strong thread.

The covering is composed of stripes of broad *broché* ribbon, in bright and varied colours (such as used for sashes), and stripes of dark blue serge on which is worked a wreath of ivy leaves cut out of pieces of green velvet in different shades and fastened on the serge by button-hole stitch in fine netting silk to match each leaf, veining them with a lighter shade.

Each stripe is stitched together on the wrong side

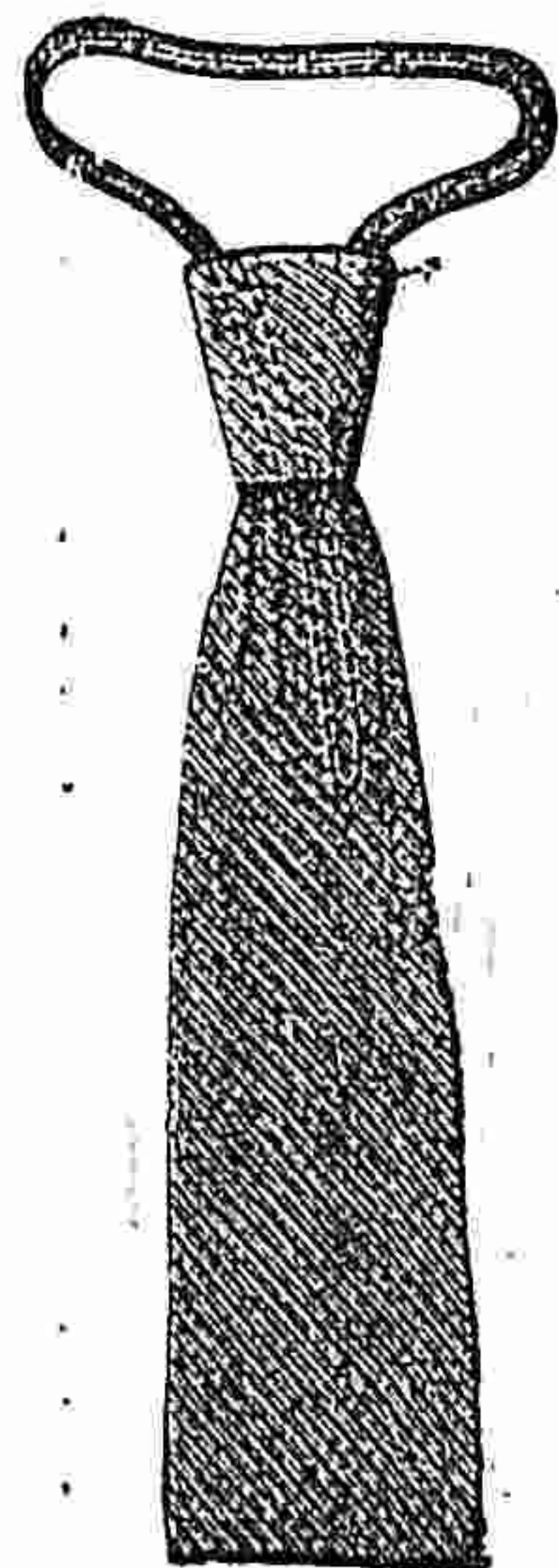


FIG. VII.

and joined round, making the patterns to meet. The seams must be well pressed with a warm iron when finished, and the ends drawn together neatly over the cushion.

A rich and thick cord, about a yard and a half long, is attached to each end, under a rosette (which covers the join) and double tassels. The colour of the cord should harmonise with the colours in the ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—GENTLEMAN'S CRAVAT.

This cravat is made either of plain satin, or plain or figured corded silk. The band for the neck is about an inch wide, made of double canvas, the length twenty-one inches, and tapered off at one end. This end has a firm piece of cardboard stitched on the canvas. The outside covering is neatly slip-stitched at the back over the canvas. The long end in front is interlined with fine canvas, and the back covered with sarsenet. The usual length is about ten inches, and the width four inches when made up. The knot may be fluted or plain, the size varying according to taste. It is lined with sarsenet, and interlined with a very firm piece of buckram; this band is narrower towards the ends, which are joined together at the back. A short steel pin with a flat head, in which two holes are drilled, is sewn on the scarf after it has been firmly stitched to the knot in front, and before closing it.

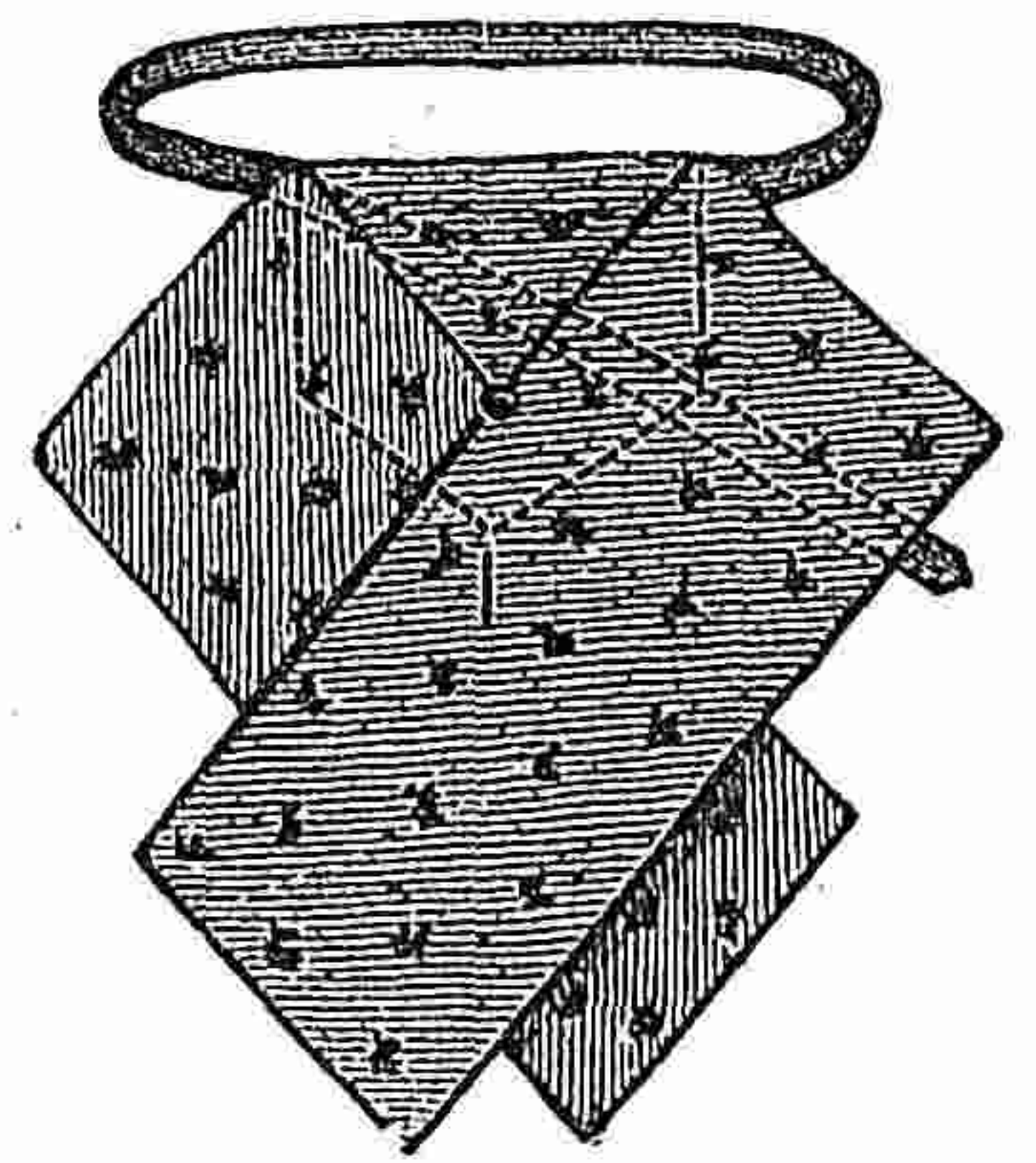


FIG. IX.

The neck band is stitched on the left side, and a small piece of elastic is sewn on half way down the back of the scarf to prevent the end of the narrow band showing after it is fastened.

FIG. IX.—SQUARE-ENDED CRAVAT.

The band for the neck is made the same way as No. 1, but rather narrower. The front ends should be rather more than two and a half inches wide and eight inches long, interlined with a canvas with one side woolly.

A shaped piece of cardboard, according to the dotted lines on pattern, is covered with twill cotton, and the front slightly wadded under the material used for the cravat. A flat-headed pin is stitched to the left side of the cardboard at bottom. A

second piece of canvas covered with twill cotton is shaped to fasten the two ends and front piece to. The outer corners of the scarf and centre of the shaped piece in front are firmly stitched to the foundation.

FIG. X.—TRINKET-BOX FOR TOILET-TABLE.

This elegant box is made of stamped cardboard, gilt and coloured according to taste. Great care must be taken to shape each of the eight pieces exactly alike. Join them with good gum. The cords and tassels must be fastened to each division.

Before closing the last side place the octagon-shaped bottom where the band is, and turning up the edges in slight plaits, gum it firmly to the eight sides. When this has become perfectly dry, close the sides, and fix them with a band of stamped cardboard,

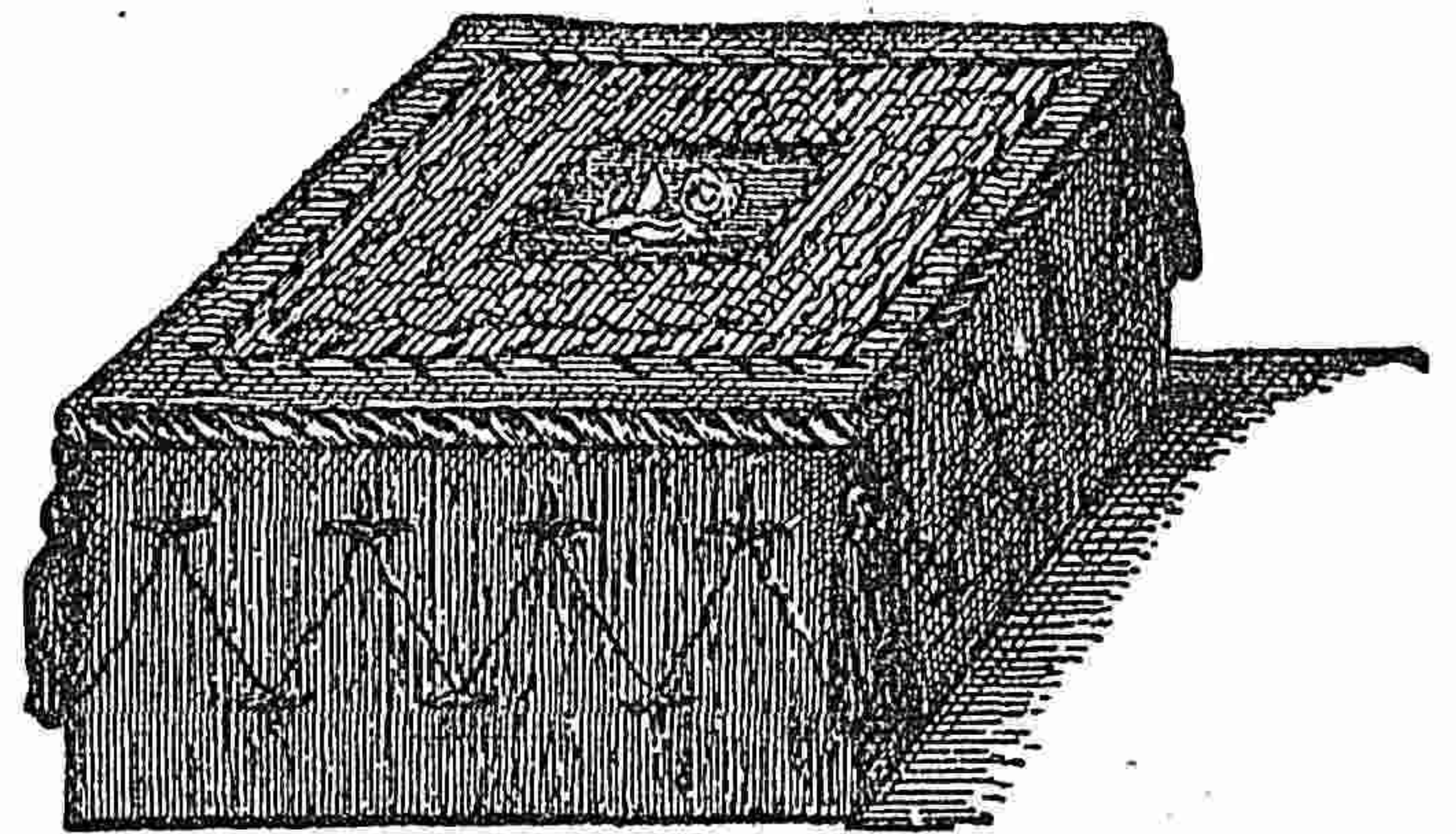


FIG. X.

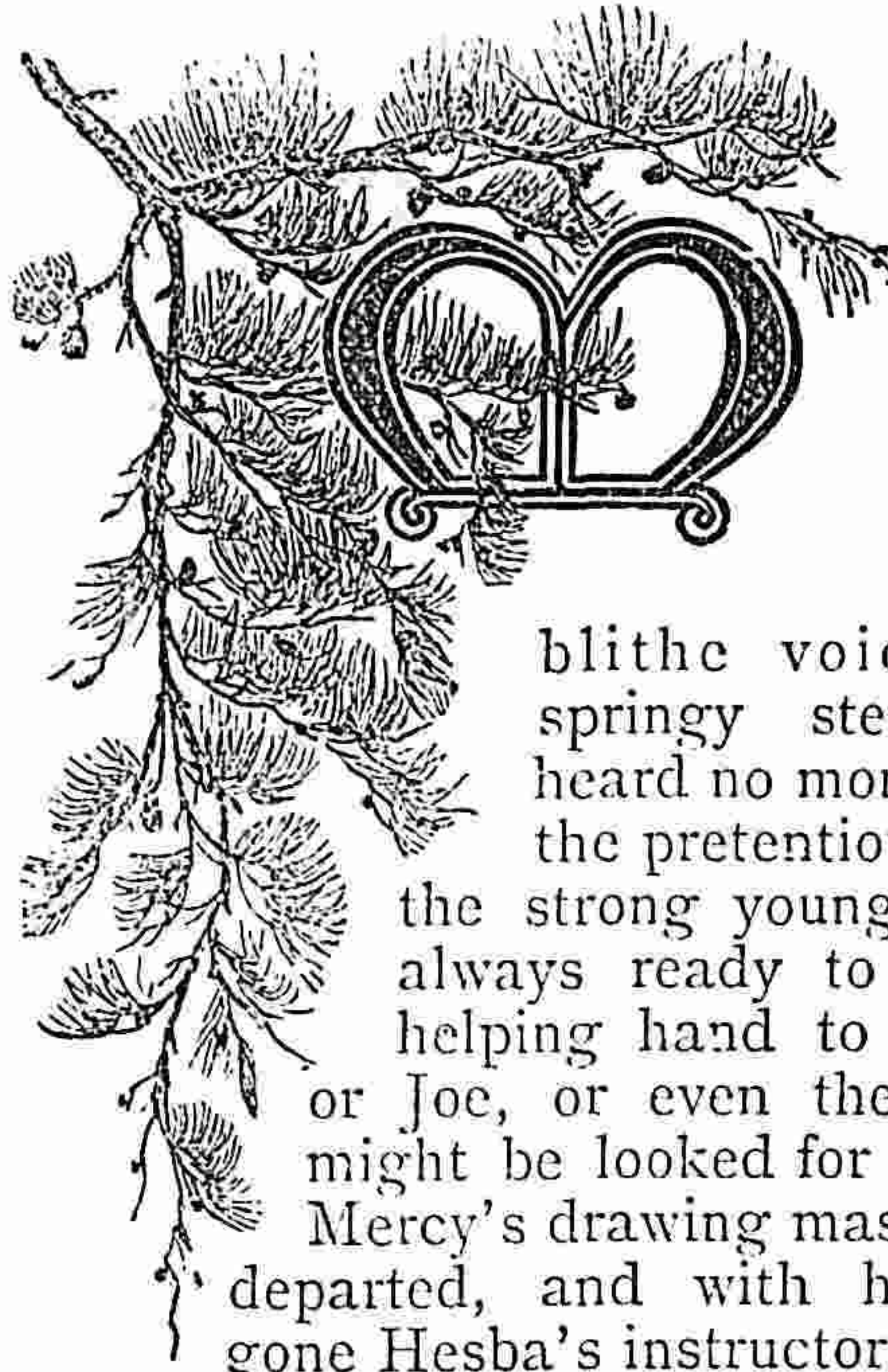


## MORE THAN CORONETS

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW INMATE.



E A N -  
WHILE  
Brian  
was  
gone—  
t h e

blithe voice, the  
springy step were  
heard no more about  
the pretentious villa ;

the strong young fellow,  
always ready to lend a  
helping hand to Stevens  
or Joe, or even the maids;  
might be looked for in vain ;  
Mercy's drawing master had  
departed, and with him had  
gone Hesba's instructor in Latin

and mathematics.

For a few days, not longer, study languished ; Hesba did her best to supply her brother's place to Mercy, urging his wish as the strongest incentive to application ; for herself, she needed no spur, study to her was a pleasure and a necessity, and the hope of pleasing Brian on his return burned strong within her.

Soon, however, the two had other teachers. Mrs. Stapleton braved the black-bogie in his den with an offer to "relieve him of the cost of both girls' education."

At first he was undecided whether to treat the offer as a jest or an insult. In Mercy's case he had no reasonable grounds for refusal, "Nobody's child might be paid for by anybody who felt disposed—he did not."

For Hesba he refused point-blank. "She may improve herself at her leisure," he said. "Her services are required at home whilst Mrs. Mason continues indisposed. For so young a girl she has really proved a most efficient nurse ; and Dr. Mitchell prefers her to a hired attendant."

"Indisposed !" Mrs. Mason was something more than that. She was ill ; had not rallied properly after parting with her son ; and Dr. Mitchell's carriage was often at the gate.

He had noted Hesba's promptitude and unflagging activity, her patient devotion, her tenderness and thought, her elasticity and cheeriness of spirit in the sick room, and was full of admiration. One day he chanced to find her puzzling out a Latin exercise whilst her mother was sleeping. He remembered that she had lost her young teacher, and asked how she would like an old one. And so it came about that Hesba found a tutor where her mother found a physician, and Mr. Mason could only bite his lips and take the favour with what grace he could.

Several weeks went by. One morning Ann opened the door for Dr. Mitchell. She had her left hand enveloped in a great cloth like a huge boxing-glove.

"Hey-day, what have you been doing?"

"Scalded myself with hot coffee, sir."

"What have you applied?"

"Miss Stapleton, sir, has smothered it in flour. But she has sent Joe off to a druggist's for some stuff as she wrote down on a paper."

"Miss Stapleton, eh?" and he smiled.

"Ah, well, keep it covered up."

He saw his patient, gave his instructions as usual to Hesba, but, instead of taking his hat, began—

"So, young lady, you are for practising the healing art without a diploma ; going to take my profession out of my fingers. Dressing scalded hands and writing prescriptions ! What is the world coming to?"

"What would Ann's hand have come to, if I had not, doctor?" replied Hesba, with a smile, pretty well used to the twinkle in the doctor's eyes by this time.

"That I will tell when I have seen it," he answered, "but what of this wonderful prescription? 'stuff,' I think Ann called it."

"Oh, it is only linseed-oil and lime-water."

"Only ! and pray where did you learn the efficacy of linseed-oil and lime-water?"

Hesba's clear grey eyes met his with as much surprise as if he had asked where she had learned her alphabet. "Grandma Stapleton always used it."

"Always? Were scalds and burns so common in your household?"

"Oh, dear no ! But there were the poor people she visited."

"Ah, a sort of Lady Bountiful ! And what else might she prescribe?"

I was too young to remember, sir. I know there was *Ipecacuanha wine*, and *grey powder*, and *jalap*, and——" she paused, then went on archly, "and I have heard her prescribe soap-and-water, an open window, and a white-wash brush !"

"Capital ! And suppose the poor people had got neither soap nor white-wash brush?"

"Then she would send them, and some lime as well."

"Better still ! And suppose she kills somebody with her nostrums?"

"They are not nostrums ; she calls them 'simples,' and she will not kill anyone. Grandpa taught her, and she has all his books to consult. I wish I had them."

"Do you? Ah ! now I remember—you have a wish to be a doctor ; caught the infection from this physicking grandmother, I suppose. My dear, it is not a profession for a woman."

"Women are nurses, doctor, and in olden time, you know, the ladies were the leeches and the chemists too. I have heard my grandma say that in all old castles and mansions there was a still-room, where the lady used to make ointments and decoctions from all sorts of plants and herbs, and distilled strong waters ; and when their knights were wounded in battle or tournament they were expected to dress their wounds and heal them, as surely

as to physic their children and hand-maids."

"All very well, Miss Stapleton ; but those were rough times, before delicacy or nerves had been thought of."

"Rougher than those dreadful times out in the Crimea when Miss Nightingale and other ladies nursed the poor soldiers?"

"Upon my word, young lady, you improve ! Perhaps you will say next that *you* would have nerve to amputate a crushed finger, or——"

"If necessary, and it would save the arm or the life," was her prompt interruption.

"Indeed ! But do you think you would like a physician in petticoats to have charge of your mamma?" and he looked as if he thought the question a poser.

"Yes, Dr. Mitchell, I should, if she had skill to cure her. Oh ! I would give everything I have in the world if I could only learn how to do *that* !"

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear ;" and the doctor hurried off, forgetting the scalded hand.

"Singular girl, that, and sharp as a lancet. She must have got these notions from that queer grandmother of hers. It is clear she has heard the question of female physicians discussed. I expected her to throw that American woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell, in my face every moment. And I have no doubt the lass *would* have nerve to carry her through the whole course of medical training if she felt it was her vocation or her duty. As for study, she goes at it like a brick ; takes to it more kindly than I did when a lad. Latin was birched and caned into me. And she's a first-rate nurse, too. I must have a little more talk with her, ascertain if she knows anything of botany or physiology—girls do dabble in sciences now-a-days. Ah ! perhaps I might put a scientific book into her hands, and see what she can make of it." So ran the tenor of Dr. Mitchell's rumination as his brougham bowled along to his next patient's.

He was as good as his intentions ; found that she had some little knowledge and a thirst for more, and soon Hesba had the means for study placed within her reach.

But time and opportunity did not come with the books. As the weeks and months flew by, so did her tasks and duties multiply. The servants were efficient, but Hesba had to take the responsibility of management from her mother without abrogating her authority.

Ere long, Mrs. Mason became unable to quit her chamber every day, and Mr. Mason enlivened his dull evenings by occasional little dinner parties, when everything was expected to be faultless ; and Hesba was held accountable. On such occasions he gave his own orders ; was lavish in all that suggested refined hospitality or tended to personal enjoyment ; but below that lay a system of narrow economies, and Hesba was required to keep not only a check on general expenditure, but to balance her weekly accounts to the last farthing.



He met Hesba's wish to employ a needlewoman with the reply—

"I can have no hired seamstress coming and going about this place to carry tittle-tattle. If there be more sewing than you can accomplish, you must set Mercy to work; it is quite time she learned the use of her needle. She cannot expect to be kept in idleness all her days; and she will have to support herself by-and-bye." He said this one morning over the breakfast-table for ten-year-old Mercy to hear and take to heart.

And the little heart swelled until there was no more room for breakfast. It was not his first reminder of her dependence.

"Idleness!" Was there a more untiring foot in the whole household? Was she not ready to do everyone's bidding for only a kind word? Was she not as ready to shell peas in the kitchen for the cook, as to keep Mr. Mason's *bric-à-brac* free from dust in the drawing-room? Was she ever late at school or backward with her lessons? Did she not enter the sick room like a veritable "sunbeam," bringing the brightest and sweetest of flowers, the brightest and sweetest of smiles? And did she not cheer the sick heart with rainbow-tinted visions of Brian's glad return? Who but she knew how his photograph was guarded and treasured?

She must "learn to use her needle!" She had learned that long ago by grandma Stapleton's side; she had already helped Hesba all that little fingers could, for she had no toys now, no playmate since Brian had gone, and there was neither dog, cat, nor bird in the house.

Hesba sent her off to school that morning with an extra kiss and a caress, told her "not to mind, perhaps Ann would help her"; meaning to rise an hour earlier herself. And it was only by rising early, before even the servants were astir, that Hesba could find time for study. Music was passing from her from want of practice; she let that go without a sigh; but her thirst for knowledge she *must* satisfy, and she did it in those early morning hours, making a progress which astonished Dr. Mitchell.

Not even to himself had Mr. Mason admitted his full intent when he "packed Brian off to sea." He proposed to "get rid of him," and he had done so, at least for five years, scarcely conscious that he imagined "nautical training" quite a sufficient sponge to wipe out the memory of unestablished legal claims.

Got rid of him! Never was he more mistaken. Brian sat by his hearth and at his board attired as Hesba, looked out of her blue-grey eyes at him, and in the very music of her voice were notes and tones of his.

There seemed a ghostly, intangible Brian always rising up between himself and his wife. After the portraits passed into her possession, and she had said a faint "thank you," she never uttered her son's name to him. But her silence said more than speech, and in every sigh he seemed to hear the name of Brian; and, though no audible reproaches fell from her lips, the in-

creasing pallor of her cheeks was as effectual.

From the day Brian had been taken off little Mercy shrank from him as if he had been a leper, and, though he set no value on the child, her avoidance stung him—stung him not one whit the less from her own insignificance.

Home was not the more pleasant for these shadowings forth of conscience. He did not like her face. He decided that a companion would drive away unwelcome images. He announced to Hesba one morning in April that Brian's room must be put in order for his nephew, who would henceforth make one of the family.

To Hesba and Mercy this giving up of Brian's chamber to another was little less than desecration, and the dismantling—the removal to their own apartment of his books and other belongings—was a very sorrowful task, none the less that Theobald Capper (the clerk we have seen in the shipbroker's office) was built too closely on his uncle's model to be a favourite.

That night when Mr. Mason drove up to the gate in a cab with his nephew and his nephew's luggage he found Joe stationed there on the watch, to ensure quiet; and Mercy, with the front-door ajar, almost choking with stifled sobs.

Hesba and Dr. Mitchell both were with Mrs. Mason, and she was in a perilous condition.

Up the stairs went Mr. Mason, leaving Joe and his nephew with an injunction to "take the luggage in at the back, and make no noise."

Very softly he turned the handle of the door where his wife lay, but his boots creaked, and the doctor waved him back; either the sound or the foot-step seemed to distress the patient, and set the feeble pulse off at a gallop.

Dr. Mitchell went out to him.

"What does this mean? I left Mrs. Mason in her normal condition this morning," was asked.

"Some excitement respecting the apartment a young relative of yours is about to occupy, so far as I can learn," was the answer.

"Preposterous!" ejaculated Mr. Mason, pacing the floor.

"May be so," assented the doctor; "but seeing that Mrs. Mason is so very sensitive with respect to her son's room, might it not be as well if a change was effected more in accordance with the lady's feelings?"

"It is not my practice to change my plans, Dr. Mitchell; and I certainly shall not do so for a mere woman's whim."

"Yet your wife has taken it much to heart, and she is very ill, sir."

"Oh, she will get over it."

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"She will have to do!" He evidently misunderstood the doctor's meaning.

At that moment Joe and Theobald Capper in their stocking-feet, were carrying a heavy box up the higher flight of stairs between them, Joe leading.

Midway, the handle broke off in Joe's hand, and the great box went down with a crash which shook the whole floor.

There was a faint cry from the sick-room, and Dr. Mitchell was across the landing in an instant.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE USE OF TIME.



R. JOHNSON once said, speaking of people who complain of having no time—"What they lack is, not more of it, but the faculty of properly using that which they have."

We are always lamenting how quickly time flies, and yet very few of us really occupy its limits. All great men have been rigid economists of time, and instances abound of the ways in which they have avoided wasting even a minute. Benjamin Franklin, when in youth apprenticed to a printer, was not content with studying far on into the night, after his day's work was done, but also devoted the greater part of his dinner-hour to reading, spending but a few minutes over his repast.

Sir William Herschel, the great astronomer, was brought up as a musician, and his duties as organist, and the instruction of pupils, occupied him during the whole day, but he always carried a book in his pocket, which he would study between the lessons he gave, or in the intervals of a musical performance.

Successful merchants who have made great fortunes have usually done so, not by one fortunate stroke of business, but by constant attention to small matters, and carefully looking after little sums of money, which other people would not think worth troubling about. This is how we should deal with time, not thinking even a fragment too small to be put to some good use.

Great men have frequently been noted for their wise improvement of the time usually spent in unprofitable conversation or idle thoughts. Erasmus, for instance, wrote the whole of his "Praise of Folly" on horseback, whilst travelling to Italy, although most people would have considered the time spent on a journey sufficiently occupied; and David Livingstone, who spent his young days at work in a cotton mill, was accustomed to have a book open before him on the "spinning-jenny," glancing at it as he passed to and fro. Such men as these, so far from wasting the precious hours and minutes, had their minds and brains at work even whilst engaged in physical pursuits. An Italian philosopher has said that time was his estate, given him by God, which would yield him nothing without cultivation, but from every portion of which a harvest would be expected. Some of us will have many uncultivated, and therefore unfruitful, places to show when the harvest from our estate of Time is called for.

We must be misers of time, grudging every minute that is thrown away, and remembering that if we

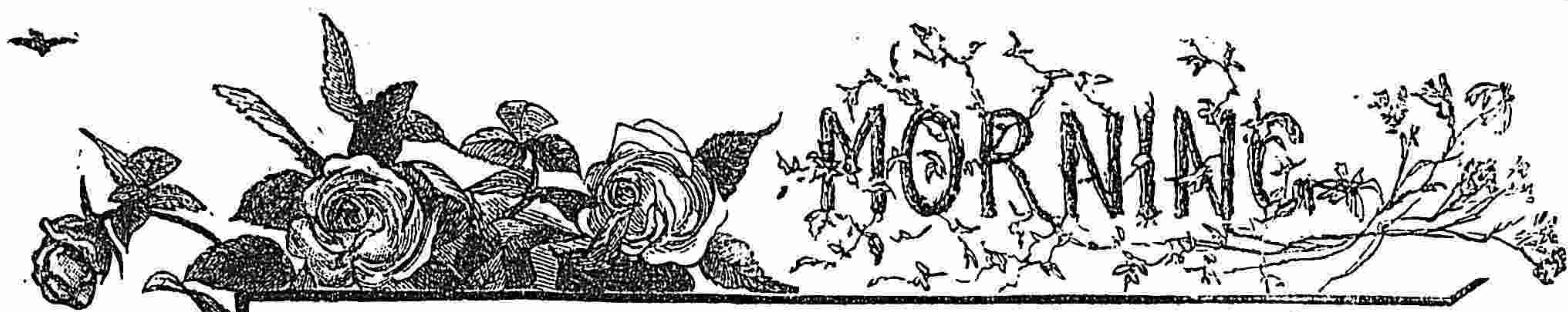
"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story

To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;  
Then indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are spent lamenting o'er lost days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize the present minute,

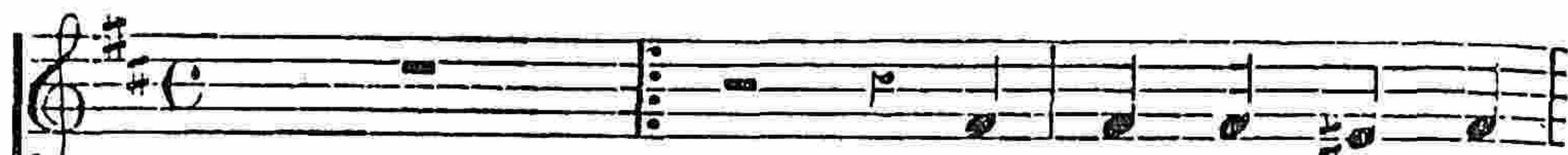
What you can do, or think you can, begin it."

If this is wise counsel as to the use of time in any earthly pursuit, much more is it in what is the chief business of life, the care and culture of the soul. Of the shortness of time we are often reminded in the book of Divine wisdom as a motive to prepare for eternity, and to be living the life of Christian faith and duty.





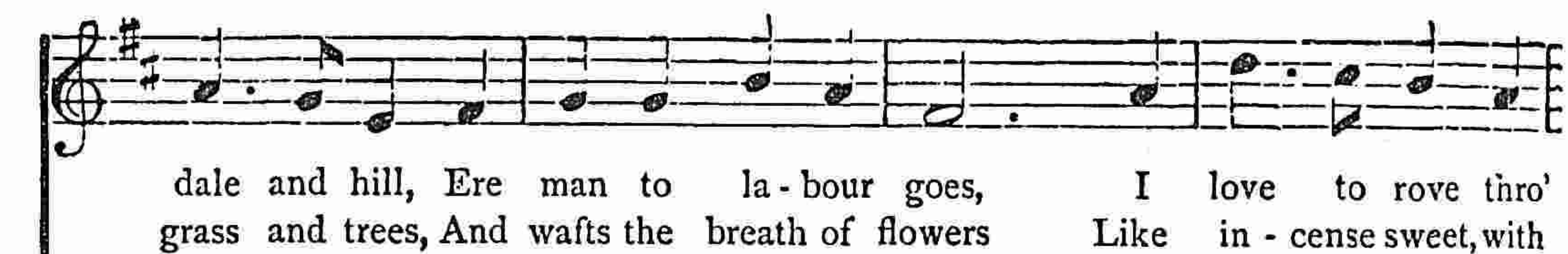
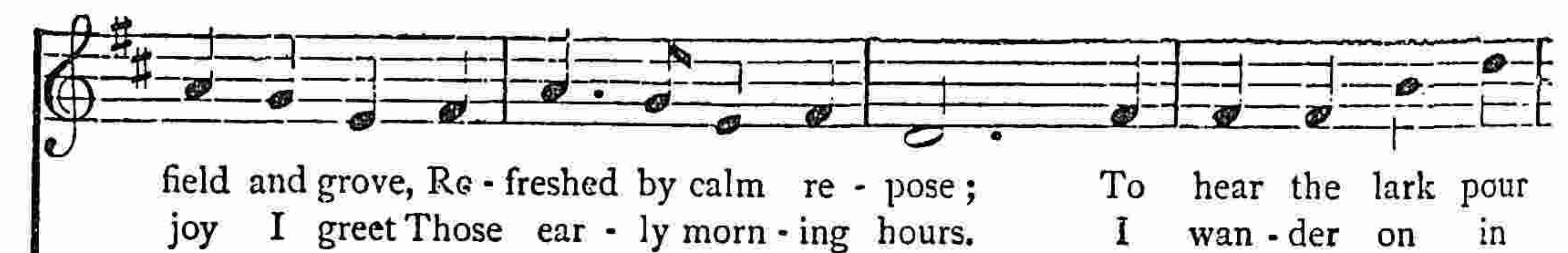
VOICE.



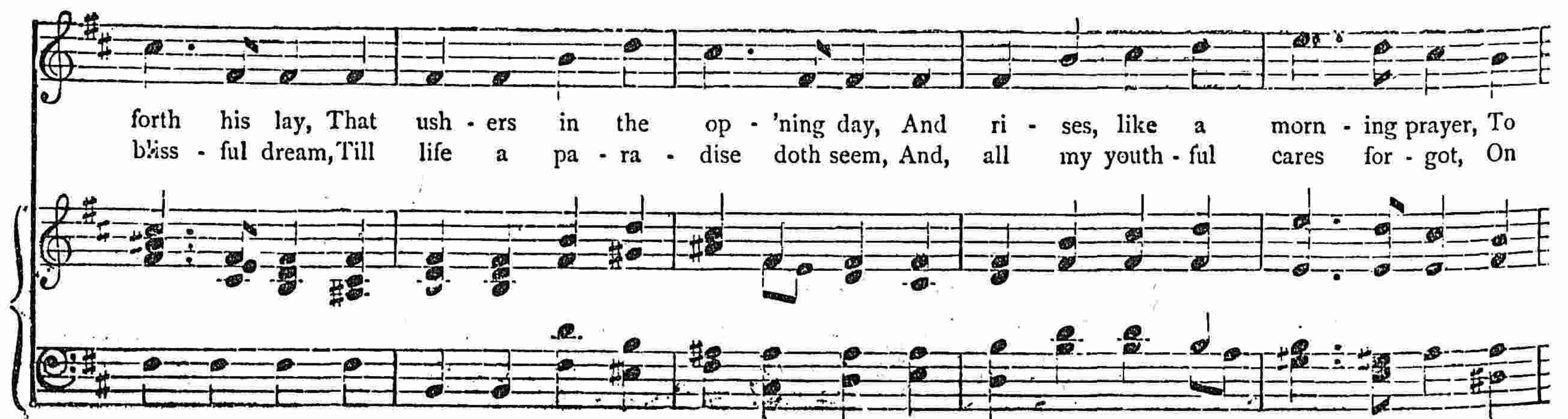
V. 1. When all is still o'er

V. 2. When balm - y breeze stirs

PIANO.

dale and hill, Ere man to la - bour goes,  
grass and trees, And wafts the breath of flowersI love to rove thro'  
Like in - cense sweet, withfield and grove, Re - freshed by calm re - pose;  
joy I greet Those ear - ly morn - ing hours.To hear the lark pour  
I wan - der on in

Music by  
GORDON SAUNDERS,  
D. Mus., OXON.



forth his lay, That ush - ers in the op - 'ning day, And ri - ses, like a morn - ing prayer, To  
bliss - ful dream, Till life a pa - ra - dise doth seem, And, all my youth - ful cares for - got, On








God for His pro - tect - ing care, ri - ses like a morn - ing prayer, To God for His pro -  
earth I crave no hap - pier lot, All my youth - ful cares for - got, On earth I crave no

*riten.* CHORUS. *a tempo.*



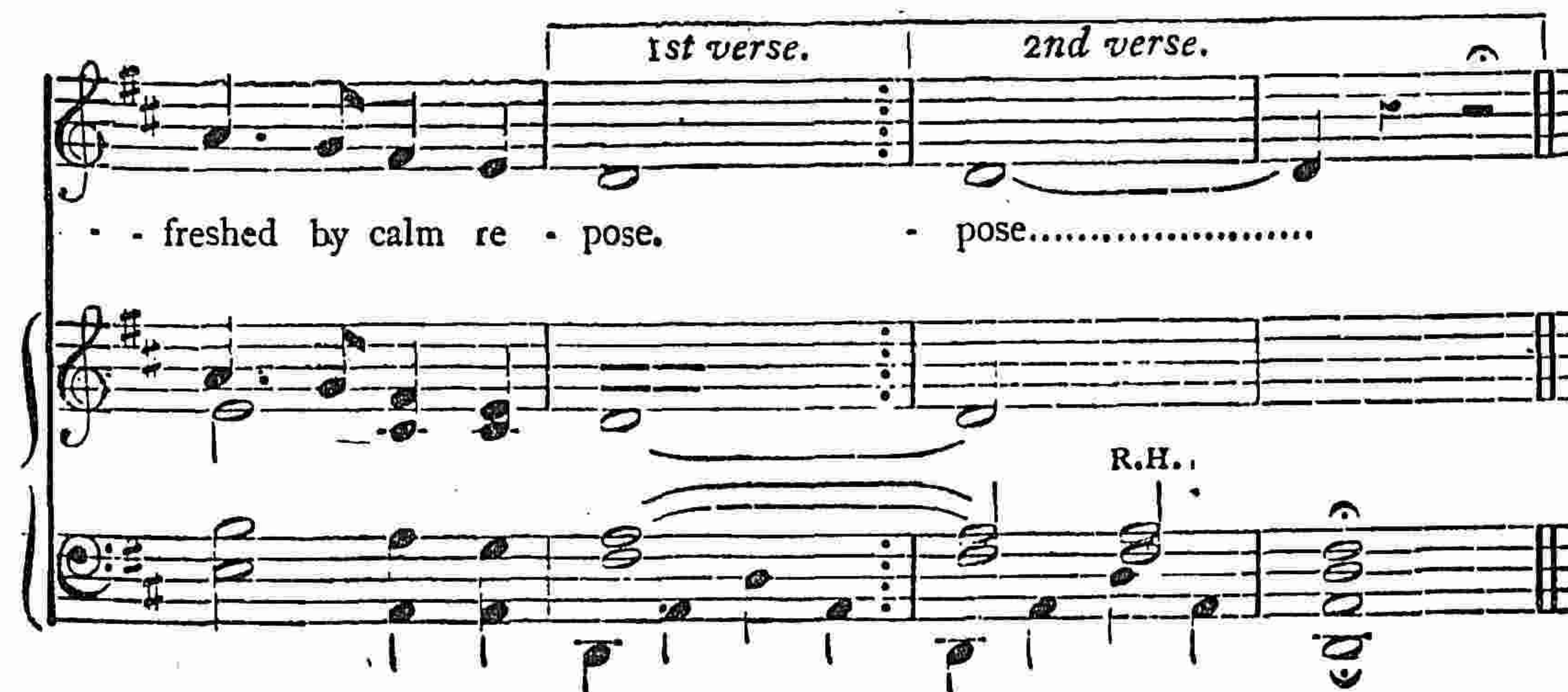
... tect - ing care. When all is still o'er dale and hill, Ere  
hap - pier lot!

*riten.* *a tempo.*

Words by  
LEWIS NOVRA.



man to la - bour goes, I love to rove thro' field and grove, Re -



1st verse. 2nd verse.  
- - freshed by calm re - pose. - pose.....

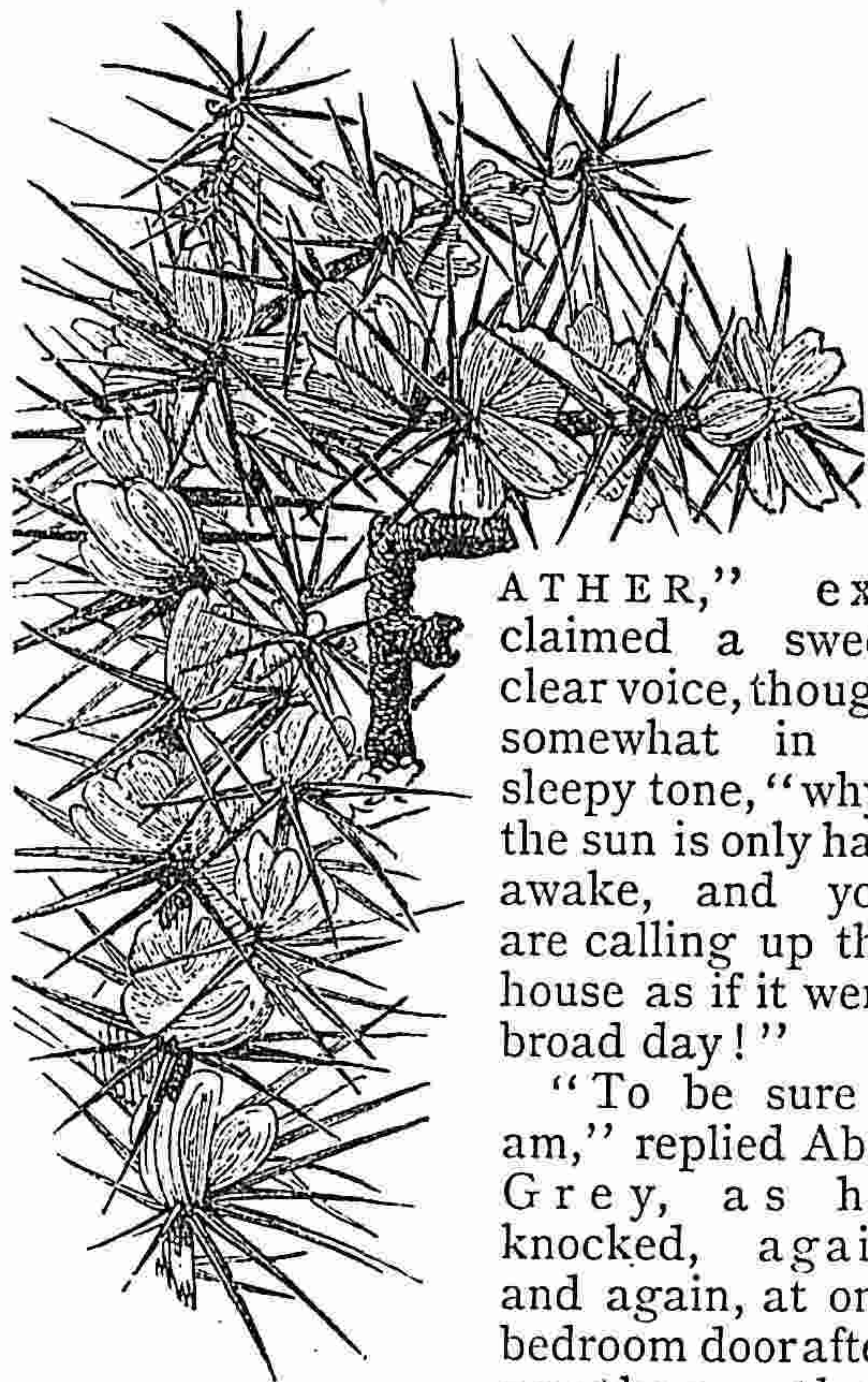
R.H.





# MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.



ATHER," exclaimed a sweet clear voice, though somewhat in a sleepy tone, "why, the sun is only half awake, and you are calling up the house as if it were broad day!"

"To be sure I am," replied Abel Grey, as he knocked, again and again, at one bedroom door after another; they

all opened into what he termed "the long lobby" of his homestead, but which his dainty little wife, whom he would call "Missis Mabel," always spoke of as "the corridor" at "Fair-spring." The sounds produced on the doors by the knuckles of Abel Grey were as loud as if they had been produced by a hammer.

"The sun will be wide awake, Daisy," was the father's reply to the sweet voice; "the sun will be wide awake before all you lie-a-beds are up and dressed. I have had to shout to the lads outside. We have had a run of queer weather, as you ought to know; but here is the promise of as fine a day as ever smiled in June. Up, up, Daisy—big and little—old and young—all but the missis must turn out, and 'make hay while the sun shines.'" And Farmer Grey continued knocking and stamping, and calling and singing his way through the house, pausing at the passage door leading to the half court, half farm yard, to whistle up Bess, and Bell, and Firetail (the latter his prime favourite), Bess being a lurcher, and Bell as beautiful a shag-haired, brown-eyed sheep dog as ever guarded a flock. "Up, up, my dogs. Why, Firetail, where hast been, old boy?" he continued, addressing a stiff, large, strong terrier sort of dog, with no particular family connections, stout-limbed, and rugged-looking, large-jawed, and with pillar-like legs, who limped towards the farmer, and then sat down on his haunches opposite to him, holding up one paw that had a dangling sort of expression. In fact, Master Firetail looked as disreputable a canine as ever rushed from out a gipsy tent, a decided specimen of strong, low life, contrasting not favourably with Bess and Bell. "Why, Firetail, thy ears and thy lip are cut and bleeding. Why, my poor old man; his lip is half torn off!

Ben Ruddock—Ben, I say"—and a short, thick-set, red-headed old farm servant, stiff and sturdy, with a faithless squint, came out of the byre. "Ben, you never put up Firetail last night, and I heard Daisy herself tell ye ye must be careful to shut him up, for he's got scent of something beyond rats in the mill stream bank. Why did you *not* shut him up?"

"'Cos I couldn't find un nowhere out of the house, maister, and Miss Daisy's that careful over the old brute, I felt sure she had got um in the parlour."

"What is the matter with Firetail?" inquired the sweet voice, but in a louder key, as Daisy threw open her lattice window, sending a shower of rose-leaves and dewdrops over the porch, and scaring a colony of birds who, half chattering, half twittering, had not quite finished their morning toilets before mounting to meet the sunbeams. "What ails Firetail?"

"He's all mud and maul, poor brute," replied her father; "you must doctor him a bit, Daisy, before you come to the hayfield, and leave him at home with the missis. He's met a rough customer by moonlight somewhere;" and in confirmation of his master's opinion, Firetail held his paw a little higher, and gave a low growl—he was too proud a dog to whine.

"O, Ben Ruddock," exclaimed the pride and the pet of Farmer Grey and his household, "did not I tell you last night to look after him?"

"An' so I did, Miss Daisy, but neither heard his voice nor saw his shadda'. I thought you'd got 'im in the parlour, giving 'im tea and toast for supper."

The lattice shut to with a bang. And the next moment Daisy Grey, a pink dressing-jacket girded round her waist, and a wealth of golden-brown hair just released from its night net falling round her in the richest profusion, had the muddy and bleeding dog in her arms.

"Soh! soh! my lass," exclaimed her father. "What a sight you are! Here, Ben, you carry him into the kitchen and there Daisy can manage him."

"He shan't touch him," exclaimed Daisy, and the soft voice was raised, and indignation flashed from her eyes. "Father, Ben Ruddock has told a story. He only looked for this brave dog last night to keep him out, not put him in—I had the—that is—" and if her father had told her to look up he would have seen the Daisy turned into a Rose. "I was awake. And I heard Ben's voice, and other voices, by the mill stream, the moon was almost gone down, and I heard two or three barks of a dog."

"Not Firetail's bark, was it, miss?"

"No; for, as you know, when Firetail's on duty he never barks. The dogs I heard were not ours. But there was a hunt going on by the mill-stream, and you know, father, Harry Jones told you there was an an otter, or something, there. Now you, Ben Ruddock, were there last night, and you kept my poor dog out on purpose. If anything worse comes of it," said Daisy, and she laid

her cheek fondly on the dog's head, "I trust to you, father, to send Ben Ruddock off the farm."

Ben hung his head. "It warn't I was to blame worst," he muttered; "Master Harry 'ticed me for a loan of the dog, and that's all out the truth."

"That's another falsehood!" interrupted the girl, passionately. "If—it—Harry Jones wanted Firetail——"

"He'd never ask you for him, my lass," said her father. "He knows full well the store you set by him, and so you ought—he saved your life."

"He did, my darling, he did," exclaimed Daisy. "When Leader's bull met me in the lane and made to toss me, Firetail seized him by the nose, and hung on till Leader's herd put me over the gate. It was as much as the herd could do; and now," she added, with a burst of tears, "look at Firetail!"

"You're a parcel of idle, poaching, lazy scoundrels," shouted the farmer, moved to wrath by the sight of his daughter's tears. "No wonder you were all so fond of your beds this morning. You, and that would-be fine gentleman, Harry Jones, are enough to demoralize ten parishes. But I'll let his uncle know his goings on. Pretty fellow to look after a grass farm!"

"Father," said Daisy, just before she wended her way to the kitchen, with Firetail in her arms, and this time her voice was very soft and low, murmuring, rather than speaking, "Father, you can't believe what Ben Ruddock says; mother told him the other day he was a big story-teller."

"Story-teller he may be," repeated the jolly farmer, "but 'big,' no. The missis was wrong there. Call such a hop-o'-my thumb as old Ben Ruddock 'big' anything! But Daisy, my darling, don't you go and take a fancy, ever, to such a whey-faced, do-nothing, dandified sort of a chap as Harry Jones. He'll never be 'the early bird that catches the worm.' He ought to have been born in France, and bred a dancing-master. He fears to fret his hands by holding the plough; and I saw him once on the threshing-floor in polished leather boots, I did, holding the flail, as if it was a smelling-bottle, between his finger and thumb."

"But, father," interrupted Daisy.

"But me no buts, my girl. When my little girl marries let her marry a sound-hearted English yeoman, not a pigeon-shooting, bird-trapping, poaching——"

"Father!"

"Hold 'ee tongue I tell ye lass. Now let's see the upshot of to-day. His uncle has left him in charge of the hay, and he has spent the night in setting and hunting some hairy skin or another down the mill stream, bribing that old Ben Ruddock to 'tice your dog, Daisy, and finished the night with the farm boys, beer drinking and smoking. Take poor Firetail in, my girl, and when you're splicing his leg and seeing to his wounds, think how much the regard of your old school-mate and playfellow is worth, who could get *your* dog-friend out on the sly, and subject a brave but almost worthless dog,



the dog that saved your life, to the bite and hug of an otter or a badger, for sport! A fine, tender-hearted, affectionate fellow Master Harry must be. Oh yes! Now lads and lasses, be ye ready?" continued this honest, earnest Englishman, as, after leaving Daisy, he stood in the middle of his homestead. "Forward to the field—not of war, but of peace! The sun has drunk up the dew already."

He paused for a few moments to count the hands that came up from the great barn, where the haymakers and harvesters slept—a motley group, but better clad, and certainly better fed than the poor things generally are who come from an impoverished country to win the better English pay by their cheerful labour.

The farmer unlocked the gate that divided the homestead from the public road. His hay-fields lay on the other side sloping down to the mill stream.

The English workers almost all passed silently to their work, answering their employer's nod or smile by a touch of their hats, or sometimes a half-expressed "fine morning, master." The Paddys and Shelahs are always given to eloquence and wasting time!

"Sure, I'm glad to see ye, sir, looking as stout as ever, and it's just a word I wanted to say."

"Not now, Mrs. Murdock, not now," answered Farmer Grey, motioning her to pass on with the stream. "Some of the lads from the village are at it already. We must all 'make hay while the sun shines.' Moments are sands of gold in such weather as this."

"True for your honour," said another. "Surely we ought to give God thanks for the sunshine."

"Why, Aby, is that you?" inquired the farmer of so diminutive a man that he might have passed for a boy but for his streaming white hair. "I thought you bade me good bye, Aby, last harvesting, and said you wouldn't cross the herring-pond again. You are too old to work, Aby; you shall sit and look on, and I'll pay you all the same. Why, you made hay and reaped on this farm when I was in petticoats."

"God bless ye, yes," responded the old man, who crept to the side of the gate to let the haymakers move on, and got nearer to the farmer, while peering sharply into his face. "And my poor Letty, she always said you had the stoutest pair of legs for a babby she ever set eyes on. You mind her, sir, she was a fine big woman. Do you mind laughing when she put me on the top of the meal tub for a punishment? She was almost twice my length; and she had her own way to the last. She said she'd die of a Christmas morning, and that the last snow of the year should cover her grave,—an' she had her way!—all came true. My two little girls are in America; they are small, like me. So, as the two boys (they take after the mother) never missed haymaking and harvesting, they thought, as I'd no one to look after me, I'd better come with them, and 'deed, many a mile of the way they've carried the ould father on their backs. They're

as fine, good boys as ever broke the world's bread."

"The world has gone hard with you, I fear, Aby," said Farmer Grey, in a kind tone, slackening his pace.

"Not a bit hard, thank God; fair and easy—soft, I may say. I heard you calling out awhile ago to the boys to make hay while the sun shines, and I heard your father say the same thing when he was such a man as you are now. And I never forgot it, sir, never. I thought of it when I had my little plot of praties to dig, or my turf to cut, because, sir, the sunshine falls on the blade of glass as kindly as on the acre. And just with that in my mind the world has gone softly with me, and what I made here did me good at home. No, though what would be *soft* to me would be *hard* to you, what's the odds? My Letty had a respectable berrin', and my two little girls went to America with tidy husbands, and a clean and clear five pound note in each of their pockets. When first I came this way, your house that's now so handsome was not much better than a cottage; there was only a cow and a calf in what ye call the byre, and a bit of a barn with only room for one flail to work. I mind it well—and one meadow—this very one; and the trees, now so large and shady, were like little bits of sticks. Farmer Jones, at t'other side the mill stream, had built a beautiful red brick house that time. He was a dashing man, the present man's father; but oh! dear, the fine house looks faded; it isn't a patch on yours now, Mr. Grey, and I see last evenin' that the half of his meadowin' isn't cut, though it's over ripe, for his is the sunny side o' the hill, but from all I gather he lets God's sunshine go to waste. And I see no hands to make what is down." And then old Aby chuckled and cackled, and struck his stick on the road again and again. "Maybe he expects, as he's on the sunny side o' the hill, that the hay will make itself. Mister Jones, who came after the owd one, had maybe too much sunshine at his first going off—mighty bad for the constitution that—causes weak eyes—it's apt to blind a man—they might call it *sunstroke* that takes the work out of a man. A little hardship when a boy sets off at first is very strengthening—hardens the bones and brains, doesn't it, sir?" And then, according to his old fashion, he "tuned up," as he would call it, a "bit of a song":—

"A cloudy sky proclaims a hunting morning."

"Why, Aby," exclaimed the amused farmer, "you are as wise and musical as ever," for faint and weak as was the old voice, coming, as it were, out of the cracks and chinks of his throat, it recalled the time when, as a little lad, Mr. Grey used to steal to the hayfield, and coax Aby away to sit under the full-leaved hawthorn hedge to sing to him and tell him Irish stories.

"I ought to be wiser, sir, the longer I live, and as to the music, there's no tune left in my throat; but my heart sings all the same. It's a fine thing to larn purty songs when we are young. They're mighty gay company in one's own breast when we are old."

The day was beautiful. The farmer took a fork himself, and worked among his haymakers with a will. Daisy came down with the maidens, who brought refreshments, and communicated to her father the pleasant news that old Fire-tail's leg was not broken, and that he let her tie up his lip, and sat down quite contented "with mother."

(To be concluded.)



## SIGNS AND TOKENS.

THE people of Reading were some years ago thrown into considerable uneasiness by certain strange signs and tokens with which their bread came impressed to them from the oven. One old lady could distinctly trace at the bottom of a loaf which she received the outlines of a death's head and cross-bones, and was so shocked at what she imagined to be a most appalling omen that she immediately took to her bed.

Another person, in the bloom of life and health, saw imprinted in most legible characters "died 20th of September," and concluded that Fate had taken this mode of warning her of the day which it was appointed unto her to die. The bread of a third was marked in large but not bold letters, with the word "Resurgam." The amazed purchaser showed the loaf to an ingenious neighbour, who, discarding the idea of any supernatural agency, thought that the word might be a harmless device of the baker's to intimate his wish that the bread might rise in price. The wits of the whole parish were soon at work to account for these marvellous appearances; and the inquiry which ensued led to the following simple solution of the mystery:

It happened that in consequence of some alterations in St. Giles's churchyard several large flat tombstones had become superfluous articles, since the persons over whom they had been placed had sunk into the narrow house at so distant a period that no friend lived to insist on the dead retaining the little privilege of that sculptured *hic jacet* which duty or affection contributed to their memory. It happened that the churchwarden for the time was chief baker of the town, and he looked with a longing eye on these nice, flat, polished stones, for his oven wanted fresh paving. Whether he went into church or came out of church it was all the same; he never passed the flat polished stones but he thought of the bottom of his oven. In a bold hour he winked at parochial duty, removed the tablets, and gratified himself by placing them in that fiery place which he thought sacred from all eyes but his own. But the stones, though nicely polished by the wear of years, yet retained some marks of their original destination, and these cherished traces they very naturally imparted to the bottom of the baker's bread.





## HOW TO DRESS DOLLS

the fair Saccharissa's horrified exclamation:

"Odious! In woollen! 'twould a saint provoke."

There is, indeed, a vast difference between the old piece of rag with one corner tied in a knot to make a head, and supplied with eyes and mouth of ink, which delights the village baby, and the elegant waxen creature whose real hair is arranged after the latest fashion, and whose hands and feet are a triumph of artistic modelling; yet both alike are dolls.

There are many simple ways of dressing dolls, beginning with the very summary process of nailing or sewing the clothes right through the poor creature's body, the hat and hair being fastened on at one fell swoop by a nail, which must have seriously disturbed the victim's mental arrangements. Then there are the dolls whose dress is arranged to suit the convenience of our baby brothers and sisters, who always seem to me as if nature had originally intended them to be cannibals, for however life-like and natural their doll is, they instantly put it into their mouths, with an air of enjoyment worthy of a starving savage. For these omnivorous little people it is better to avoid too much bright paint, as it is apt to be poisonous; and, though they cannot obtain much nourishment from eating their toys, we can at least prevent them being poisoned by them. Unfortunately, too, little children have generally such a thirst for information that they persist in tearing everything to pieces to satisfy themselves as to how it is made; but for any who are blessed with an uninquisitive mind the most comfortable dolls to nurse are those dressed entirely in wadding. Of course the clothes cannot be made to take off and on, but that is not necessary for babies. The skirt is made first: a straight piece of wadding, button-holed along the bottom with red worsted, and then sewn together on the doll. Another straight piece is used for the

IN an old cookery book, much admired by our grandfathers, is the very true and practical remark that you must "first catch your hare, and then cook it."

This statement, true of hares, is even more true of dolls, since there are so many more varieties of the latter than of the former. The materials provided for dressing one hare would probably serve equally well for another, while the very idea of dressing the aristocratic French doll in the stuff gown of her wooden sister recalls



body in the same way, only button-holed up the front as well as round the bottom. A hood and cape cut in one piece, and button-holed all round, and a muff, makes the comfortable little creature complete. But for girls who have come to years of discretion, and value their dolls as they deserve, much more elaborate dressing is required. They must have at least one dress and complete set of underclothes to take off and on, and if the doll is the happy possessor of a cradle, there should be a prettily-made night-dress, and of course she will require a hat and jacket for her daily walks.

But it is a great mistake to dress dolls too grandly; they do not give half so much pleasure as plainer ones. One wax doll in my possession was most elegantly dressed in fine cambric underclothes, trimmed with real lace, and sewed with almost microscopic stitches. Her silk underdress was made very long, and covered by a lace and gauze polonaise, looped up with bows of scarlet velvet and golden butterflies. That doll was an utter failure. I never could persuade any of my numerous child visitors to do anything but gaze with solemn awe upon the gorgeous vision, till, one happy day, some schoolboys seized her in my absence, and she returned to me with her poor nose melted all away, great spots of wax on her dress, and one arm broken and hanging by a single thread. Of course I did not spare those wicked youths, but poured forth my wrath upon them freely; but they were in truth the doll's best friends, for ever since she has been the object of the tenderest sympathy and the most gentle nursing that motherly little hands can give. Her wounds have atoned for her extravagant splendour. It is a good thing for a young beginner in plain needlework to make a set of clothes for her doll, as a trial, before attempting a set for herself. True, the little things are rather awkward to hold, but the seams are shorter, and the rows of stitching do not appear so endless as in the worker's own garments.

If your doll is often taken out to tea, or on any other visits, she certainly ought to have two dresses—one of serge, or something plain of that sort for hard wear, and a more dressy one for visiting. It is rather difficult to advise anyone what kind of dress to make, as they can be copied not only from any English lady's dress, but from all sorts of foreign ones too; and a dolls' tea-party, when the visitors are all dressed in the costumes of different nations, is almost as amusing as a fancy-dress ball. But, as a general rule, I find it is better to make some style of dress which can have a separate body and skirt, because if it is anything like a princess dress it is so difficult not to break the dolls' arms while putting them into the sleeves, and with a separate body you have more room to move the arms.

For the every-day dress, a kilted skirt with a sash round looks as nice as anything, with a plain jacket-body made to button down the front. Some girls always make their dolls' dresses to hook, to save the trouble of making button-holes; but they never look neat, and the hooks always come undone.

For the better-dress you might work a small pattern in crewels on a long cashmere skirt, and make a jacket-body with a silk waistcoat, as they have been so much worn lately, and work the same pattern round the body as you have on the skirt. Suppose your cashmere is grey, blue forget-me-nots would look very pretty, and the waistcoat might be of blue silk to match. The skirt should have a small kilted flounce round the bottom, and the embroidery just above it.

A princess who was married a little while ago had a doll dressed in exact copy of each costume in her trousseau, including even gloves and stockings, so that she might know just how the dressmaker intended them to be

worn. I hope she will give them to some one who will appreciate them when she has done with them, for they must look very beautiful.

Girls who can knit will, of course, make their dolls' stockings themselves. They are not difficult, and look very pretty. It is best to knit them of silk; such a small quantity is used that it is not extravagant, and it looks much better than cotton. I advise girls who are fond of dolls, and cannot knit, to learn to do so; there are so many pretty things to be made in that way that it is well worth the small amount of trouble required.

The long fur-lined cloaks which ladies wear now can be made of either silk or cashmere, and lined with swansdown calico instead of fur, while in place of clasps a common hook and eye, sewn over and over with coloured silk, and stitched on outside the cloak, looks quite grand.

It is hardly worth while to make dolls' hats, as they can be bought so very cheaply, but for those who prefer to make their own the simplest way is to crochet them. I have one before me now, of white Berlin wool, with a brim and feather of blue Shetland. It is begun in the centre of the crown and worked round and round till the hat is large enough, but where the crown and brim join there should be one row of one treble and one chain stitch alternately. The feather is formed of a series of little loops made by twisting the wool several times round the finger between each chain stitch. Make this about three times as long as you want the feather to be, and then sew it on to a foundation of chain stitch, the extra fulness making it look rich and thick.

A very small piece of fur will make a muff by lining it with silk, and then simply sewing it up into the right shape. It should be fastened round the doll's neck with a small cord and tassels, such as you see on umbrellas. If you have not even a morsel of fur, silk, or satin, or the material of the dress will do quite as well. Cut the lining of the muff just the right size, only leaving enough for turnings; then cut the silk about three times too long, and gather it on to the lining; and if you have a little lace or a tiny bow to finish it off with, you will have a most elegant and fashionable muff. I have never succeeded in making dolls' gloves to my own satisfaction, but mittens, with a separate hole for the thumb, can be knitted in fine silk. Mob caps, too, can be made in imitation of the prevailing fashion; but if the doll is made of china they are difficult to fasten on, and I have sometimes, in despair, been reduced to gum.

Boys are always supposed to be troublesome creatures, and certainly boy-dolls bear out the character of their originals, for few things are more troublesome to make than a suit of clothes for a small masculine doll. But here again knitting is useful, for instead of making a coat, which is the greatest difficulty of all, you can dress your boy as a sailor, and knit him a jersey and cap. A friend of mine, who cannot knit and refuses to learn, has given up English boy-dolls in despair, and dresses them all in the costume of some foreign nation. Her favourite style is that of the Chinese, because, as she says, "They are just as easy to cut out as English ladies' dresses, and there is only half the work in them." A glance at the pictures of Chinese gentlemen in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the first week in February will show how simple their dress is to make; but they should be, if possible, composed of rather rich material, as the dress of the native gentlemen is generally of brocaded satin, or some other equally gorgeous fabric.

I have also seen a boy-doll dressed as a gentleman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth with very

good effect. The long hose were, in this case, made of pieces of white silk, tightly wrapped round the legs and sewed up; but would, of course, look better knitted. The shoes were also of white silk, and very large green and crimson rosettes concealed their rather faulty shape, for the skill of the dresser had been hardly equal to the task of shoe-making. The short trousers were of green silk slashed with white, very wide, and gathered into band at the waist and above the knee, so as to give the full and puffed-out look peculiar to the style. The jacket, of white silk slashed with green, was rather long, and had a belt of green round the waist and a sword belt across the breast. On the front of the jacket a heraldic lion was neatly painted, and a crimson cloak was fastened on to the left shoulder by a large gold spangle.

Many girls who are quite too old to play with dolls have yet a pleasant recollection of happy hours spent in nursing them, and are not at all sorry to have an excuse for going back to old habits. If they have no little sisters to delight with triumphs of the dolls' dressmaker's art, or if they have supplied them with everything they can possibly desire, let me remind them that there are many poor children in our hospitals and workhouses who have never had even a rag doll, and whose delight at the gift of one for "their very own" would well repay the pleasant labour of the kind donor.

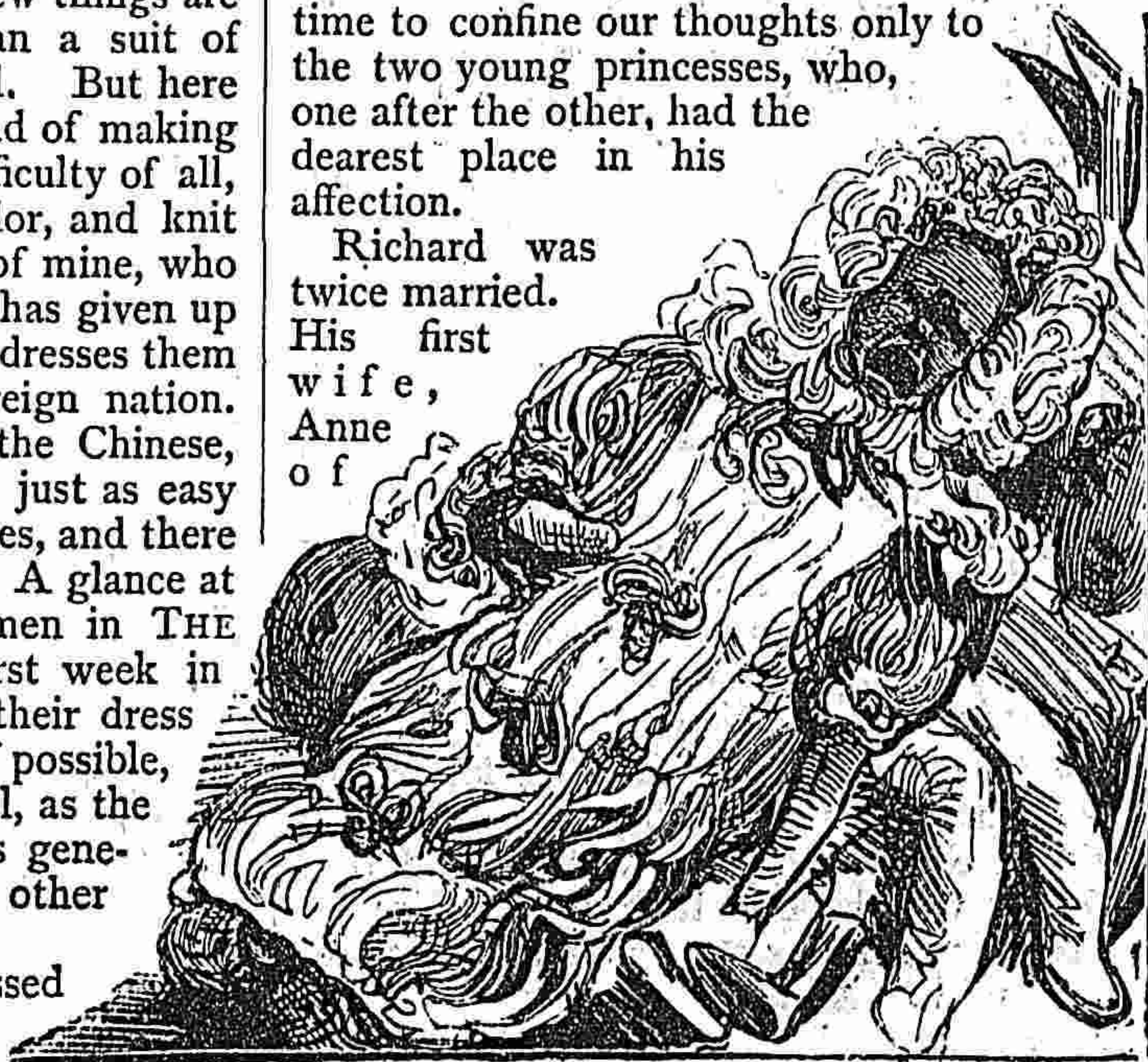
DORA HOPE.

## TWO LITTLE QUEENS.

MOST of us, no doubt, remember the interesting tale of the good Queen Philippa, the wife of our King Edward the Third, who, on her knees, prevailed upon her husband to save the lives of the poor citizens of Calais. Considering her bravery and unselfishness, it is a matter of wonder to us that the child of her eldest son, who afterwards reigned as Richard the Second, should have so completely lacked the good qualities of his grandmother, as to be really unfit to fill his high position.

Perhaps on this account he deserves our pity as much as our censure, for we must remember that he was only eleven years of age when he ascended the throne, and, unfortunately, he had been told so often that he was handsome and wise and clever, that he quite believed it all himself; consequently, the best side of his nature was never cultivated as it ought to have been, and as it would have been if he had been surrounded by good, wise friends, instead of by fawning flatterers. But we have no intention just now of enlarging upon either the good or the bad traits of Richard himself; we mean for a short time to confine our thoughts only to the two young princesses, who, one after the other, had the dearest place in his affection.

Richard was twice married. His first wife, Anne of



A DOLL THAT CRIES.



Bohemia, though quite a girl at her coronation, succeeded so completely in winning the hearts of the English people, that they gave her the name of Good Queen Anne.

She was a German princess, and, absurd as it may seem to us now, she was only thirteen years old when she was betrothed to the young English king, who was a boy not very much older than herself.

The year afterwards, she came over to England to be married, when, as is usual on such occasions, there was much rejoicing. Silver coins were thrown on the road for the horses in the bride's carriage to tread upon, and gold leaf was blown into the air.

Indeed, the good folks did all they could to show the young foreign princess that she was welcome in the strange land on which she had landed, and that they were prepared to make her as happy as possible.

Then came her coronation at Westminster Abbey. Just fancy a girl, only fourteen years of age, being crowned as Queen of England; but this little woman must have been very sensible and clever, for she appears from the day of her marriage to have fully realised her position.

She loved her young husband very much, and did all she could to make him govern wisely; it is only to be regretted that he did not more frequently regulate his actions according to her advice.

The style of dress when she first came was certainly very astonishing, both to the old ladies and to the young ones. And no doubt some of them hesitated before they could make up their minds to adopt a fashion that they thought so unbecoming.

She wore an ugly horned cap, over which was thrown a square veil, which was anything but pretty; still, as Anne was the highest lady in the land, her appearance was imitated by all the others; and, therefore, before many weeks had elapsed the ladies looked as if each each one had a couple of cow's horns on her head.

It must not be forgotten, though, that Anne introduced to us the use of pins; and also that until she came side-saddles were not known in England. Ladies who rode on horseback were placed on pillions behind equerries. No doubt the young ladies who were fond of horse riding were very pleased to have the comfortable side-saddle instead.

As the years went on, Anne grew out of her girlhood into a sweet and beautiful woman, spending her life in making her husband's army as happy as lay in her power to do, until, in spring, when a dreadful fever was raging in the land, the young queen, who was only of age, was seized with it, and died after a short illness.

Poor Richard was almost frantic at his loss; for his wife was the one object he loved more than any other. In Westminster Abbey, where, as a sweet gentle girl, she had been crowned as his queen, he had her buried; and over the tomb had a monumental statue placed, representing her and himself with their hands clasped.

For some months he absolutely refused to be comforted, so great was his grief. At last, finding that his people were anxious to have a queen, he went over to France and asked Charles the VI., who was then the King of that country, to give him for a wife his little daughter Isabella, a child only eight years old.

The idea seemed very strange, for by this time Richard was 30. But he so tenderly cherished the memory of his first wife, that he felt it would be a long time before he could bear to see any other lady in her place, and he said to his friends that perhaps by the time the little Isabella had become a woman, he would be able to love her as his wife.

King Charles consented to the marriage, and so did the little girl herself, who thought it would be a very fine thing to be Queen of England, and highly amused the ladies and gentlemen in France by showing them how she would behave, and what she would do when she really became queen.

As soon, therefore, as all necessary arrangements could be made, the wedding ceremony was performed at Calais, three days after which, the child bride embarked with her husband and the royal party for England.

Crowds of people were assembled, all anxious to have a sight of their King's new little wife, who was not in the least discomposed; indeed, the people thought her so calm and dignified and beautiful, that they were delighted with her.

Her predecessor, the good Queen Anne, brought very little to England as a marriage portion, but this little maiden Isabella was amply furnished both in money and jewels. Her little dresses were all very gay, some of them were figured all over with trees, the branches of which were made of pearl, and little birds made of different coloured precious stones, were sitting on the branches, and she had no end of jewelled rings, belts, bracelets, brooches, necklaces, &c. The English ladies liked all this finery very much indeed. It no doubt gave them greater pleasure than it did the little Queen herself, who was almost too young to care about such things.

The next thing to be thought of was her education; so, in order to secure this, it was arranged that she should live privately at Windsor Castle, and have for her governess a cousin of the King's called Lady de Courcy, and that her husband should pay her occasional visits.

Isabella was very bright and intelligent, and took great pleasure in her studies. She had a great love for poetry and music, and soon became so accomplished and graceful that the King was quite charmed with his little wife and found her quite a pleasant companion.

His gentleness and kindness made her love him quite ardently in return; indeed, the few hours he passed with her from time to time were the brightest spots in her young life.

She little thought that, after saying good-bye to him one day when he came to see her, just before his departure for Ireland, that she would never see him again.

Some disturbances had broken out in Ireland, and with the idea of restoring peace Richard left England.

During his absence, Henry of Lancaster, his cousin, asserted his right to the throne, and succeeded in being proclaimed King, and Richard was made to abdicate.

Isabella, now in her thirteenth year, was kept in ignorance of what was going on, though she must have had her suspicions aroused when she was removed from Windsor, first to Sunninghill and afterwards to Havering, especially when, at the latter place, she was closely guarded.

Richard, as we all know, was imprisoned in Pontefract Castle and there killed by his enemies. As long as possible his death was concealed from his young queen, and when she was told of it, all the horrible part of it was unrevealed.

Henry, the new king, wanted her to become his son's wife, but she decidedly refused to marry any one who had entertained hostile feelings to her loved but dead husband.

She implored to be taken home; so, after finding that she could be prevailed upon to consent to nothing else, the young widow, in the deepest mourning, was taken back to France—though not without many tears being shed by her ladies and other friends who had shared her companionship in England.

She had a loving welcome from her father's subjects, who, when they saw her sad

young face concealed under the sombre widow's veil, felt their hearts drawn to her even more than when she left them a happy, gleeful child.

Amid the show and gaiety of the French court, the gentle young widow quietly mourned for her lost friend, until, in her nineteenth year, she consented to become the wife of her cousin Charles, of Orleans.

A few happy months the young couple passed in each other's society, when Isabella died, leaving a little daughter to console her husband for his sad loss.

She was buried first at Blois, but now she lies in the church of the Celestines in Paris.

SYLVIA THORNE.

## VARIETIES.

**THE WEDDING RING.**—The matter of which the wedding ring is made is gold, signifying how noble and durable our affection is! the form is round, to imply that our respects or regards shall never have an end; the place of it is the fourth finger of the left hand, where the ancients thought there was a vein that came directly from the heart, and where it may always be in view, and, being a finger least used, where it may be least subject to be worn out; but the main end is to be a visible and lasting token of a covenant that must not be broken.—*Dean Cowler.*

## SQUARE WORDS.

My first, when storms are raging fierce around,  
The traveller longs to be;  
A little word my second, in whose sound  
No sweetness will you see.  
Sharpness to smooth, and roughness to dispel,  
My third will be your choice;  
The bliss and beauty of my fourth to tell,  
All powerless my voice.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A celebrated club. A portion of land. A scripture character. An implement of destruction. The name of a poet. Something we all experience. A repeater. An article used in work. The initials and finals give the names of two literary characters.

**THE WORK OF THE THRIFTY.**—The world has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved, and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilised and happy, have been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and of Providence that this should be so.—*Cobden.*

**SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**—P. 239.  
LOTOS-EATER.

1. LIFE
2. OPERA
3. TENT
4. ORE
5. STUPOR

**ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL BURIALS,**  
P. 239.

1. CONSTANTINOPLE.
2. ATHENS.
3. HEBRIDES.
4. THAMES.
5. CORK.
6. ERIE.
7. ATHENS, SPARTA.

**LITTLE THINGS.**—As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honourably performed, daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits which form it.—*"Self-Help."*



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## COOKERY.



**I** VANHOE.—For all such simple articles of cookery as common custards you will find recipes in every cookery book.

**A. J. S.**—We have already given a recipe for oatmeal cakes in No. 8. See answer to "A Young House-keeper."

**JULIA.**—Sherbet consists of the juice of lemons and oranges, honey, and spice. Take nine Seville oranges, three lemons, grate the yellow outer coating of the

rinds, and put it into a gallon of water, with 3lbs of white sugar, and boil it till thickened; then add the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons. Stir till it be cold. Sweeten with honey, and flavour with spices. In the East some perfume is likewise added.

**C. Y.**—The "making of bread" comprises a large number of different descriptions of the same. There is the country, or home-made bread, rated bread, milk bread, French bread, brown whole-meal and whitey-brown bran bread, barley and rye bread, &c., the leavened and the unleavened. We shall insert an exhaustive paper on the whole subject soon.

**BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.**—To about a couple of ounces of grated cocoa-nut add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of pounded white sugar. Beat up the whites of three eggs with it, adding a teaspoonful of flour to thicken it, if required. Then drop small portions of the cocoa-nut mixture upon sheets of wafer-paper, laid on a tin, preparatory to baking them. Ten minutes in a slow oven will probably be found sufficient.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

**EMILINE H. R.**—Could you not take some lessons from a good ironer. You will find that practice is the chief thing.

**A. K. OSBORNE.**—You should not have tried two such different methods with your mahogany table. Have the varnish scraped off, and apply a good polish, such as is sold for the cleaning of dining room furniture.

**J. U. T.**—We do not understand what difficulty there can be in re-painting your bedstead.

**DAISY.**—1. Wash the crewel-work in bran-water. 2. We have no recipe by which you could remove marking-ink from linen, without destroying the material.

**M. S. T.**—To remove stains from white marble. Mix common whitening to a paste with warm water, in which you have first dissolved a piece of soda the size of a filbert. Rub the stains well with this on a piece of clean flannel, wash off with Hudson's soap powder and water. If this does not remove the marks, leave the paste on the stains for twenty-four hours, then wash off as above directed, and polish well with a soft duster or silk handkerchief.

**DAISY J.**—Stains for deal may be purchased at any oil shop.

**F. G. E.**—Keep no food in your bedroom, and the mice will probably desert it. If you kept a scrap of toasted cheese on your bed, very likely the mice would manage to climb up there, but we do not think they would bite you (as you seem to apprehend) when they had the choice of eating the cheese. We never heard that the bite of a mouse was fatal.

**USEFUL.**—In spite of the style of your grammar, as exemplified on your post-card, we commend your desire to be useful. To "make your collars and cuffs look like new," after you have washed them yourself, try stirring the starch when boiling with a wax candle.

## WORK.

**AN REVOIR.**—Ladies' fancy-work is usually sold at the depots of societies instituted for that purpose, of which there are several in town. But the competition is great, and the sales small, and the societies burdened with rules, and fees. Try to obtain trade orders at ordinary shops; this is far the most reliable plan.

**MIGNONETTE.**—See answer to "Annie W." and others, on the plain needlework competition.

**SNOWDROP.**—1. Our competitions are open to any members of a family in which our magazine is taken. 2. Bathing your ankle in warm salt and water may be of service to it.

**BUSY BEE.**—The cutting-out, tacking, and all the needlework of the night-dress,—excepting only the embroidery on the trimmings,—must be done by yourself.

**FINGER.**—If you find the embroidery of the bed-satchel beyond your means, or powers of execution,

do not attempt it. Perhaps you might succeed better with the plain needlework. We do not return the articles sent in competition.

**A GIRL.**—A recipe for the knitting of mittens has been supplied to "Wiltshire," in No. 9.

**LILY OF THE VALLEY and R. E. A.**—If impossible for you to obtain any other certificate respecting your needlework excepting those of your parents we will accept their testimony.

**ENTHUSIAST.**—Undershirts are often knitted in partially ribbed and plain knitting. "Fingering wool" would be sufficiently good.

**E. M.—1.** We decline to give addresses. 2. Doll's paper-patterns are sold in many pattern shops.

**ROSAMOND.**—There is no sale, so far as we are aware, for Macrame lace, but you might inquire at some fancy-work shops.

**MALABAR.**—Purchase a sheet of black transfer paper, place it between the paper pattern, and the linen, and trace over the outlines of the bird with the point of a hard pencil.

**J. E. B., Jersey.**—The night-dress must be entirely hand-worked; they need not be exactly like the examples given in our illustrations.

**F. G. E.**—Send the bed-satchels and questions to 56, Paternoster Row.

**CONSTANCE.—1.** See answer to "May Bradbourne,"—No. 9 of this paper. 2. Consult "My Work Basket."

**E. M. J.**—Instructions in herring-boning are given in the April monthly number, and also how to put in patches. The other work for which you inquire will be treated further on.

**LAVENDER.**—You have our sincere sympathy. Why can you not compete for the certificate of merit? We shall have a prize competition for the older girls a little later on.

**F. G. E.**—Your satchel must be traced by yourself, and sent to 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**AIMEE.**—We fear that no hints of ours would enable you to execute church embroidery without lessons. There are many places in London where a few could be obtained.

**GRACIE G.—1.** You will find instructions for washing crewel-work in our article on the subject. 2. Eiderdown is supposed to be washed in the ordinary manner.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**PHILLIS and LEWIS.**—These was an extraordinary woman called Shipton, and known as "Mother Shipton," who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. But the prophecy to which you allude was written long subsequently—not more than about 20 years ago, and the forgery exposed over and over again.

**AN INQUIRER.—1.** The monthly numbers of this paper can be obtained on the 24th of each month. 2. Give very little meat to dogs or they will become unhealthy, especially if they live in the house, as it produces a very disagreeable odour proceeding from both coat and breath.

**LILITH and BEATRICE.**—The Baroness Helga von Cramm has promised to write a paper on the subject of painting birthday and other cards, so you will get the best and most reliable information that can be obtained. Of course you have seen the Baroness's own painted cards?

**ESPERANCE.—1.** See answer to "Alice Webber," and judge for yourself whether you have sufficient information for your Essay to be gathered out of the one authority you name. It would, of course, be more satisfactory to glean your data from a variety of sources. Send in your papers at any time before the 1st of May, and signed by any name you please. 2. Form your handwriting by selecting a model for yourself and copying it daily.

**RUBY.**—See answer to "Helene."

**HYACINTH.**—The Cambridge Junior Local examinations are held in December, for girls under sixteen. Address the Secretary, the Rev. G. S. Browne, St. Katherine's College.

**MAHALA.—1.** See "How to play the Piano," by Madame Arabella Goddard. 2. Try whether wearing gloves will whiten your hands.

**C. E. T.**—We cannot explain why your gold paint turned black, unless it was exposed to the influence of gas.

**ANNIE.**—The answer to your query has been already given. For information about St. Thomas's Hospital, apply by letter to H. Bonham Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W. Nightingale probationers enter at a salary of £10 per annum, and partial uniform. Ladies are trained at a premium of £30, receiving a salary of from £30, to £50, after one year's service.

**PEGGY.**—The Tauchnitz edition may be had at foreign publishers' and book stalls. We are obliged for your offer of contributions to the magazine, but we have a complete staff of experienced writers.

**K. C.** sends us no less than ten questions in one letter. None of these are commenced with a capital letter, nor a number, nor, indeed, is there a single stop in the whole epistle. The prize essay will probably be printed, and the water colour drawing must be an original work, not a copy. See answer to "Spring Flowers" in No. 10 of the magazine. Write to the Grosvenor Gallery, and ask for its rules. As for your remaining questions, they are not of a character to be answered by us, as we do not act as agents to sell anything. We only give our readers suggestions, which they must act upon and carry out for themselves. Your

letter is a deplorable specimen of bad writing, and ignorance of punctuation and grammar.

**CAMPANELLA.—1.** Be quite easy in your mind about your being fat. How much better than being thin! If you had a fever you would have a far better chance of your life, for you would have something to waste from. The best wish that an Eastern friend could offer you would be to this effect—

"May your shadow never be less."

You might seriously injure your health, were you to try any artificial means of changing the roundness of form that nature gave you. 2. We thank you for offers of contributions, but have got an efficient staff.

**ASHY.**—You will be too old for present competition for the essay prize, but there will be one for girls of your age a little later.

**VALENTINE and FLOSSIE C.**—We know of nothing better for the preservation of your hands than the wearing of gloves. Red hands are common to girls.

**CARMEN and HELIOTROPE.—1.** We do not understand what you mean by asking us to advise you on the subject of "school behaviour." Wherever you are, conduct yourselves in a ladylike way; unassuming, gentle, pleasing, without any affectation of "airs and graces," and mannerism. Giggling and whispering are especially objectionable when in class. 2. There is nothing to prevent your both competing for the essay prize, if you wish to do so.

**MAYBLOSSOM.—1.** You may consult a friend on your subject. 2. The essay competition was announced in No. 1. of this paper.

**NIL DESPERANDUM.**—The whole tone of your letter is highly objectionable, and your composition, spelling, and caligraphy need much correction, before you aspire to the publication of any of your "tales."

**K. S.**—We know of no one cure for low-spirits. We can only suggest that your digestion is out of order, or else that you need a tonic. A low state of body has much effect on the mind; and in this case you need higher living. Be much in the open air, associate frequently with young companions; and occupy yourself much, without over-fatigue.

**CARLINE.**—Caroline Herschell, though born in Hanover, and having returned there to die, accomplished all her wonderful astronomical labours in England, having joined her brother, who had settled here, and whose family is naturalised English, and worked in partnership with him during the whole period of their lives that was devoted to scientific engagements. They are therefore both claimed as English, by their adoption of the country as the scene of all their labours. 2. Mrs. Somerville's daughters (one or more) have just published her biography; at least, they were engaged in the work at a recent date. 3. For the life of Mrs. Fry consult a late encyclopædia.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.—1.** If you have "a bad ear," on no account "learn singing"; it will only be a sad waste of time, trouble, and money, and prove a needless annoyance to others. 2. If you live in the country, once a month will be sufficiently often to wash your hair; supposing that you clean it well daily by means of brushing and combing with a small-tooth comb, or else by using some good simple wash, nutritious and cleansing. 3. You do not name your age, but in any case you would do well to be in bed by 10 p.m. and to rise at 7 a.m. or 7.30, if delicate. 4. It is very likely that we shall have some articles about gardening, at a future time, in this magazine.

**ENRIQUETA.**—You may compete for all the prizes if you feel competent to do so.

**WAVERLEY.**—The gilding of the covers of books is done by the use of gold leaf. You had better inquire for a manual of directions for gilding, as the process is a long and difficult one. In replying to our correspondents we must request them to bear in mind that, we by no means undertake to teach them trades.

**FRAGER.—1.** It was the old-fashioned style amongst the upper classes of society to pronounce both names and ordinary words in a very arbitrary way. Cooper and Cowper were amongst these names, the latter being pronounced as if written like the former. In the present day people say "Cowper." 2. D'Israeli is pronounced as if written to rhyme with Bailey, or Disrayli.

**SUNNIE.**—As a headdress for the character of "Night" we would suggest a black tulle scarf or veil, studded irregularly with steel beads, all small, but varying a little in size. It should be loosely and gracefully arranged, and caught together over the centre of the forehead by a silver brooch in the form of a crescent, to represent the new moon. A glance at the sky on a starlight night will show Sunnie why the beads should be attached at irregular intervals. There are so many little imitation silver ornaments used in millinery that she will find it quite easy to obtain her "moon." If, however, she should experience any difficulty, she might cut out a little crescent in silver paper and gum it to the tulle. Silver best represents the calm, soft moonlight; steel the glitter and sparkle of stars. A little ebony wand, surmounted by a larger crescent and carried in the hand, would be a pretty and characteristic addition.





## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

## A POEM FOR GIRLS.

How shall we make life joyous?

"Not by the mirth unblest  
Of the giddy dance, or the song profane,  
Or the wild, unguarded jest.  
By the love of all things good and fair,  
Sunshine and books and flowers;  
By the smile of God upon guileless joys,  
Let us gladden our youthful hours."

How shall we make home happy?

"Not by pert look or tone,  
Or the roving feet that haunt the street  
While the mother toils alone.  
By the tired father's ready chair,  
Bright hearth, and neat-spread board;  
By a willing hand, and a smiling lip,  
And a heart with kindness stored."

How shall we look the fairest?

"Not by the vain display  
Of flaunting fashions and foolish airs,  
That turn wise hearts away.  
But the light of truth in a quiet eye,  
And a modest maiden grace,  
With the rosy smile of sweet content,  
Make fair the homeliest face."

How shall we give God glory?

"By doing what *good we can*  
Unto *all* and *each*, within our reach,  
Bird, beast, or child, or man;  
By keeping still from the snares of ill  
Which lure on every side;  
Sheltered and safe, 'neath the prayer of  
faith,  
Lord Jesus, be our Guide!"

C. T. PRINGLE.





VOL. I.—No. 17.

APRIL 24, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA: OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

### CHAPTER XXX.

IN LONDON.

PAUL TENCH had not taken Zara to London without having formed some definite plans for her future. Her education was the first thing to be considered, and with this view he intended she

should spend a whole year at a finishing school ere she was made aware of the good fortune awaiting her by-and-by.

He hunted up the advertisement sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and at last hit on the very sort of establishment required.

Everything was satisfactory—from the masters, the training, the matronly supervision, to the terms demanded.

A few days after their arrival in town, he went into the breakfast-room with the paper in his hand, and pointed out the advertisement for Zara to read.



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"LOOKING UP AT HER WITH BESEECHING EARNESTNESS."



She was alone in the room with a book in her hands, and looked up to Paul with her usual bright smile.

"Read that," said he, briefly.

She went over the paragraph carefully, and returned the paper with a puzzled air.

"That school seems to promise well, Mr. Tench."

"You are going there, Zara."

"What! going to school? Surely you are making fun of me."

"I am not. Your education wants a little finishing. Don't you agree with me in thinking so?"

"I'll agree with you as much as you choose that I am ignorant of many things I ought to know, and I am not accomplished. But if you think I can become a child again and go to school, I don't agree with you at all."

"You are not too old. Dozens of young ladies are kept at school until they are eighteen or nineteen, perhaps."

"I'm not like one of these fine, lackadaisical young ladies, sir. I have been too long a woman, working for myself, to consent to go back to school. Why, I should be a laughing-stock to mere children, who are far better taught and more advanced than I am!"

"It is for your good, Zara. I want you to be a true lady."

"That is not the way I should ever learn to be one. It would turn me into an idiot. The world has been my school, sir, and a hard, stern, bitter one I found it until I learned the trick of amusing people, and then they were gracious enough."

"You disappoint me terribly, Zara. I have made arrangements for your going to this school," replied Paul, fairly baffled by her resistance.

"Without consulting me? I am sorry for your disappointment, and I can return to Seabright. But go to school, I *will* not—no, I will not."

Her passion rose as she spoke; hot tears gathered in her eyes and ran down her burning cheeks.

"It is an insult to me, Mr. Paul Tench, and I'll tell the vicar," said she, impetuously.

She darted out of the room, and was presently knocking at the door of Mr. Venn's study.

As usual, he was surrounded with books—making the most of the morning hours; but he had always time for a word with Zara.

He already felt an interest in the bright-looking girl, so full of life and untrained spirit, and had often been amused with her quick, ready wit—her frank unreserve in speaking what came uppermost in her mind at the moment. He talked to her kindly, ever putting in sage words of counsel and advice as opportunity offered.

He looked up in alarm at her flushed cheeks and streaming eyes.

"My dear Miss Keith, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, sir, but Mr. Tench has insulted me. He says I must go to boarding-school, and I don't want to vex him, yet I can't and won't go to school."

"Can't, and won't, and don't want!

Very decided negatives. Come, my child, sit down on that chair and compose yourself. Let us talk the matter over calmly and quietly. I feel certain Mr. Tench will not urge his *protégée* to what is distasteful."

"Going to school would be distasteful—detestable to me."

"Do you want to improve your education? That was the reason you came to London, I understood."

"Certainly I do. I hate being the ignoramus I feel I am; but there are ways of learning without going to a public seminary to be laughed at and sneered at."

"That is true; there are other ways."

"I shouldn't object to them, I dare say."

"Then call Annis and Mr. Tench. We may think of a plan equally beneficial, and not so displeasing to your feelings."

Zara's burst of passion was over. She looked up smiling through her tears, and thanked the vicar, then ran off to summon Annis and Paul to a discussion in the study.

The result was that Zara consented to receive the visits of a governess in the mornings, and of a French master and drawing master and music master at stated intervals during the week.

For the rest two rooms at the vicarage were to be portioned for her special use, where she might feel herself free from all intrusion. One was a kind of morning room, where her studies would proceed; the other was her sleeping apartment.

Zara was to mingle with the family when not engaged with her studies, and on this advantage Paul mentally built up many hopes for the girl. He believed no one could be much with Annis Venn without gaining some of her sweet disposition, her nice ways, her lady-like manners, her gentle dignity—just as fables tell us even the clay at the foot of the rose tree will gain some of the delicate perfume of the queen of flowers.

In forming these plans Paul Tench strove eagerly to wipe out some of the debt he owed Zara. Her mind was to be prepared by training and education, and when she was wise enough and prudent enough to know how to use it with advantage, her "grandmother's money," her long-lost fortune, was to be placed in her keeping.

The winter proved a profoundly dull one at the vicarage. Fred's illness gradually took a more dangerous turn; it became patent to his family that no change towards recovery could reasonably be expected. And a sick room in a house more or less sheds its solemn influence over all other rooms; it becomes the centre to which all thoughts, actions, and hopes naturally turn.

Annis spent much of her time with her brother. With the exacting fondness of an invalid, he could not bear her out of his sight, so she constantly took her book and work beside his sofa, and left his room as little as possible during the day.

During this period Miss Venn seldom invited any visitors to the house, she had

neither time nor spirits for entertaining them. Being mistress of the establishment, this department lay almost entirely in her own hands, and lively and social gatherings dropped altogether out of the habits of the household. Of course they had many callers who came to inquire for Fred, and to condole with them on his dangerous illness. Mr. Ashley would run in for a chat, or Nellie Lester would come with some gift of fruit or flowers for the invalid, or with some book in which she had been particularly interested, and thought Fred would like it.

The vicar, as usual, was much out in his parish. What with church work, parochial work, and book work, he had but little time to spare; any odd minutes he could snatch from the day's duties were sure to be spent by the Christian pastor and fond father in his son's room.

So it came to pass that on many days the members of the family found themselves assembled together only at meal times—then each of them would come with a more than salutary degree of care tugging away at their hearts.

Between Annis and Paul an almost continued restraint had sprung up. There was so little now on which they could talk in confidence that they rarely spoke to each other at all except in general conversation, and then it was with a reserve and formality irksome as unnatural.

Yet Paul Tench perpetually watched Annis. He knew the faint rustle of her dress, her light foot-fall, without lifting his eyes to her. He noted every change of her countenance, every inflection of her voice. Though he hardly dared to own it to himself, she was ever in his thoughts—the best, the dearest!

Often he wished the two girls would become friendly with each other. If he could see poor Zara only just a little like Annis Venn, he would know the time had come for her to enter into her fortune.

But it did not seem as though the girls ever *would* be friends.

Annis was scrupulously polite to Miss Keith as an inmate of their house. Even to the verge of ceremony every attention was paid to her. One might almost imagine she was a welcome and honoured guest at the vicarage, for her every want was anticipated, her every comfort provided.

But they had so little in common!

Zara's dark, flashing, fiery eyes seemed to search into Miss Venn's very thoughts all the time she talked to her, making the vicar's daughter shrink still more into reserve and reticence.

"You really make me feel quite a mite beside you, Miss Keith," said Annis one day, as she looked at the tall handsome girl.

"But the power is on your side, Miss Venn. I would gladly give up all my spare inches to be like you."

"That would be a poor exchange."

"I don't think so. One can imagine a massive, cart-horse species of the animal, craving with envy the fine, splendid proportions of a thoroughbred. I am like the cart-horse—you are like the other; and while you could easily



overcome obstacles and come in first at the race, I shall stumble on awkwardly and win no prize."

Annis laughed.

"Isn't that something like what is called hyperbole?"

"No, I do not exaggerate. I feel the difference between us every hour of the day. Every time you look and speak I long for a share of the intellect, the gentility you possess; and that never can be mine."

"Really, Miss Keith, you must not say such things."

"They are facts—bitter facts to me. I feel as if all my trying to get on is but disappointment. Mr. Paul sets you up as a model for me. Models, you know, are always exceptions to the rule of average merit, and I shall never get beyond the average—the 'medial stage,' as Miss Glasson neatly terms it."

There was a dissatisfied tone in her voice, despite her lively manner.

"How do you get on with Miss Glasson?" asked Annis.

"I try her patience sometimes when I am in a 'difficult mood' as she terms it. Oh, I should die of dulness here if I did not make some little diversion for myself now and then. I can take off the 'Glasson' to her very face, mimic her manner, her tone of voice, and her pretty little tricks of jerking her head and smoothing her hands together. Sometimes she peers at me over her gold spectacles, as though she half suspected me, and I have to laugh right out."

"Poor Miss Glasson! Do you know I liked her very much when she was my governess," said Annis, a little reproachfully.

"I dare say; she's a dear old thing. But she provokes me by keeping your perfections perpetually before my mind's vision until I am half inclined to throw up my books in utter despair."

"It is blind partiality towards me on her part."

"Well, then, why does Monsieur Le Reve try on the very same thing? He praises you in contrast to me in his mild manner, until I'm quite jealous. Do you know how I revenge myself with him?"

"Not in a very dreadful manner, I hope?"

"I draw caricatures of his bewitching visage, his shrugged-up shoulders, and his waving locks. My sketches are slightly exaggerated of course. He saw one of them in my blotting-book one day, and, I think, recognised it—for he gave me such a reproachful look. I think it was rather a mistake my having the reversion of *your* governess and *your* masters, Miss Venn," added the girl, with a toss of her head.

"You will like them better when you are more accustomed to them," replied Annis.

"Well, I am not quick at liking people, nor yet at understanding them. There seems a whole lot of mystery in the world that I cannot penetrate. For instance, why should you, or Mr. Tench, or anyone else, bother about my education? What matter can it make to any of you whether I spell correctly, or aim at the 'phonetic,' for which Miss Glasson says I have a natural leaning?

What does it all mean, Miss Venn? tell me."

She fixed her large, defiant eyes on Annis as she spoke. There was a kind of indefinable, untamed impatience in her mien that made Annis more than ever pity Paul for his infatuation, as she deemed it.

"You must ask Mr. Tench those questions. He alone can answer them."

"I *have* asked him dozens of times, but he will not tell me. I don't believe the subject gives him pleasure. He seems to me like one performing a penance. Perhaps some time or other he committed a great crime, and vowed, in atonement, to educate a certain number of waifs and strays, and dedicate them to the School Board."

"You must not talk at random, Miss Keith. Paul never committed a crime in his life," retorted Annis, with warmth.

"Then why is it? Certainly from no merit of mine; and in these days one hardly expects to meet with pure philanthropy. But are you angry, Miss Venn? Have I really vexed you?"

"I am not angry; pardon me if I seemed unkind, Zara."

"Ah, if you always spoke like that, and called me 'Zara,' and showed me you did not utterly despise me, I should not be so envious and jealous, and all that sort of thing."

"But I do not despise you, Zara. You are brave and clever and have splendid abilities. Try to get on. Mr. Tench wishes it so much."

"I would rather try because *you* wish it—because you are kind to me. Dear lady, I can do anything for those who love me, and I have had so little love in my time. I have had to fight the world alone since I was a child—no mother's love nor father's care. Had it not been for poor little Miss White, I might have been begging my bread."

Zara was on her knees by Annis's side this time, fondling her hand, and looking up at her with beseeching earnestness, as she repeated—

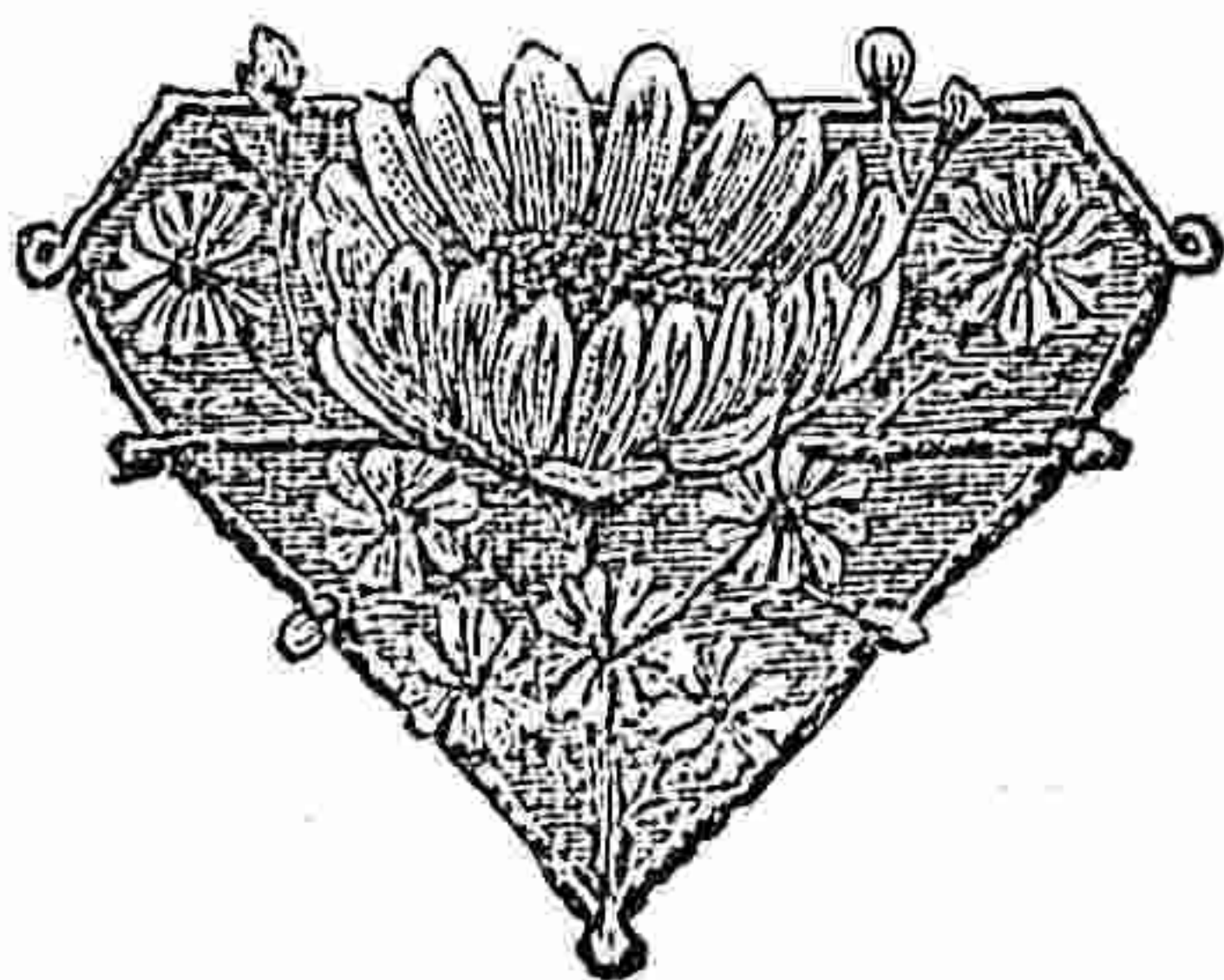
"I can do anything for those that love me."

"I love you, and will help you if I can. Kiss me, Zara."

As Annis bent her head for the caress, she saw bright tear-drops were rising in the girl's eyes, making them pathetic in their tenderness.

There was a chance of Annis and Zara becoming friends after all! Paul Tench might have felt gratified had he seen with what warmth of manner they parted—Annis to the sick room, Zara to her music lesson. But Paul was not present. He was out, occupied, as it usually happened, every day, and a glance at his occupation must be given.

(To be continued.)



## HEALTH AND BEAUTY FOR THE HAIR.

By "MEDICUS."

"The bridegroom, with his locks of light,  
Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
And scaled the terrace of his bride;  
When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
And midway up in danger cling,  
She flung him down her long black hair,  
Exclaiming, breathless, 'There, love, there!'"



**P**RIDE, in the incident to which these verses refer, had nearly had a fall, and probably a very ugly one, too. The bridegroom, with his locks of light—by which, I suppose, the poet means *bonnie yellow hair*—was far too impatient to join his bride on the balcony, else he might have rung the bell, and waited until Mary Ann opened the hall door, and then have gone quietly upstairs in the usual non-poetic fashion. But, no! heart was light and limbs were young; he scorned the hall door and humble Mary Ann; he would spring. And he did, and had to thank his bride that she possessed presence of mind and hair probably two yards long. "Two yards long!" you exclaim; "is it possible?" "Quite," your "Medicus" replies. Your "Medicus" has travelled a good deal in Eastern countries, and has more than once met with young ladies whose hair was, indeed, a glory to them, and when let down would almost cover them. But then, that *was* in Eastern countries, and there, I believe, young ladies know more of the art of keeping the hair bright and beautiful, and making it grow long and glossy and soft, than almost any one in this country does.

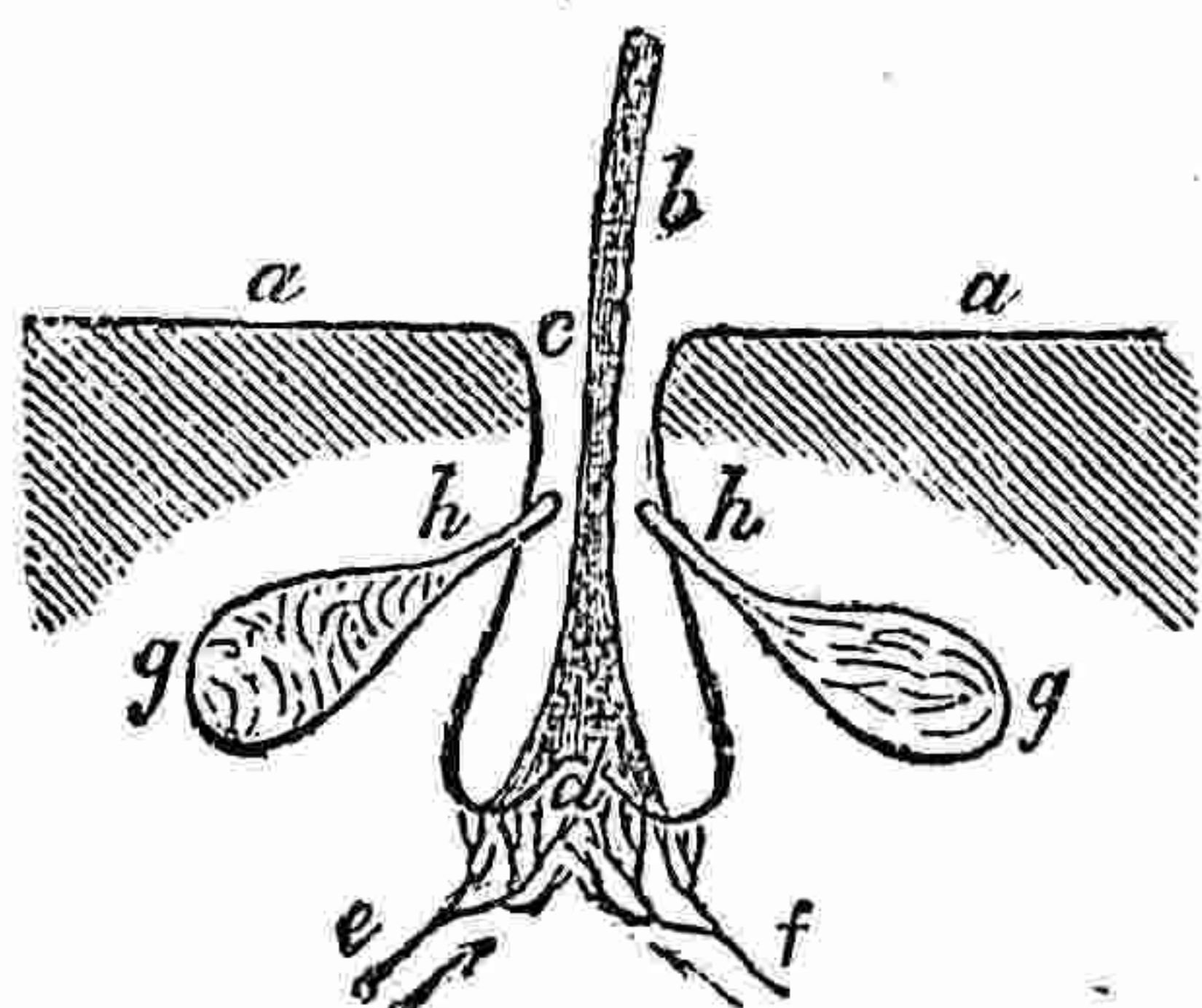
And now, having travelled so far, and having lived long in the land of the rising sun, perhaps you may imagine that I have possessed myself of some wonderful secret regarding the human hair, and that I have obtained, by hook or by crook, some infallible specific for making it very lovely, and am forthwith to tell you how this recipe is made and all about it, so that henceforward the gentle readers of THE GIRL'S OWN may be the envy of the readers of any other magazine in the world. I am going to do nothing of the kind, but something much more sensible and serviceable to you, and the advice I give you, if faithfully followed, will most assuredly increase both the health and beauty of your hair.

Well, then, I want you first and foremost to disabuse your mind, once and for ever, of the foolish notion that the hair can be permanently improved by the use, alone, of any outward application whatever. No; the hair cannot, I say, be permanently improved by external means only. Let me tell you the reason why. You have, no doubt, often seen a barber's block with a wig on it. The hair on the wig, perhaps, did not look particularly beautiful, but the barber could easily make it so. He would gently comb and brush it with a clean dry brush, then he would sprinkle on his brush some wonderful oil or gloss-giving preparation of glycerine, and brush again; and lo! it would glitter and shine like a thing of life; and if the barber then put this block with the wig on it under a glass case, that dead hair would retain its beauty for any length of time. On the other hand, supposing you were to apply the same process to your own hair; suppose you comb it ever so gently, brush it ever so softly and tenderly,



and oil it as well, with the most precious cosmetic that money could procure, do you think it would retain its beauty long? Nay, reader, nay; not although (pardon me) you sat all day long with your pretty head in a glass case to keep out the dust, and away the draughts. And the reason why is not far to seek: the hair on the wig is dead hair—it is affected by no change from within; but the hair of the human head is living, growing, ever-changing tissue. It is supplied with nutriment from the skin in which it grows; it is supplied even with its gloss and beauty from within the body.

Just cast your eyes for one moment on the diagram below, it will give you some notion of the delicate anatomy of a human hair, and easily explain to you its structure. Here you have an enlarged view of a single hair growing in the skin, and being supplied therefrom with all its needs to keep it not only healthy but lovely; *a a* represents the surface of the skin, *b* the hair itself, which is in reality a hollow tube, and grows in a flask-shaped depression in the skin, the mouth of which is seen at *c*. The depression is in reality somewhat the shape of a Florence flask. Indeed, if you took a flask of this kind and placed a long rush in it, it would give you a capital notion of a hair growing from its bed in the skin. At *d* in the diagram you will observe that the bottom of the depression in question is raised upwards and inwards just like that of a wine bottle, and it is to this raised part that the root of the hair is attached, and it is from this raised part that the hair receives its nutriment by means of two blood vessels seen at *e* and *f*. Now you will perceive that the hair is quite free to move and wave about in a manner, in the sac from which it grows, just as free as your rush in the Florence flask; it is only attached to the bottom. Well, you will notice at *g g* two little rounded bodies. They are little glands, and two or more of these lie alongside every hair in your head, and they are really little oil flasks, they secrete a lubricating oil more pure and fine than any perfumer in the world could prepare; this oil, then, is carried from the little flasks by two tubes *h h*, and is poured into the sac from which the hair grows, and thus finds its way not only on to the skin, to keep that soft and pliant, but along the hair to its very point—so fine is it—to give to each hair a natural gloss. This natural gloss is part of the glory of a young girl's hair; it is most beautifully seen in those whose hair has been cultivated by natural



And now, then, I think I have proved to

you by the aid of my little diagram that each hair on your head is a living, growing thing, just as much so as yonder standard rose-tree on the lawn. If you wanted the tree to grow lovely, to have fresh leaves of softest green, and roses on it, that would make you feel a joy even to behold, it is not to the outside of the bush you would direct most attention, is it? You might freshen it up now and then, and water away the dust, but if you were anything of a gardener it would be the kind and quality of the soil about it that would most concern you. And so it is with our heads; if we would have our hair grow thick and soft, and glossy,



THE DRESS OF THE MONTH (FIG. I.).

it is to the roots we must direct our attention. I'll tell you what I saw a lady doing one time. She had in her study a large and beautiful evergreen, and she was watering it with water in which a little glycerine had been dissolved. "It makes the leaves retain so sweet a gloss, doctor," she said, "you cannot think." But I did think and speak too, and when I explained to her that the pretty plant breathed with the pores in its broad green leaves, which she was varnishing over and choking, she saw her error at once. In the same way I am dead against plastering the hair or skin of the head with the thousand and one nostrums that are sold in the shops. They really do more harm than good—indeed, the good is *nil*, the harm much.

Now, the great secret of getting anything to grow well and luxuriantly, whether it be a

plant or a hair in one's head, is to supply it with proper and sufficient nutriment. The little oil-flasks or glands, *g g*, and the small eminence *d*, on which the hair itself grows, are all supplied with blood-vessels, little branches of those that are spread out in the skin. If the blood thus supplied be pure and healthy, and be in abundance, can you not see that the hair itself must grow, and be sheeny and glossy? But if, from some cause or other, the supply of blood is limited or impure, it is surely plain that the hair itself must suffer both in quality and in appearance. If ever you had a pet dog who was sick, you could

scarcely help noticing how different his coat looked, how it stared, and how dry it appeared. The reason was that the blood being, through illness, driven away from the surface of the skin, the hairs were no longer supplied either with nutriment or the natural oil. There are many different kinds of oils and other applications for making the hair grow, and they all act in the same way; they contain stimulating liquids, which bring the blood to the surface, and thus supply the roots of the hair with extra blood on which to live and grow. And the hairs do for a time, and, alas! only for a time. The tiny glandlets, *g g*, get unnaturally large, their outlets are choked by the greasy mess, the hair itself gets in time diseased, and premature grey-ness or baldness is the unhappy result. You see, I grant that stimulation makes the hair grow, but this stimulation must be natural, not artificial.

The blood cannot be too pure if you would have beautiful hair. Hence anything that heats it must be carefully avoided. You cannot be too careful in what you eat and drink. Wines, too, and piquant sauces or dishes should be especially avoided; but in summer and autumn ripe fruits may be freely partaken of. If you want to have a good head of hair you ought to cultivate a calm and unruffled frame of mind. Nervous, fidgety folks seldom have nice hair. One young lady I can easily call to mind had the finest and longest hair ever I saw. She was also the sweetest-tempered and most amiable girl ever I knew.

Exercise greatly promotes the health and beauty of the hair. So does the bath. This latter should be taken every morning, and as cold as can be borne.

EXERCISE AND THE

BATH. (*Printer, put it in large type.*)

The comb and the brush come under the category of natural stimulants to the hair; both should be used several times a day. There is no need always to use a hard brush. But every morning the hard brush is to be used for at least five minutes to the skin of the head as much, if not more, than the hair itself. The soft brush I recommend is the metallic one; I think they are half-a-crown. If used after coming in from a walk or a run they will be found deliciously cooling and soothing.

To ensure perfect cleanliness, the hair should be washed once a fortnight. Do not use soap; the yolks of two new-laid eggs must be used instead. The water should be rain-water filtered—lukewarm to wash with; cold to rinse out. Afterwards dry well, and brush.



## THE DRESS OF THE MONTH.

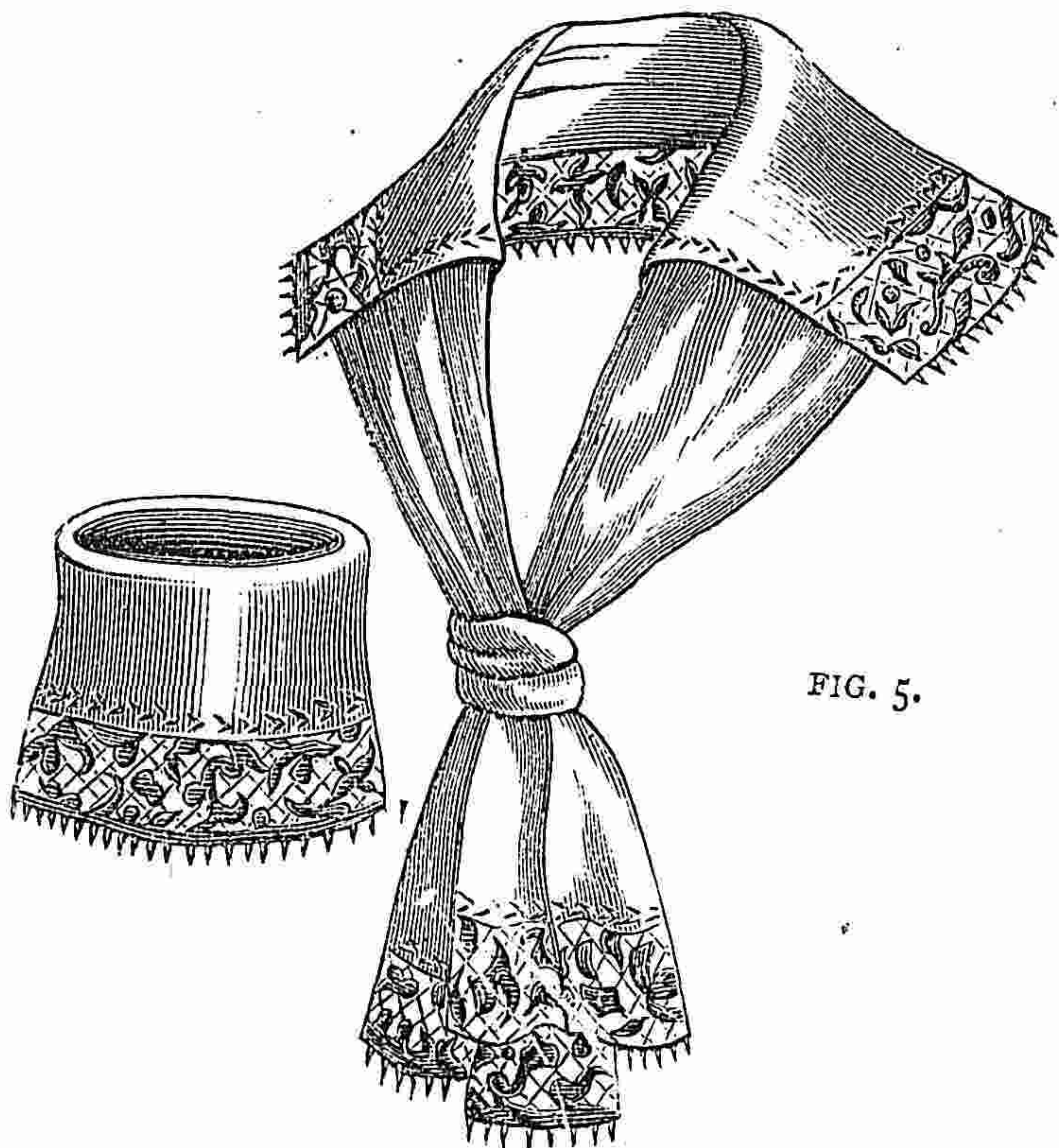


FIG. 5.

GREAT preparations are being made in view of a favourable season, and of a return to sunshine, summer, and all the pleasant things which are hoped for from the various prophecies of weatherwise and scientific people. There are, apparently, only a few changes in dress to speak of this spring, for short dresses, so much worn in the autumn and winter, are now quite the rule, even at very large evening

parties. The changes in the mantles are also but few, and the same may be said of the bonnets, which are smaller than ever they were; while hats remain the same, and everyone wears what suits them best as to shape and size.

This lack of uniformity is exceedingly pleasant to everyone, especially to those who seek to make every shilling go its farthest, and every shilling's worth to look its very best, to the very end. It is a matter of no small wonder that girls who have but little to spend on their dress ever employ a dressmaker at all; for, instead of wasting money and time on fancy work for sale, they would save both by making their own dresses. The idea that lessons are needed in the art is quite an erroneous one, for if a girl be a good needlewoman to begin with, everything that is necessary can be learned

from the dresses already made in the house. From an old bodice and skirt a well-fitting pattern might be procured, and if the old bodice lining be mounted on stiff brown paper, with some paste, the pattern will last for ever. It is, fortunately, much more the custom in England than it was to employ a dressmaker by the day at home, and if she be a clever woman much may be learned from

her; but unless she can work a machine, or you can work it, with her preparation for sewing, it is not a cheap way of making dresses.

Last month we went carefully through the underclothing part of our wardrobes, and put everything in perfect order, so that this month we have time to think over and consider the new spring costume which we shall probably require, and the best material to purchase. If chosen aright, this costume

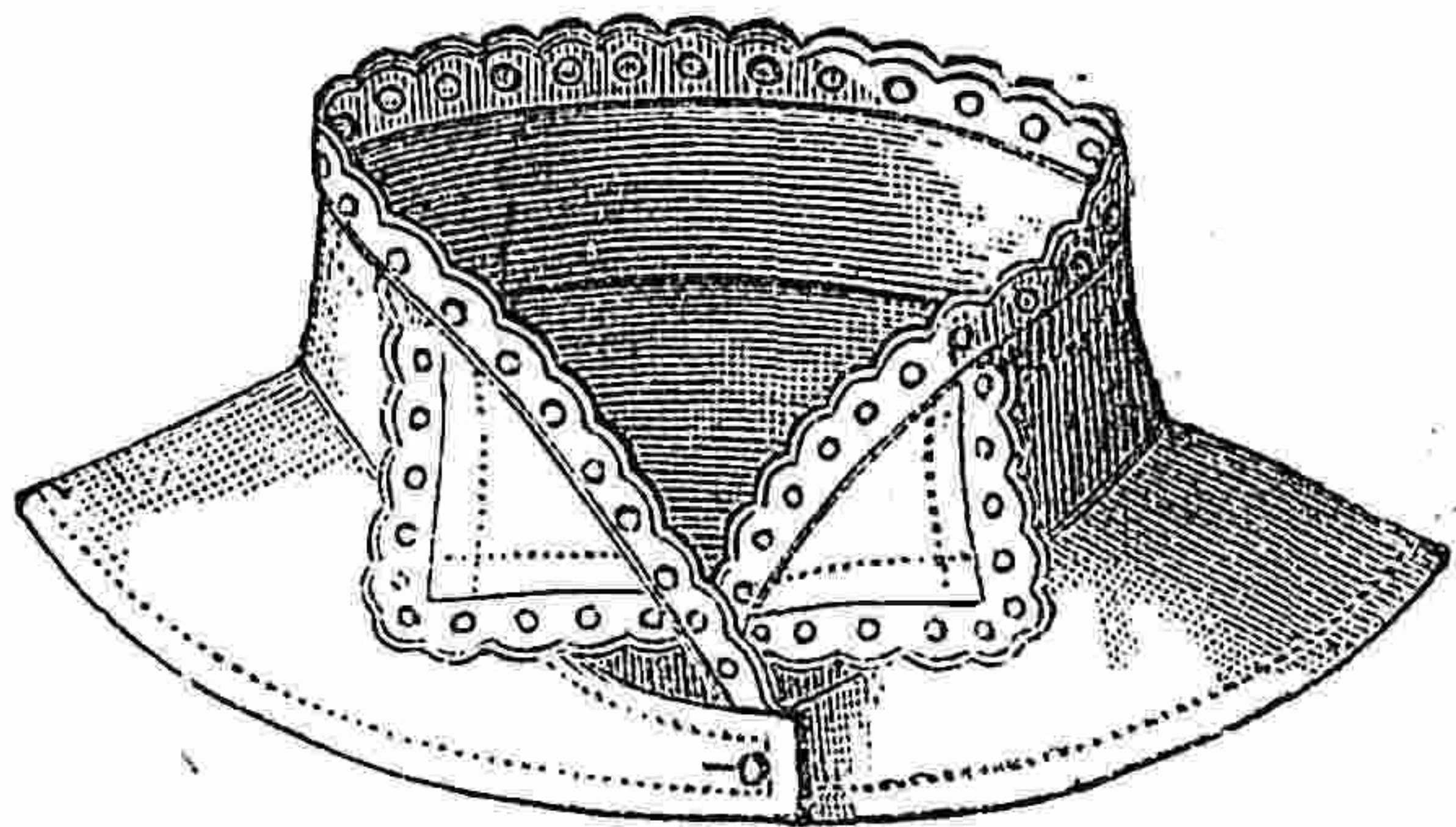
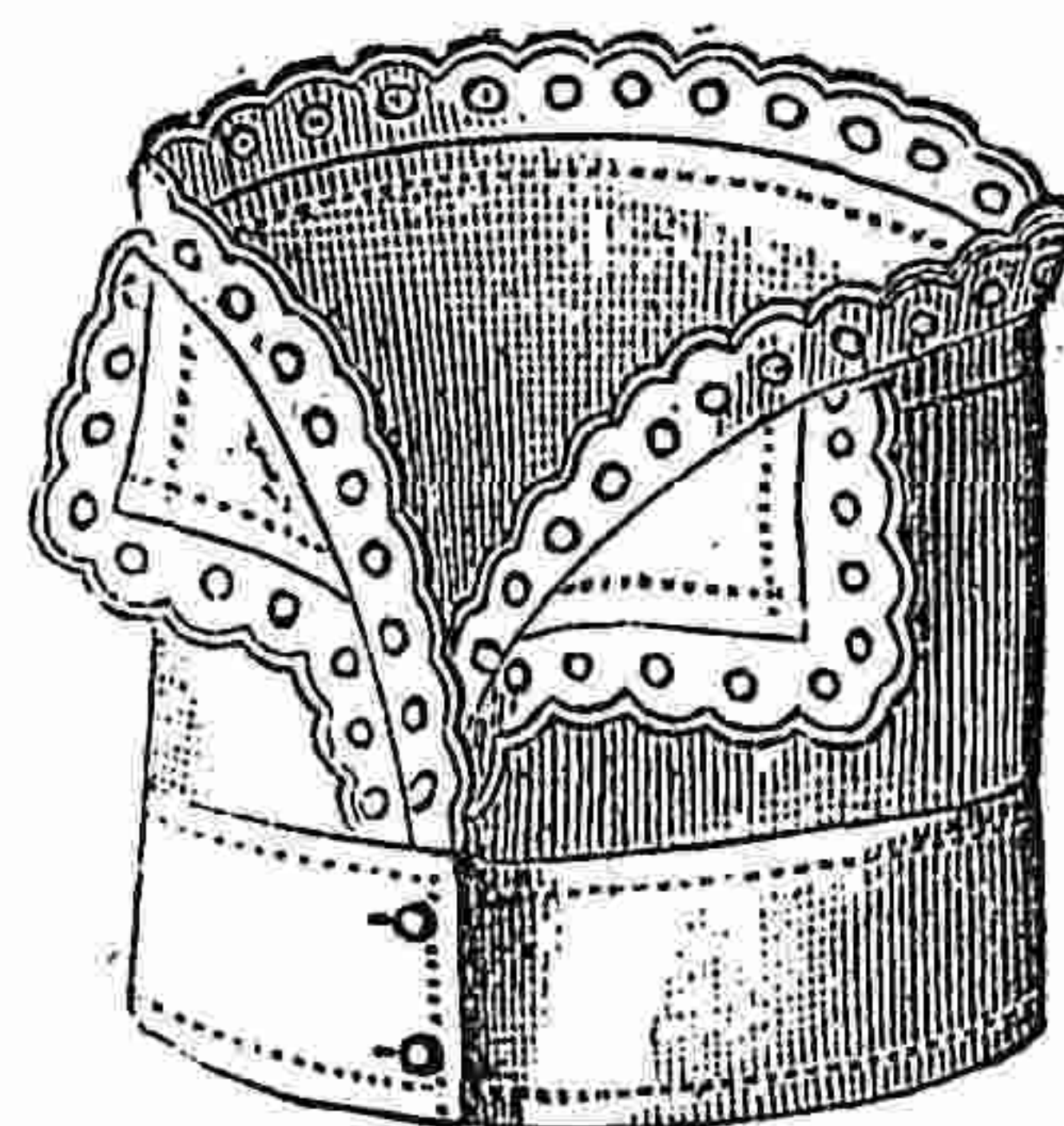


FIG. 4.



duced in the most charming shades of colour. Over an old silk skirt it makes a very stylish, best-looking dress, and especially so when silk trimmings

can be added to the bodice and sleeves. A very pretty way of making a Beige dress would be to kilt the short skirt entirely to the waist; have a scarf tunic, edged with a band of silk, folded round, and falling in a pointed end at one side. The bodice to be made with a gathered front and back, and the waist with a band. The sleeves with a puff at the top, and opened on the outside of the arm, with a lacing of cord, or buttons and button-holes. See also fig 1 for a pretty Spring dress.

The Jersey costumes will be much worn during the spring and summer. They can now be purchased at so moderate a price that any girl can have one if she fancy it; and as they are ready to wear, perhaps nothing more inexpensive could be obtained. Some of those with what is called a "cashmere finish" are very fine, and would answer for new bodices for elderly silk, or silk and cashmere skirts. There is no change in the method of making these, the kilted skirt and scarf over the end of the Jersey bodice being as much in favour as ever. The material for making these Jerseys may now be purchased in every dark and light colour, and ranges in price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per yard. It is used for shirts as well, and the new spring riding habits are made of it also. It is not suitable for deep mourning, and one of the leading London



FIG. 2.

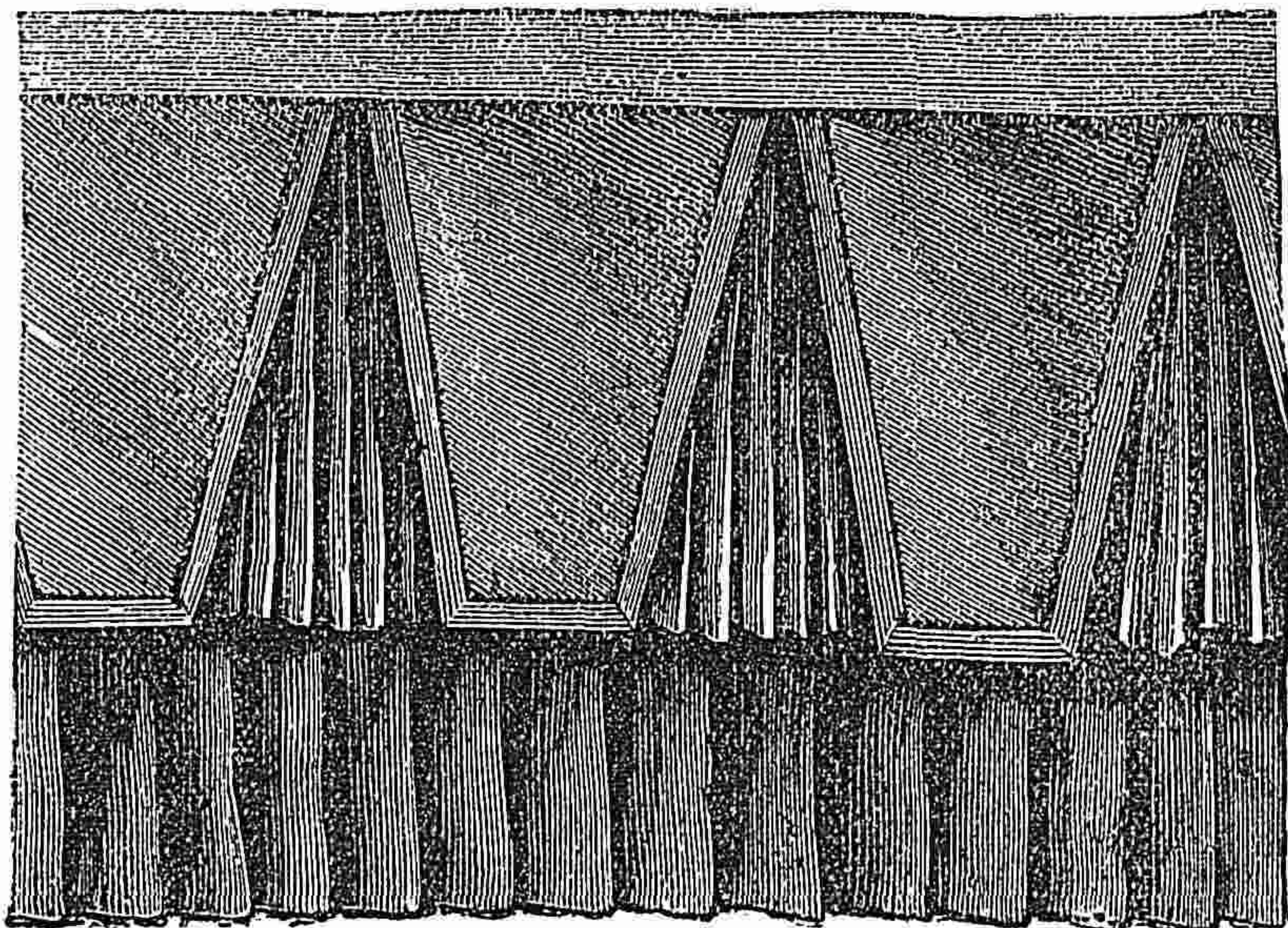


FIG. 3.

should last us, and look pretty, throughout the summer and the early days of autumn. There is no prettier stuff than the ever-popular Beige, and fortunately this year it is pro-

warehouses prefers not to make up Jerseys with crape at all.

Last month the probability of the striped Galateas making their appearance again was mentioned, and the last few days has brought some very pretty costumes of that material



into notice, which are sold with enough satteen of the colour of the stripe to make them up. For instance, a dark brown and white striped Galatea will have a petticoat and trimmings of brown satin. There are also some revivals of the old-fashioned "polka" dots, which we have not seen for many years. The imitations of Indian shawls in palm-leaf patterns and colours have been introduced into prints, which are also used with plain materials. Later on we shall have brighter colours, such as the dull red of terra-cotta or the Kaga ware of Japan, peacock-blue, or the lovely old blue of Nankin porcelain. The first thing that the careful housewife will consider will be the washing of these prints, for although they may be dark, so to say, some day they will require washing, and great will be our disappointment to see that their lovely hues have taken wings and flown away out of the wash-tub.

So, in order to be beforehand, we will give instructions how this sad fate may be averted. There is no doubt that great care is needed in the washing, and the colours must first be "set," as it is called. For blue, sugar of lead is used, alum for green, and salt for a varied combination of colours. The water should be tepid, not hot, and the wearers are advised to wash them before they be too much soiled.

Another novelty in these new prints is that they are manufactured without dressing or glaze or any stiffening whatever, so the laundress must omit starch from her list of requisites, and must iron the dress on the wrong side to restore as nearly as possible its original appearance.

It seems likely that the linen torchon lace will be a favourite trimming this year, as it is produced in such quantities, and it is very suitable for washing-dresses. It is so moderate in price, and so lasting in its wear, that it far surpasses Swiss or Madeira edgings in both of these qualifications, and has the advantage of being "real" lace. It is made on the pillow, chiefly in the common schools in Belgium, where instruction in its manufacture forms part of each child's education.

Black bugle trimmings will be one of the features of the spring costumes. Everything—bonnets, mantles, and dresses—are to glitter with them, and as they do not constitute a cheap form of decoration, we must remind our readers that lace, fringe, and silk galloons are very easily embroidered with beads, and that they may produce this effective trimming at very little cost—save of time and trouble—for themselves. Beaded lace is very pretty for making up the small fichus for the neck which are so popular now, and a small addition of this kind makes any toilette both dressy and pretty.

There are so many people "doing up" old dresses just now that we must not forget to mention the "chiné silks," foulards, velvets, and cottons which have just appeared in a variety of well-harmonised colours, and are most suitable for trimmings, and for reviving old materials by the addition of new collars, cuffs, and revers. A good example of this is seen at fig. 2, which might be an old dress revived. The favourite colour for the season seems to be that dull shade of violet-purple called heliotrope, after the dark shades of the flower of that name. The deepest of browns also, called *pain brûlé* (burnt bread), is particularly preferred, and from all we hear these two, with old-gold, will be the prevailing hues of dresses for the spring. The first is most becoming, and the two last are very useful, as the old-gold shades are said to wear well and keep very clean.

The illustration of a new method of putting on a flounce will also be welcomed by our readers as a pleasant change. There are two rows of kilting—the lower one being broad, and the upper one narrow.

Then over the top row of narrow kilting are placed tabs of the material, bound either with silk or the same stuff, and tacked on the top of the kilting. The edges are hidden by a flat band, which may be stitched along the top with the machine, or run along on the wrong side, and turned up, and then stitched down. This trimming may be as wide or as narrow as required, and will answer for a petticoat or a dress, for the cuffs of the sleeves, or for the trimming of a mantle, and, of course, may be made of two different materials, such as satin and cashmere, silk and cashmere, or velveteens.

The design given for a collar and cuffs shows how a plain linen set may be retrimmed and finished at home, with new points of linen, and a narrow edging of Madeira embroidery. Fig. 5 shows a linen collar and cuffs with lace edge, the tie of which is of Indian muslin. The small illustration, of a satin-stitch embroidery edging, is intended for use on flannel or cashmere, for flannel petticoats, or jackets, or for bands of trimming on an under petticoat.

Jackets like the dress will, it is said, be worn, but the newest thing will be a deep cape to the waist, made so tight, that it quite holds in the elbows to the side. The pattern of a jacket that was given last month in this paper is extremely fashionable, with the addition of a small hood lined with a colour, at the back. The small round toque hats, made of the same material as the dress, are more worn than any other shape, by young girls.



## MORE THAN CORONETS

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.



### CHAPTER XIV. AT WOODSIDE.

IT was little use for Mr. Mason to linger on the landing and blame the carriers for carelessness, or to tell them the luggage might have remained below; the mischief was done.

Mrs. Mason had been worse than her husband had apprehended. She could not rally from the shock, was speechless when he followed the doctor to her bedside, and she never spoke more. Mercy crept in on tiptoe just as the beatific light of Heaven irradiated the wan face, and felt as if the smile was for her. Hesba, close to the bedside, watching every change of countenance, felt the beloved hand clasp hers convulsively, and held her breath, but never stirred or shed a tear until all was over.

What was felt by the white-faced man at the foot of the bed can never be known. He stood there like a statue, stunned, immovable. In his heart of hearts he had suspected a good deal of sentimental affectation in his wife's ill-health; had regarded medical hints as "mere pro-

fessional clap-trap," and dealt with her according to his own sufficiency.

Before him lay the result.

Lead the two bereaved orphans away softly, Dr. Mitchell, that they may weep their anguish out elsewhere in each other's arms; and leave Robert Mason there with his dead, and ask not whether grief, or remorse, or the sudden shock, or all three combined have struck him thus dumb as a stone.

He will summon Mrs. Stapleton to the funeral, will give the remains of Frances Mason ostentatious burial, will record her virtues and his widowed affection on an elaborate tablet, clothe family and servants in expensive mourning, but he will never be able to hold his head up again in Liverpool as a gentleman without spot or blemish, for rumour has got another feather to its wing, and the coat of his respectability has fallen to tatters.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mercy's midsummer holidays were half over when the *Dolphin* came into port. The first landsman's foot upon her deck was that of Robert Mason.

Brian—no longer taut and trim, but brown, barefooted, barebreasted, tarry, with almost a year's growth in stature, and more than three years' growth in feature and experience—was coiling a cable into rings as a seaman hauled it in, when he caught sight of his stepfather shaking hands with Captain Lever.

As his eyes rested on two black studs against a background of white shirt-front, and travelled upwards to the broad black band upon his hat, every pulse in Brian's body seemed to stand still with a terrible foreboding.

A sharp anathema from the sailor recalled him to his duty; but his hands moved mechanically, his gaze still rivetted on that cloth-covered hat. As the last coil fell into its place, the sharp, clear voice of the captain sang out, "Stapleton, follow your father below."

Masts, rigging, all seemed to swim before Brian's eyes; he was almost too dizzy to keep his foothold on the ladder as he descended, so sickening was the apprehension of calamity. His white face and gasping inquiry, "My mother?" cleared the way for Mr. Mason.

More kindly than ever before he took his stepson's hand, and his own voice broke as he said, "You must be brave, Brian, to meet a great sorrow. Your mother is with the angels." And then, as the young sailor sank down on a seat, with his head on the cabin table, bursting with irrepressible anguish, he sat down beside him, and with more tenderness and delicacy than might have been expected from the cold, hard man, offered such consolation as he had to give. Then, after adding that his sisters were well, and that Captain Lever had granted leave for him to go ashore at once, with unusual delicacy he left the heart-broken youth to the sacredness of his deep sorrow, his own eyes brimming. Robert Mason's early love for Fanny Bayliss may not have been all a myth, and though disappointment and love of gain had hardened his nature and grown upon him year by year, her unex-



pected death must have had a softening influence, and aroused his better feelings for her doubly orphaned son.

A fee to a dock clerk had secured early intelligence to Dr. Forsyth; but when he and Willie—now a fine young fellow of eighteen, studying medicine under his father—stood among the bags and bales on the deck of the *Dolphin*, it was only to discover that Brian Stapleton had left the vessel with his stepfather on leave until a fresh cargo was shipped.

Mr. Mason, not caring either to walk through the streets of Liverpool with his stepson in such a plight, or to witness the meeting with Hesba (of Mercy he had no thought), called a cab, drove to Lime-street, and, as an act of courteous consideration, permitted Brian to take train home alone.

It was well he left them to rush into each other's arms, and cling together and shed their sorrowing tears free from restraint, so different was this meeting to all they had anticipated. There was such a clashing of joy and sorrow; and Brian's grief was new.

The story of the mother's death was told amid rising tears, as the young sailor sat beside Hesba on a couch, and Mercy stood on the other side with her arm around his neck, his arms enfolding both. Naturally, Theobald Capper was mentioned, and his possession of Brian's room; but the great loss he had sustained swallowed up minor matters, and he made light of it, saying, "Never mind, Hesba; I have learned to sleep as soundly on a bare plank as on a feather bed. Mr. Capper and I will not quarrel over that if he behaves well to you."

Hesba had no complaints to make of Theobald Capper; he was "extremely polite."

"I think he is a great deal too polite," cried Mercy; "he wants her to play chess and the piano, and to listen to him reading when she wants to study the books Dr. Mitchell lends her; and he doesn't like me to walk beside them when we go to church. I think him very disagreeable. He is not a bit like you, Brian."

"I am afraid you are prejudiced, Mercy," he said, with a smile on his bright face; shaking his wavy light-brown hair back from his forehead.

"Ah, Brian," said Hesba, his smile reflected in her own face, "Mercy thinks there is no one to equal brother Brian, and I am sure I share her belief."

"I am glad to hear it; but some of these days you may both change your opinion," was his response.

"I shan't!" asserted Mercy, stoutly; Hesba merely shaking her head.

Brian made few complaints of hardship; although he might have done with reason. "What's the use of telling them?" he argued within himself; "I shall not make my own lot easier, and only set them fretting whilst I'm afloat, if I do."

He had inquiries to make about old friends, Grandma Stapleton, and the Forsyths; the girls were eager to know something of his sea life, and so many questions had to be asked and answered on both sides that the home-coming of

Mr. Mason and his younger duplicate, Mr. Capper, took them by surprise.

"Dressing for dinner," ordinarily imperative, was, "under the circumstances," overlooked, and Brian wondered at the unwonted condescension.

Moreover, no restraint was put on Brian during his ten days' leave. The young sailor was supplied with a trifle of pocket-money, and rigged out afresh with a shore suit, as well as a sailing one.

Theobald Capper, however, stuck pretty close to him, evidently meaning to be especially agreeable, and it was with some difficulty Brian shook him off even when he was going to Woodside.

Many changes had taken place in the old spot; but, with the exception that her hair was now perfectly white, Brian found no change in dear Grandma Stapleton. Her smile was as sweet, her voice as cheerful, she clasped him in as close an embrace as of old, and was as anxious for his spiritual welfare as she had ever been, she who knew so well what were the dangers and temptations of a sea-boy's life both afloat and ashore.

A message brought Willie down the avenue at a run to greet his old playmate, and Mr. Forsyth followed in about an hour. Here Brian had less scruple in telling how he had been knocked and kicked about, how an order was enforced with an oath and a blow, and Captain Lever did nothing to prevent it; and with a shudder he declared his resolve to do his duty without flinching so long as he was bound, but to quit the service as soon as ever his apprenticeship was out.

"Aweel, my lad, they canna hold ye a day after ye're twenty-one. An' then, whether the lost will turns up or no, we'll rip open Robert Mason's pouch, let him button it up tight as he may. An' if I'm no' above ground, here's Willie to stand by ye," and James Forsyth's hand went down on his son's shoulder as he spoke.

"And, Brian," added grandma, "as I have already told Hesba, there is a little property for her when she comes of age. I have kept that out of wrong fingers. I wish I could say the same for poor Mercy's shares, since her parents do not seem likely to turn up, and the dear child will have no one—"

"Don't have any fears for Mercy, grandma," interrupted Brian. "She belongs to me; I mean to take care of her. And who knows, now I am knocking about the world, I may some day come across her owners? They were not drowned, that is certain."

"How do you know that?" asked the elders simultaneously.

"Well, I overheard a sailor in Lima spinning a yarn to his mate about a terrific gale in the Bay of Biscay, when the steamer he was aboard nearly ran down a sailing vessel, and an officer's child was blown clean out of its mother's arms into the sea. You may be sure I pricked up my ears; but no sooner did I begin to show an interest in his story and ask the names of the steamer and the officer, than the fellow pitched into me, told me to 'mind my own business,'

and knocked me over. When I picked myself up the two were gone. I'd a notion he was a runaway, afraid of being hauled over the coals. At all events, it seemed pretty clear that the steamer did not go to the bottom, and Mercy may not be an orphan after all. I intend to keep a sharp look out for that fellow; he may turn up again some day."

Brian had not told all this without interruptions and questionings. After some conversation Mrs. Stapleton said, "I hope you have not told the poor child; it would only unsettle her. Dinah did mischief enough; and, as you say Mr. Mason is more considerate and kind since your poor mother died, there is less reason to fill Mercy's mind with delusive expectations."

Here James Forsyth broke in, "Robert Mason kind and considerate! Then he's brewin' mischief in that lang head of his, tak' my word for it!" and the snuff-box emphasized the remark.

In the course of the evening, after the others were gone, Brian observed, "I fancy, grandma, you must be very lonely here now; would it not be better for Hesba and Mercy to come back and live with you? I am sure the girls would be more comfortable than in that fine house."

"Yes, my dear, I think they would, and I proposed it; but Mr. Mason said 'people would think he had turned his stepchildren out.' My private notion is"—and here the old lady tapped the palm of her left hand with her folded spectacles as a sort of emphasis—"that Fanny herself had exacted a promise from him to take care of you all when she was no more; and Hesba certainly met my proposal with her mother's hope that they might not be cast as a burden upon me and my limited income. As if I should think them a burden!" she went on. "We should only have to economise; and Hesba has to do that where she is, except on gala days."

Brian took Willie Forsyth back with him to Edge Hill in the morning. What a surprise it was to Hesba and Mercy to see the fine young fellow, with just a faint line of tawny moustache on his upper lip, presented to them as their old friend Willie, whom they had not seen since he was a jacketed schoolboy! On his part, he was equally struck. Mercy, always small and slender, had shot up wonderfully in the three years, losing nothing of her early loveliness; but he could scarcely realise that the self-possessed womanly figure before him, with the broad, intellectual forehead and clear grey eyes, was the Hesba who had sat on the same chair with him to learn the same lessons. His own growth had been gradual; her development something undreamed of—a something that rose like a barrier against old familiarity, whilst its attraction was threefold.

(To be continued.)





## CHANGE.

WISHING for something new,  
Vainly creation we range,  
Searching the land and the ocean too,  
For something, perhaps, neither worthy  
nor true,  
But that bears the stamp of change.

Is not the earth the same?  
Morn comes first, then night;  
And winter cheers with its mirth and  
game  
When summer has fled from sight;  
And each new year rolls on again,  
When the old one takes its flight.

My song, like the magic glass,  
Shifts into figures rare;  
Ye may watch the mystic fancies pass  
Into forms more strange than fair;  
But 'tis only a different grouping cast—  
Still the same tune is there.

Then, while our good old earth  
Ever the same form bears,

And rolls as it did from its early birth,  
With its cycles of days and years,  
Let us learn to value all good and worth,  
Though time's dull use it wears.

M. M. P.

HOW TO EMBROIDER IN  
CREWELS.

## PART III.

I HAVE in previous papers briefly described a few of the many beautiful things which can be made for the house by skilful and industrious fingers. I must now say a few words on the subject of art embroidery for articles of dress. Generally speaking, this is more used for summer and evening than for winter dresses, as bright flowers are hardly appropriate to dull and wintry weather; but dark dresses can be handsomely and suitably adorned with coloured leaves and berries. For instance, a plain, dark material might be made into a pretty walking dress, with a fish-wife tunic, embroidered with either vine, blackberry, or Virginian creeper leaves, and a collar and cuffs to correspond. These leaves

are mentioned because they all take such beautiful tints in the autumn; but there are many other suitable subjects which can be selected by the worker. Girls who have plain winter dresses of which they are getting tired might entirely alter the appearance of them by working a spray of leaves here and there, on the pockets, collar, cuffs, &c., even if the style of the dress is not suitable for embroidering in a regular border. Should any portions of the dress be beginning to look shiny with wear, arrange the pattern as far as possible so as to cover those parts. Dresses generally give way in one or two places before the rest is half worn out, and we are often at a loss to know how to hide the shabby parts.

Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to emulate the deacon described by Professor Wendell Holmes, and to have our dresses made like his "Wonderful One Hoss Shay," so equally strong in every part that after a hundred years there should be merely—

"A general flavour of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say."

So that—

"It went to pieces all at once;  
All at once, and nothing  
first,  
Just as bubbles do when  
they burst."

In spite of every precaution, they persist in wearing out unequally, and the only thing we can do is to make a virtue of necessity, and as we hear of clever architects converting an ugly buttress or arch necessary to the strength of the building into an ornament to the whole by their skilful workmanship, so we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that the necessary patches and joins, though ugly things in themselves, if made the medium for a little tasteful embroidery, will really appear to be the finishing touches to an elegant dress, instead of the unsightly necessities of a worn-out one. Fig. 1, a small design of apple-blossoms, will look pretty worked here and there on a dress of rather light-coloured material.

For evening wear any light material is used, even Bolton sheeting is often employed; though, without the addition of crewel-work, such a homely fabric would be quite inadmissible. One of the prettiest costumes for a dinner that I have seen was a long sleeveless polonaise of ivory beige, the skirt and sleeves being composed of pale blue satin or silk. The polonaise was ornamented down both front and back and round the bottom in crewel silks, with blue corn-flowers, wheat-ears, and fern-leaves, and the ivory satin slippers had each a spray to match. When



"WISHING FOR SOMETHING NEW."



short sleeves are worn, the long gloves, whether silk or kid, should be worked up the back to correspond with the dress.

Costumes for all occasions are similarly trimmed by enthusiasts for the revival of art-needlework. At a recent fashionable wedding the bride, instead of wearing the orthodox orange flowers, had her white satin dress embroidered with them, and wore the real ones only in her hair; while her bridesmaids were attired in dresses of cream-coloured camel's-hair cloth, made precisely alike, but each one embroidered with different flowers. One had wild roses and honeysuckle, another buttercups and daisies, with fern-leaves and moss, and so on. Amongst the bride's *trousseau* was a very handsome-looking dress of black silk, much embroidered in silk crewels. Upon my noticing it she laughed at my admiration, and told me it was one which she had worn till quite tired of it, and yet it was too good to cast aside, so she had transformed it from old to apparently new, by means of a little taste and industry.

It seems premature, while hardly out of the winter, to speak of summer dresses; but all who have not much leisure will do well to look forward a little, and employ some of the long, dark evenings in embroidering, in prospect of more genial weather. It is a drawback that the prettiest amongst light materials soil so quickly, but if good and carefully-selected crewels be



"LOOK AT MY ANTIMACASSAR."

outside cover only, leaving the lining untouched to make the inside neat, and join the seams up again as before. Many people make their crewel-trimmings in strips, which can be easily transferred from one dress to another; but the effect is not good, though it is certainly less trouble. When a new dress is to be embroidered get it cut out, fitted, and tacked together before beginning the design; with care you will find no difficulty in working over the seams, and when done it can be lined and finished off, looking neat both inside and out.

Lawn-tennis aprons should be made of coarse holland, or something of the sort, with a deep pocket to hold the balls. Either a trailing pattern or simply little groups of flowers are suitable for them; they sometimes have a couple of rackets crossed on the breast, and a net, or smaller rackets and balls, on the pockets; but these do not look elegant, and a floral design is usually preferred.

While speaking of aprons, I may mention that a winter dress which begins to look dingy may be brightened up wonderfully by the addition of a little apron. Make it

rather narrow, a good length, and it should be made of crash, and edged with torchon lace, or, failing this, it can be button-holed round with wool the colour of the principal flower. They are sometimes made to come high up on to the shoulder-seams, of course being hollowed out for the neck, and, if preferred, can be made much shorter, only the length of a jacket-body, and pointed or rounded according to the

shape of the dress body. It is pinned on to the dress where required; but the cuffs to match are generally made with buttons and button-holes.

Before closing these few hints on crewel work, I have been asked to suggest one or two more pieces of embroidery suitable for birthday or wedding presents. This depends so much on the requirements of each particular case that it is difficult to give any hints suitable for all.

A very handsome present is a set of embroidered bed-room hangings, but of course this involves a considerable amount of work, and would hardly be undertaken by any but a quick worker. I saw a beautiful set of this sort amongst a display of wedding presents lately. The ground was pale blue serge, and the embroidery consisted of a broad band of large buttercups and moon daisies, intermingled with every variety of grass and leaves. The valances and other parts which would not be seen very closely were worked more coarsely than the conspicuous parts, two or more threads being in the needle at once, and the stitches being made larger than would be allowable in finer work.

The effect of the whole was charming, and the gift was more admired than many which cost three times as much. The greatest care is necessary to avoid puckering in curtains; though this defect can to some extent be remedied by the method described in a previous paper, still the curtain will never hang well, and the appearance of it will be much impaired.

Probably, however, not many girls will wish to give such a valuable present, and for them I should suggest a straight-backed chair, with an embroidered seat, or, if that is too expensive, a cushion. The accompanying illustration, fig. 2, would do for either, and is a most effective design, and the colours would not look out of place in any room. It might be worked on almost any material; dark green silk sheeting would do very well. The flower-petals are pale yellow at the tips, getting darker, with a tinge of



FIG. 2.

used there will be no difficulty in washing them. Some colours are more apt to run than others, and, unfortunately, greens, which cannot be dispensed with, are amongst the worst. Be careful to buy only yellow-greens for washing purposes; they can generally be depended on to keep their colour, and china-blue and most of the reds and pinks wash well. It is a good plan to work in rather deeper shades than would generally be chosen, as then a little fading of colour will be of no consequence. For garden parties it is a pretty addition to the costume to embroider a piece of the material for a crown to the hat; the parasol, too, should be worked to match. This can be done by unpicking it at the spokes; then work a pattern on each separate division, on the

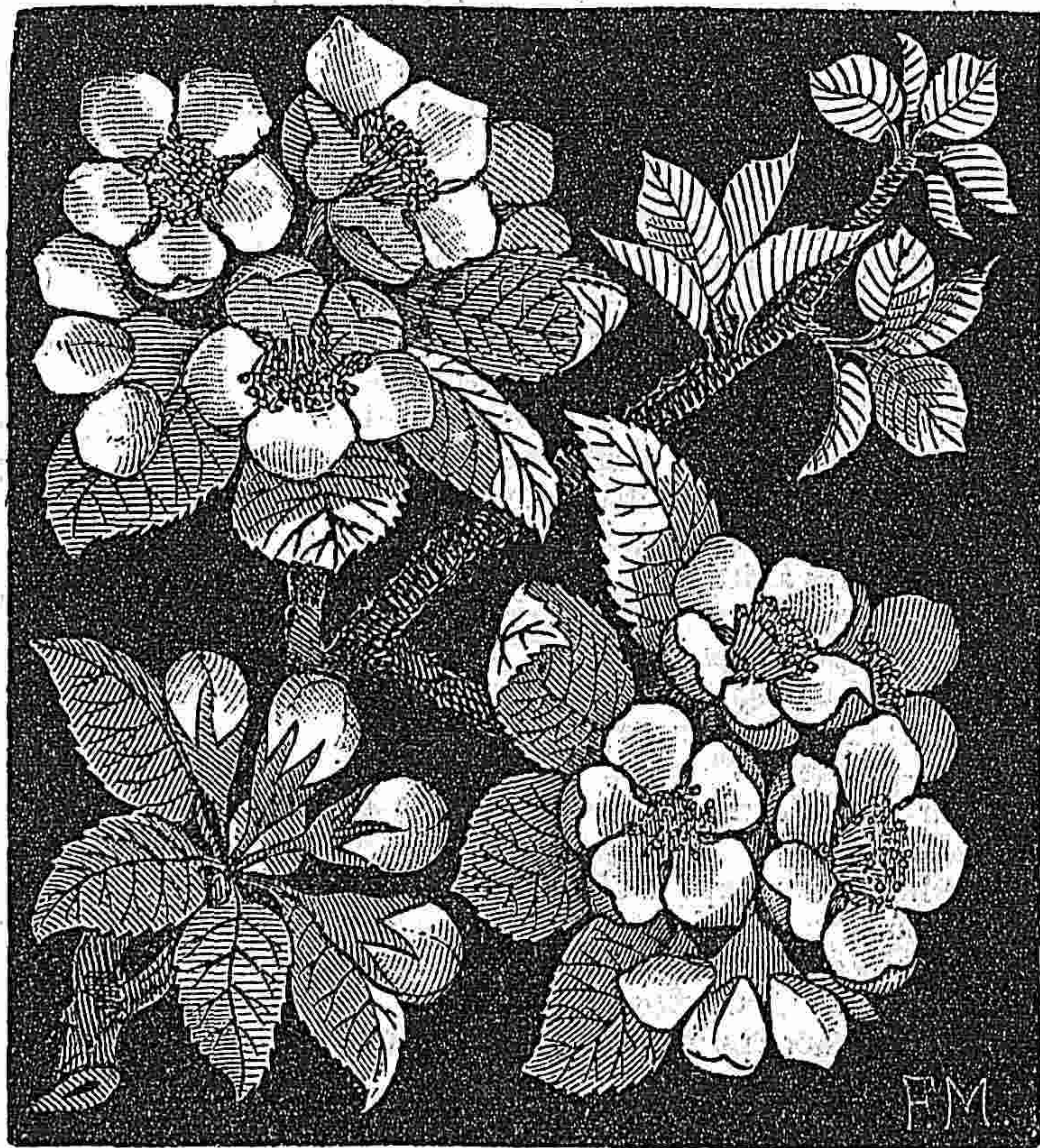


FIG. 1.



green towards the stem; the cup in the centre of the flower is deep yellow. The little sheath or "spathe," as botanists call it, at the junction of stem and flower is light-brown, tinged with green, and the stalks and leaves are different shades of yellow-green, none of them very light. Stem-stitch is the only one required in the working of daffodils, so they are recommended for anyone who has not yet mastered the more intricate stitches, some of which are necessary in most floral designs.

## "WON'T YOU BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?"

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

"There are many sad and weary  
In this pleasant world of ours,  
Crying every night, so dreary,  
'Won't you buy my pretty flowers?'"

Words by A. W. FRENCH; Music by G. W. PERSLEY.



THE cold blast of a bitter east wind is blowing through the London streets—cold enough to make the men shiver and draw up their coat collars, and the women hold their muffs up to their faces to shield them from the cutting wind. The spring has lost its way, surely, and winter come back to

take her place. Most of the passers-by are hurrying on to pleasant homes and loving greetings after the labours of the day. Many are coming out from home to some place of amusement, the brilliant gaslights giving an air of welcome and promise of warmth and pleasure tempting on such a night.

Beneath one of these brilliantly-lighted houses a star of gas is gleaming and glittering above the door, into which a crowd is rapidly hurrying. Standing on the kerb stone is a small child, with a thin, scant garment clinging to her naked limbs, red and chafed with the cold wind; a torn straw hat pretending to cover her head, which has a warmer covering provided by nature—abundance of gold-brown hair, tangled and rough, yet falling to her waist, attracting the attention of the passers-by more than the little wistful look in the sad, weary eyes, or the pleading cry, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" A child has been lifted from a carriage by her father, who, taking her by the hand, leads her up the steps of the brilliantly-lighted entrance. As she passes the flower girl, in her white frock and little scarlet cloak lined with fur, her silk stockings and satin boots covering her dainty little feet, she turns her head to give a look of pity to that wan and weary sister, which the child notices, and, springing forward, a ray of hope brightening her thin face, hands her a little spring bouquet of violets and snowdrops.

"Do buy one, miss," she says, in the rough voice come of long exposure to weather—of the constant supplication to purchase her flowers—pitched so high as to be heard above the roar of the carriages and din of the busy streets.

The little lady stops and says, "Oh, papa! do buy one."

"No, no, my dear, never buy those things in the street. Come along!"

"But give her a penny, she looks so hungry—do."

"Oh! my dear," said the gentleman impatiently, "I have no pence. I can't stop; but, there, there, child, take that and get out of the way. No, no, I don't want your flowers."

And he hurried his little daughter into the concert room, and the flower girl, pushed and jostled by the crowd, went back to her place again, and, with a little sob of joy, looked at the small silver coin in her hand, the only one she had taken all day. And the people hurried past, and the carriages rolled along, and the child stood in that bitter wind, growing gradually more violent, until the tender spring blossoms were blown out of her basket, and she was fain to drag her cold weary limbs to the place she called home. Home!—sweet sound to some, but to others—alas! many, many others—what is it? Too often it represents but plastered walls, in many places broken away, showing only the laths. A miserable window—panes broken out and stuffed with rag or pasted over with paper; hungry children crying for food and shivering with cold; a sick father in one corner of the room on a wretched pallet-bed, a broken mug with a little muddy-looking water for him to slake the awful thirst of fever, to moisten the dry parched tongue. All the rooms of the house in which the little flower girl lives were much like this. It is the second house in a court turning out of one of the large thoroughfares. Her father works for a large boot and shoe warehouse in the City. He has a bad cough now, a hollow, harsh cough; a sallow face, black, rough hair, and very dirty hands always.

She had no mother, that poor little thing—not that she would have been much the better for one if the mother had been like the women in the court. But though she had no mother, she had many little brothers and sisters to whom she played the part of mother; the brothers worried her the most, they were so troublesome. They would thief and fight, would not let her wash them even on Sunday, used bad words, and altogether were a sad grief and care to the poor child. She was only twelve, and it was all too much for her, so she gave up the attempt to do more than feed them all as well as she could and tidy up the room once a day. That was a very difficult job too, for when you consider that her father and herself, two sisters and two brothers, all slept and ate in the room, and it was his workshop too, it was indeed an almost hopeless task for such young hands, such a young head. The children went in the daytime to a ragged school, but Patty thought it better to try to earn a little, for father's pay wasn't enough to keep so many. She had seen girls and women selling flowers in the streets and at the doors of the Opera, and so, asking her father to give her a little money to buy some with, she had that morning started to Covent Garden early, and had been all day in that bleak, rough wind trying to dispose of them. It was a very discouraging beginning. Others taller and stronger than herself elbowed her away as she strove to reach the ladies in their carriages waiting outside the grand shops, and the father of the little lady was the only person who had given her a farthing all that day.

Weary, cold, and footsore, she entered the miserable room. The children were crying and fighting, and her father, sitting at his work, took little notice of them.

"It wasn't no use saying anything to them. They'd got naught else to do but fight, as he know'd on," he would say to Patty when she tried to quiet them. "Put them to bed, lass, that's the best way." But this night Patty felt she could not even do that. She could not struggle with the boys, she could not contend with baby, who always preferred enjoying her dirty thumb until she fell asleep on the floor in preference to having her clothes taken off and being washed in a puddle-basin and dried on a coarse towel which was used for many other purposes during the day. She was so weary, so disappointed—a four-penny piece all the long day, and she had to

repay her father. She sunk down on an old broken chair with her basket of spring blossoms beside her (so strange a contrast in their sweet beauty to the wretched home), and with a little sob said,

"I can't pay you back, father. I've only got this here fourpenny bit; but I'll go out again to-morrow if the flowers are not dead by then."

"Ah! I reckon they *will* be in this here room," said her father, not unkindly. He never was unkind to any of his children; he did them little good, but he did them no harm. He worked on daily and uncomplainingly for their support and his own, laid down on his wretched bed at night and slept till morning, went without food if they had none, still uncomplainingly, and, in short, seemed a mere machine. His hard life, the monotony of wretchedness, had taken all spirit, all manliness out of him, all hope of better days. But as he spoke the last words he stooped and, picking from the basket a little bunch of the fragrant flowers, looked at them—looked at them long and earnestly, till the dreary, wretched room faded from his sight, and a cottage garden, gay with spring flowers, took its place—a garden which had been his pride to keep neat and free from weeds, a garden on which he spent any coppers he earned for seeds and bulbs to please his mother, who loved flowers so—his mother, at whose knees he said his prayers. What was it he said then? It is so long ago; but as he thinks he seems to feel a soft hand laid on his head, and to hear a tender, loving voice say—

"Go on, Johnny. 'Give us this day—'"

Patty is frightened. Is father ill? He has fallen on his knees, clasping the little bunch of flowers to his breast, as two large tears roll down his thin, wan cheeks. She goes to him, and lays her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, father? Are you bad?" she asks.

"Kneel beside me; say it after me. I'd ought to have taught you when I knowed it all. 'I can't get no farther than this;' and the wondering child, in obedience to her father's command, knelt beside him and repeated the words—strange ones, alas! to her. But as she repeated after him the last words he could remember, the supplication for the daily bread they had found it so hard to earn, a low tap at the room door arrested their attention. Patty said "Come in," and the door, opening, admitted a woman in a black cloth cloak and black straw bonnet, with a full white cap beneath it, surrounding the pleasantest face, which seemed to light the room as she entered.

In a voice as bright and pleasant as her face, she said,

"I beg your pardon for intruding, but have you not a little flower-maiden here? I think this is the house I was directed to."

Patty paused a moment before answering, and then said in her husky voice and with a rough, defiant manner,

"I've been a-trying to sell flowers to-day, if that's what you mean; and it's no use you coming after me, for I ain't picked no pockets nor done nothink."

"My child," answered the visitor, taking, with a gracious smile of thanks, the chair offered by the father, "I am sent to you by a kind friend to help and comfort you, I hope. She wishes, as God has blessed her bountifully, to help His poor, and it has occurred to her to establish a flower-girl brigade; and I, with a few other ladies, am trying to help her. Some poor girls who sell flowers in the street are not so well off as you, with a father and a home."

Poor Morris stirred up the small fire, and a bright blaze shot up the chimney, lighting up the little room, so that Patty thought it had never looked so comfortable before. "Many,"



continued the stranger, "are homeless wanderers. Some of those are coming to me; but such as have homes we wish to keep there, and enable them by their work to brighten their homes. Flowers are such sweet, beautiful emblems of the Resurrection, they seem to die in the winter, and yet come back in the bright spring, radiant as ever. I saw you this evening and followed you; somehow I missed you at the corner of the court, but I asked a woman if she knew whether any girls who sold flowers lived down here, and she sent me to you. I see," she said, looking at the basket, "you have not been very successful to-day, but you will do better to-morrow. Now, please, tell me your name, and at seven o'clock to-morrow evening you must come to this address"—handing her a card—"to be measured for a suit of clothes, which you will wear in the streets to sell your flowers, and which will be renewed every six months."

"In the winter we shall not forget you, but find you employment," she said, rising from her seat. "Now, I am sure you will come to-morrow to be enrolled as a member of the flower-brigade."

She had talked on thus so brightly, waiting for no reply, and Patty had stood, open-mouthed, listening to her, scarcely understanding her; but the baby, dropping the headless doll which she had been banging on the floor, came to her, and, helping herself on to her feet by her skirts, had been laying her little face in her muff, and uttering a little soft cooing noise of satisfaction, as the gentle white hand lay on her little rough head with a tender pressure that seemed to speak to the poor motherless babe of love and protection.

"You *will* let your little girl belong to our brigade?" she said, turning to Morris, as she rose to go. "We shall feel such a warm interest in our girls."

"I shall be very glad, ma'am, for Patty to earn an honest living," said the man, "any way, but there's all these here little ones to see to; that's why she ain't been out afore."

"True, true; but she can set them right before she comes out, and be back to feed them in the middle of the day and out again in the evening, and be home again to get your supper," she said, smiling. "We shall have excellent rules for our girls, and, if they are good and steady and honest, they will not regret joining our brigade, I know. I fear my dear," she said, turning to Patty, "these flowers will not be fresh enough to sell by to-morrow, let me buy them of you," depositing twice their value in Patty's hand; "get more to-morrow, and come to us in the evening to tell your success and get your dress."

Patty felt no longer tired when the door closed on their strange guest. Like magic the spirit of kindness and encouragement had acted on them all, and baby submitted with better grace to be put to bed, for Patty was actually singing, putting to some wild melody she had heard in the streets the words of her plaintive cry, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" It lulled baby to sleep; the boys had left off fighting since the strange lady had come, and somehow all was changed, brightened, and bettered.

Patty, with some of the money the lady had given her, bought a comfortable supper for them all, and two unusual guests supped with them—Hope and Faith. When they sat down to the table Morris said—

"Patty, here, you see, is the daily bread we asked for."

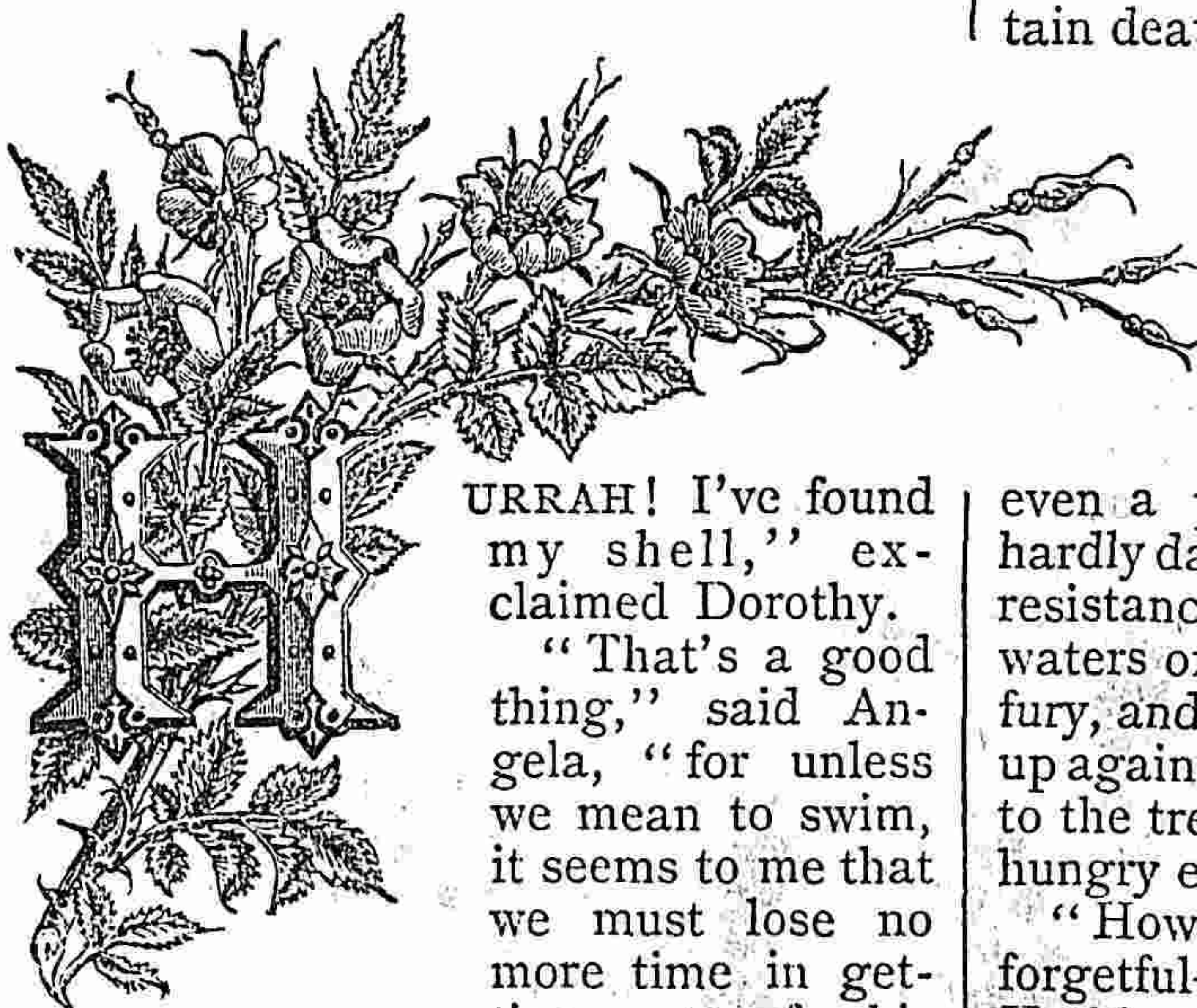
All ye whose lot is brighter and happier than this poor girl's, think of such as her, pity and help them as far as you are able, and bestow out of the abundance with which God has blessed you, if only a penny, on the cold and hungry sisters who cry—

"Won't you buy my pretty flowers?"

## WILD KATHLEEN.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.



URRAH! I've found my shell," exclaimed Dorothy. "That's a good thing," said Angela, "for unless we mean to swim, it seems to me that we must lose no more time in getting out of this grotto of ours."

"Luncheon - parlour and curiosity-shop, you mean," called Kathleen Crofton from its farthest recess, where she was industriously engaged in digging out a little hermit crab, that showed itself possessed of a character as determined as her own and a great unwillingness to be unearthed. Its resolute efforts were rewarded, for a sudden cry of dismay from Dorothy brought Kathleen to her feet and to the front of the cave, and the crab was left in peace.

But whatever peace the crab had gained Kathleen had lost. The outward view that met her gaze was not cheerful. The light rain of an hour ago had increased to a steady downpour. Dull leaden clouds covered the sky. The smooth sea of the morning had risen into troubled waves, and was momentarily growing more stormy. But it was no mere sight that so suddenly blanched Kathleen Crofton's cheeks and called up that trouble into her great startled eyes. It was the present significance of the sights, and not themselves, that proved so terrible, and for the moment even broke down the courage of the Irish girl's brave spirit. Her face showed her fear.

"What is it? oh! what is it?" whispered the two Gilbanks simultaneously, as they saw her colour fade, and clasping her arms with their hands as protection against unknown danger. "What do you see, Kathleen? Oh, do speak!"

She turned from one to the other of the clinging girls slowly, painfully. She was sorry for herself, but she was much more sorry for them, especially for pretty, gentle Dorothy. But she must speak. She could not hide the matter from them long, for in ten minutes at the latest they must find it out for themselves. Better tell them at once.

"Dolly and Angie, do you remember that when we came into this cave the water was nearly up to the farther wall of the next one, which we must pass to get home, even while it was ever so many yards away from these two—do you remember?"

For answer Dorothy's fingers suddenly tightened their clasp on her arm, and An-

gela started away and darted round the point. The others followed her, getting half drenched by a suddenly overreaching wave as they did so. But to have stayed where they were would have been certain death. The waves evidently washed to the very back of that small grotto in stormy weather, and up to its low roof. The central one of the three caves was at least open to the sky, and had a wall up which one might *attempt*, at any rate, to escape. By any other way

even a powerful swimmer would have hardly dared to make an attempt, for the resistance offered by the natural breakwaters of sharp rock lashed the sea into fury, and the waters already dashed high up against the points in a way that seemed to the trembling prisoners instinct with a hungry eagerness for their destruction.

"How could I be so thoughtless—so forgetful—such an idiot?" muttered Kathleen, in fierce wrath against herself, while she stood gloomily watching the white foam, and with her arm clasped round Dorothy, as though she would shield her slight form from harm, if possible, with her own life.

"Dolly, darling, do you think you could climb up this rock, if I went first to find out footholds for you?"

Dorothy looked up at the steep, frowning cliff, and shook her head.

"Oh! Dolly, don't do that," almost groaned the Irish girl. "Try. Oh! Dolly dear, try, for my sake, to save your life. In another half-hour, even twenty minutes, the waves will be in here."

"I know," whispered Dolly.

"Then do try to escape. You won't find it so very difficult as it looks, I expect."

"I have twisted my ankle again," said Dorothy, faintly. "I can scarcely stand on it, much less climb with it."

And even as she spoke she sank down almost fainting on to the sand. Kathleen burst into tears, and Dolly drew her down to her and whispered, "Don't Kathy, dear; to see *you* do that hurts me more than all. And, Kathy, I can't climb, but I can pray. Perhaps we may be saved after all."

"I don't see how," murmured Kathleen. "At least," she murmured in a still lower tone and to herself alone, "At least, not two of us, but there is no need that the third should be drowned also."

Once more she looked up at the forbidding wall, then at sturdy Angela, and then she spoke. "There is one chance for our lives, and only one, I believe. And even that is slender, and depends wholly upon acting instantly, without discussion, and with firmness and a clear head."

As Kathleen spoke, her two companions looked at her with eager hope and anxiety. Angela came back to where the Irish girl stood beside her sister.

"What do you mean, Kathleen? What are we to do? Dolly is almost helpless."

"Yes," was the grave answer, "Dolly is quite helpless, so far as saving herself is concerned. It remains with you and me to effect her rescue. I will stay with her while you clamber to the top, and then you must get help for us. Bring





back a rope yourself if you can find no man to come with you. Now, take care!"

And without giving Angela time for thought or remonstrance, Kathleen Crofton lifted her up, and supported her while she gained her first foothold in the rock. She mounted another step, and then she slipped, and fell back into Kathleen's arms. Once more she tried, and once more she fell back again.

"It's no good, Kathy," she cried desperately. "It's no good; you see I can't do it. And oh, how very fast the tide is coming in! You go; you are so clever at climbing; and I will stay with Dolly."

"No, no, Angie; that won't do," said Kathleen quickly, once more ear-

there was scarcely a probability of Dorothy's escaping death, and that, while resolved to share her fate herself, she was determined that poor Mrs. Gilbank should at least have one of her children spared to her. While she thought, her eyes were busy.

About twelve feet up the face of the rock was a tolerably broad ledge; that once gained, the remainder of the ascent was not so difficult. But, unfortunately, Angela could not reach that ledge. At last Kathleen thought of an expedient.

"Dolly," she said, with a touch of her usual fun breaking through her earnestness, 'necessity is the mother of invention,' you know. Now it is a necessity to hoist this sister of yours up to that ledge,

nestly examining the rocky ladder, up which lay their only hope of life.

"Your plan won't do at all. For one reason, if the worst comes to the worst, I am so strong that I might have a chance of saving Dolly; you would have none. You must be the one to help us all."

Kathleen did not add her second reason, which was that she believed

and I have invented the manner of doing it. Will you please to kneel up against the rock—just so?"

As she spoke the last words Kathleen, herself, scrambled up to the ledge, and laid herself down on it full length.

"Now, Angie, mount on to Dolly's shoulders, and stretch up your hands to mine. Be quick. That's right. Now steady. Let me help you to get your hands upon this ledge. Are you safe now if I let go of you?"

"Yes, quite, for a few moments."

The few moments were enough. Kathleen rose to her feet, and then stooping, pulled Angela up beside her. Bending over her, she gave her a sudden kiss, whispered, "God speed you, mavourneen," and then, while Angela scrambled upwards with feverish haste, she let herself over the ledge, hanging by her hands for a moment, and dropped back beside Dorothy.

The two girls sat for a long time silent, hand in hand, watching the slow and sure approach of the waves, on which they both well knew that their own dead bodies might soon be floating. They watched the white foam dashing high against the outposts of their rocky prison house until they were dizzy and half blind.

The sea was much nearer than when Angela left them. A few drops of salt spray fell lightly on to Dolly's cheek. It was a chill and cruel caress from which she shrank. Then followed a great wave, that rolled on with a low angry rumbling and broke with a deafening roar against the opposing edge of the cliff, half drenching the helpless prisoners with its widely scattered foam.

Kathleen rose to her feet, and helped up Dorothy, drawing her back close against the wall, and supporting her with her arm.

"I wish Angie had met that artist just at the top of the cliff," murmured Dorothy, with a low sigh.

"So do I." After a few moments she added, softly, as though to herself, "he would pity the madcap girls now, even if he could not help them."

Again there was a short silence, broken this time by Kathleen's rich, exquisite voice singing the beautiful hymn for those at sea. As the spray of another large wave broke against them she



broke off abruptly, and once more turned round to look up at the steep cliff.

"Dolly, we must have a try for—  
for—" Her voice broke, and failed her for a moment. But she struggled with the weakness, and continued, firmly, "We must have a try for life. It was not so bad to wait while there was a hope for rescue, but now, we have not five minutes to live if we cannot get up higher out of the reach of the waves. If we can but reach that ledge we may survive till help comes, but even up there I saw seaweed and shells, a sure proof that the whole of the place in which we are now standing is deep water at high tide. Each great wave, as it comes on now, looks as though it would be the one to swallow us up."

"Yes, Kathy," said Dolly, in quiet, clear tones, "then go now, dear, please go; good bye! Kiss mamma for me, and tell her," she added, after a moment's pause, and in lower tones, but equally firm ones, "tell her, please, not to mind, for that I did not, excepting for her sake."

Kathleen started, and gazed into Dorothy's soft brown eyes and at the lovely, meek face. She looked steadfast and calm as a martyr, patiently awaiting the doom allotted to her constancy.

"Dolly!" she exclaimed at last, "Do you suppose—Have you really imagined that I meant to leave you?"

"No, Kathy. I know that you didn't mean to, but you must. I have all the time meant that you should. I have only kept you with me till it should not be safe for you to stay any longer, and now you must go. Good-bye."

She raised her face, and her friend accepted the offered kiss; but then Kathleen said resolutely, although very tenderly, "Thank you for the kiss, Dolly darling, and for your loving care for me, but I'm not going."

"Oh! you must, you must!" exclaimed Dorothy, her calmness changing into a pitiful cry. "Do go, I pray you, Kathleen. You will make it so hard for me to die if I know that I'm making you die too!"

"Hush, Dolly dear, hush. You cannot surely suppose that I am going to mount up on to that ledge there and quietly watch you drowning; or that I am going to mount to the top and go off to your mother, and tell her, 'I left your daughter within a foot of the waves, with no hope of escape. She's dead by now.'" Dolly shivered slightly, and Kathleen continued rather triumphantly, "There, you see, when I put the matter into plain language you see its hideousness, and you see as well as I do that we must escape together or die together."

"No, no," said Dorothy again, trying to still her quivering lips. "No, no,

Kathy. You don't see—or you are so generous you won't see—that it is no question now of our wishes or feelings, either yours or mine, but a question of right and wrong. It is a sin to sacrifice a life uselessly. If by staying there was an atom of hope that you could save me, you would do right to stay; but there is none, you know there is not, and so it is a sin to remain and fling a life away fruitlessly, for which God has very likely got good use."

"Dorothy, I am going to try to hoist you up on to that ledge," was all the answer Kathleen vouchsafed. And she did try, and first in one way and then in another, but all equally futile, in spite of her companion's desperate efforts at the same time to help herself. They only resulted in Dorothy's sinking back at last on to the soaking sand with a groan of agony, and an ankle not only sprained but dislocated. Still, in spite of this addition to her sufferings her unselfish care for her friend was as keen as ever, and she renewed her entreaties and arguments to her to make her escape from rapidly approaching death.

"Look here, Dolly," said Kathleen at last, doggedly, as she once more raised her, and held her in the firm clasp of her arm; "it's said, 'As thy day thy strength shall be,' and that we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear; well, I've no strength to leave you, and I'm unable even to bear the thought of doing it, so that settles the matter. If you say anything more about it I shall think you dislike the thought of having me with you to the very end, and then I'll just walk out and meet the waves at once, and finish the affair that way."

(To be continued.)

## STARS OF EARTH; OR, OUR COUNTRY FLOWERS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### APRIL—SPRING FLOWERS.

"Be your title what it may,  
Sweet and lengthening April day,  
While with you the soul is free,  
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea."

ONE day, towards the end of April, the sun shone forth with quite a summer splendour, and then, provided with baskets, we set out for a ramble in the woods. We were going to pick wild flowers, and hoped to find a fair display in some of the favoured nooks.

Already a great change was visible in the look of the hedges. The trees had begun to put forth their young buds, white daisies were sprinkling the grass thickly, and some pale primroses were peeping forth amongst their dark green leaves. Buttercups were everywhere. The shining, star-like flowers were clustering their yellow heads under a hedge hard by, and the fields were covered as with a cloth of gold.





"The cows will have a fine feed of buttercups," said Fanny.

"There you are mistaken, Fanny. Cows never dine off buttercups; in fact, they don't like the flower, and no wonder, for the whole race is acrid and bitter; some kinds are even poisonous."

"Don't they spoil the hay? The reaper must mow them down with the rest, I should think. No one could ever weed a field like that of Farmer Milman's yonder."

"The acrid properties of the buttercup are extremely volatile, and are quite destroyed by the drying process; so they lose their noxious qualities when cut down and mixed with the hay. Laura, what kind of flower is the buttercup?"

"It is simple, and has several bright petals that are yellow and glossy; also lots of stamens and pistils, more than I could count, perhaps, all loose and free. Its leaf is—what shape would you call the leaf, Aunt Carrie?"

"Heart-shaped or kidney-shaped. The proper name for this kind of buttercup is 'pile-wort.' It is a bright, little spring flower, and its numberless shining stars glance out prettily amongst the grass and leaves. Some people have called it the lesser celandine. It is one of the buttercup race."

"Does the buttercup give its name to a family, like the primrose and daisy do, Aunt Carrie?"

"Not exactly, Laura. Botanists have called the tribe after the 'ranunculus,' the handsome scarlet flowers you often see in gardens. 'Rana' means a frog, and the ancients gave that name to the flower nearly two thousand years ago, because the places where they are found are generally moist and damp, and there frogs delight to make their homes. There are about a thousand members to this huge family. The botanical name is 'ranunculaceæ.' Some people call them the crowfoot tribe. There are many varieties of buttercups that differ in various ways. The bulbous buttercup has round roots, and grows in nearly every meadow. Another sort has creeping roots, and is a great pest to the farmer, for it spreads and takes root wherever a leaf can be produced. Then there is the meadow crowfoot, with its root composed of fibres, its calyx spreading, its stem slender, its leaves narrow. I mention all these to show how one kind can be distinguished from another, and a quick eye can soon detect the difference. The marsh marigold is the very queen of buttercups. Its flowers, leaves, and stalks are on a gigantic scale, and they make treacherous, swampy grounds look very showy with their brilliant yellow flowers. Another kind, called 'water snow-cups,' or 'water crowfoot,' chooses ponds and running streams for its home; it sprinkles the surface of the water with its large, showy white flowers. This plant is very peculiar in its habits, and has a trick of changing the form of its leaves. When growing in a still pond the leaves grow out broad, flat, and spreading, lying on the water like those of the water lily; but when it grows in a running stream, the leaves all become divided and hair-like. Both sorts of leaves can be seen on the plant at once—the broad ones on the surface of the water, the thread-like ones beneath. We will look for the snow-cups next June."

"They are summer flowers, I suppose?"

"Yes, Laura. Do you know the wood-anemones, or wind flowers? They are relatives of the buttercups; so are the clematis plants, or traveller's joy. The latter is a creeping hedge shrub, that climbs up and twists amongst other shrubs, almost covering them with its leaves and greenish-white flowers. In autumn this plant is curious, for its seed vessels are feathered with white tufts, which deck the hedges on all sides. Children call it the 'old man's beard.'"

"I shall look out for that next autumn," said Fanny. "Do tell me some others of the great ranunculaceæ family."

"Do you recollect the showy flowers called peony? They are not often found wild, but one bright scarlet kind is sometimes met with amongst rocks and in steep places. All columbines, larkspurs, monkshoods, pheasant eye are of the same tribe, and the poisonous hellebore. The true celandine—also poisonous—are relatives, though, perhaps, rather disreputable ones."

When we had climbed the stile and reached the tangled wood, the full glory of the spring flowers burst on our view. Whole banks of sweet-scented blue and white violets were seen, with their waxy heads, looking up from the dark green leaves. On the slope of the hill thousands of white and pink-tinted wood anemones waved their beautiful flowers and graceful leaves; and primroses were clustering in every nook. Our baskets were soon full, grouped according to taste. Laura gathered only the pure white violets, with their deep-tinted leaves. Fanny chose the deep blue violets, and mixed them with primroses and wood anemones. She soon found out some of the light, blue-tinted violets were not odorous, and asked the reason.

"They are the dog violets, or *Viola canina*. Notice, the flowers are larger; though there are eight sorts of British violets, only one kind is scented. You can find the scented ones in various shades—deep purple, lilac, white, and pale rose colour."

"What sort of flower is the violet, Aunt Carrie? I am rather puzzled about it," said Fanny, tearing a flower to examine it.

"It has exactly the same parts as a primrose, though they are arranged differently. There are five petals, you see, but the lower one is lengthened out into a spur. Each flower grows on a separate stalk. The stamens are five in number, and the pistil has a curious hooked top. The leaves are heart-shaped, and rather downy, especially underneath. The violet has given its name to a family, though not a very numerous one. They flourish in most regions of the earth, except just those that lie within the Tropics. In South America they are most luxuriant, and grow to shrubs. The way in which violets plant themselves is strange, for when the seed is quite ripe, the seed-vessel opens with a jerk and the seeds are scattered a long way off on the ground. All the beautiful pansies and heart's-ease belong to the violet tribe; also the yellow mountain violets, which are found in the fields in June and July."

"How do you like botany?" I asked Fanny, when I had finished my little sketch of the violet.

"If botany is what you have been telling us, I like it very much; but I always thought it was full of hard names, and horrid classes and orders."

"I dare say, by and by, you will like to know a little about the very classification you think so 'horrid'; but at present I will only give you a slight peep into it. More than a hundred years ago there was a very clever and learned man called Linnæus, and he is said to have been the first who began to classify plants. He counted the stamens and pistils, and arranged them in classes according to their number. A flower with one stamen would be of the class 'Monandria'; with one pistil, would be of the order 'Monogynia'; with two stamens, of the class 'Diandria'; with two pistils, of the order 'Digynia,' and so on. Some of the names of the classes and orders are still retained."

## PLAIN DARNING.

"OH, dear! oh, dear! those horrid darns again! I hate the mere name of them. I would rather have cheap things, and wear them right out, than make my eyes ache over mending nice ones." Such are the exclamations of most girls when mending-day comes.

I really cannot understand this general dislike for darning, when it is so easy.

Most of you girls take pleasure in making guipure and darning-patterns on net, which certainly require more care. Only try to take half the pains with your clothes as with your fancy-work, and you will produce a neat repair worth looking at, instead of the cobbler-style hastily put out of sight.

Now I would advise you always to get the best materials, for cheap things are rarely economical and, besides, induce slovenly habits. Remember also "a stitch in time saves nine," and if you regularly inspect your linen you will spy out many a thin place, which, strengthened at once, will prevent a hole and spare much trouble.

I am going to explain to you a few ways of mending to teach you not only to keep your own things in order, but also to help your mothers, and one day to become good house-

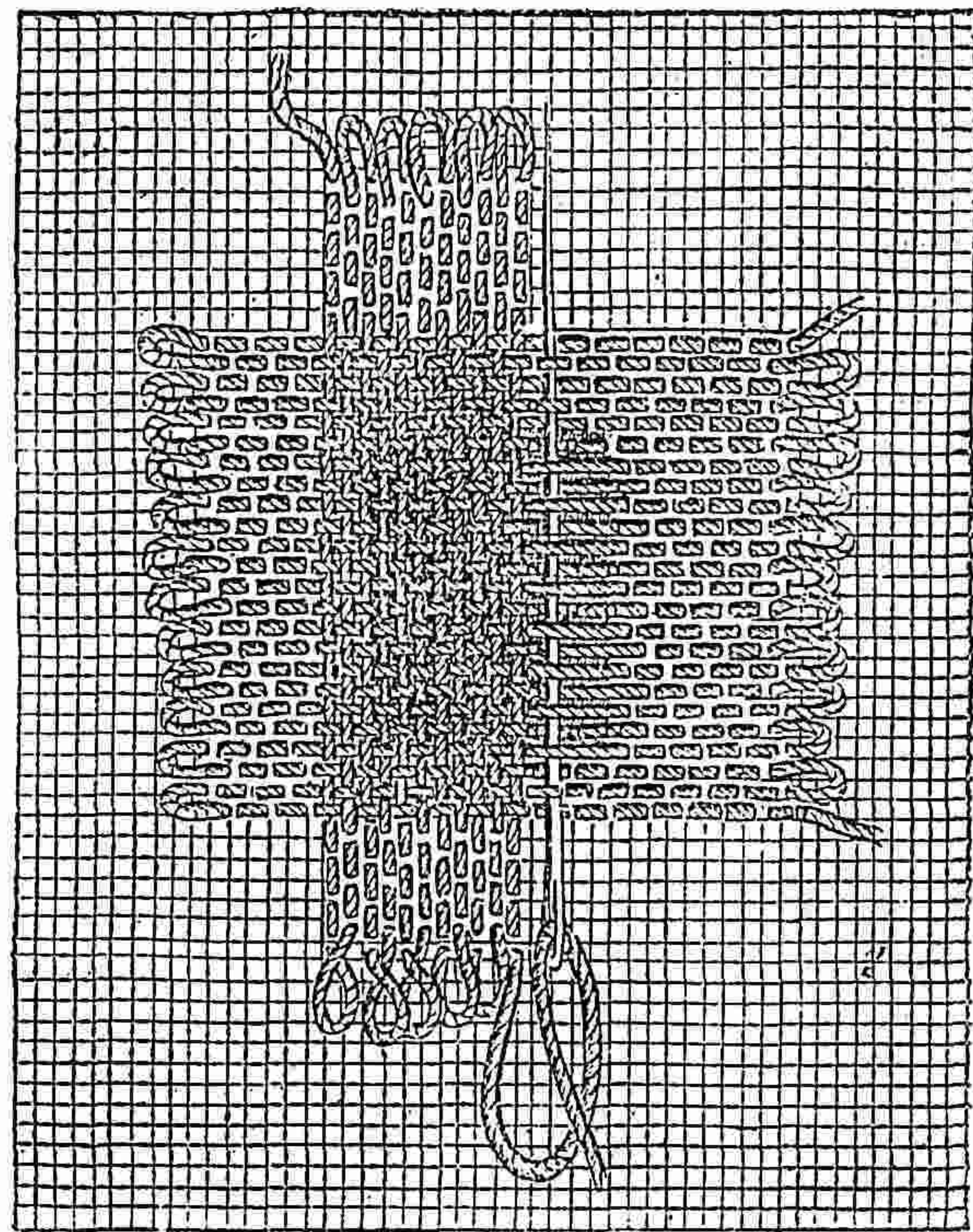


FIG. 1.—CROSSED DARN.

keepers. It is preferable to repair linen before sending it to the wash, except a few articles such as stockings, which had better be washed first and then left rough-dry to be mangled or ironed after mending. These stockings are generally placed in a special basket, ready to be taken up at any odd moment.

Look at fig. 1 and you will see a darn half crossed. "Everyone knows how to do that," you say, "'tis as easy as A B C." Maybe, but there are two ways of doing a thing. Just follow my instructions and see whether you will not learn something new. You are aware a good workman must have good tools, so be sure to choose, for darning, the proper thread among "flourishing" thread, mending cotton, Angola, wools, crewels, filoselle, silk ravellings, &c. Just a trifle finer, it should match, in colour and make, the strands of the material, and the older the stuff the smoother the thread. The long needle of a proper size to slip through the fabric should have an eye large enough to carry the cotton without dragging. Now, a thimble on the second finger of your right hand, a pair of scissors on the table, and you are ready to set to work.

Prepare the gap by drawing and securing



in place the broken threads, or by snipping off all irregularities and neatly paring the edges. Stretch the hole, wrong side out, over the first and second fingers of the left hand, and begin, not at the very margin, but a few rows inward, for you may be sure that the edges of a gap are always very thin. Pointing the needle from the chest, darn upwards, taking up and leaving down one or two threads. Pull the cotton out gently, leaving a good end but no knot, then, turning the needle towards the chest, descend in the same manner, picking up the threads passed in the preceding row and *vice versa*. Allow this time a good loop. Follow a similar method in the crossing, but for convenience, turn the work in the contrary direction, to make these horizontal lines. Commence, as nearly as possible, in the centre, and darn the lines the exact length of the foundation ones to produce a cross, the best shape for an ordinary darn. Afterwards, either split the loops to let the ends lose themselves in the tissue, or leave them uncut, if in washing fabrics, till returned from the laundry.

The hole is now filled up with a nice regular plaiting, which faithfully reproduces the linen stitch. You have been doing nothing less than the work of a weaver, for the object of darning is to replace the worn-out part by the very stitch of its manufacture. Of course there are many different kinds but the above is the one most employed.

If an accident ever happens to costly and delicate materials, you can repair it in a manner quite invisible. For this you had better take ravellings of the stuff itself, and lay the ground on the wrong side, but, instead of leaving loops and darning backwards and forwards, cut the thread at each row, not to reverse the needle, and afterwards secure the long ends by light basting, in case they work out. Make the crossing on the right side to follow better the threads. Such dars, being rather trying to the sight, must always be tacked on green paper or waxed cloth.

You will often, too, meet with speckled fabrics to repair, and if you darn with a single tint it will look nothing but a botch. Notice, then, carefully which is the shade of the ground and of the crossing, and try to match them as well as possible. Checks in two colours require the blocks to be alternately plain and mottled. To produce this, for instance, with pink and myrtle silks, cottons, &c., make twelve rows in each hue. Repeat this for the crossing, and you will have four squares—two dotted and two plain—*i.e.* one rose and one green.

With large dars it is more handy to

tack them on brown paper or patent cloth, while stockings needing repair are turned inside out, the left

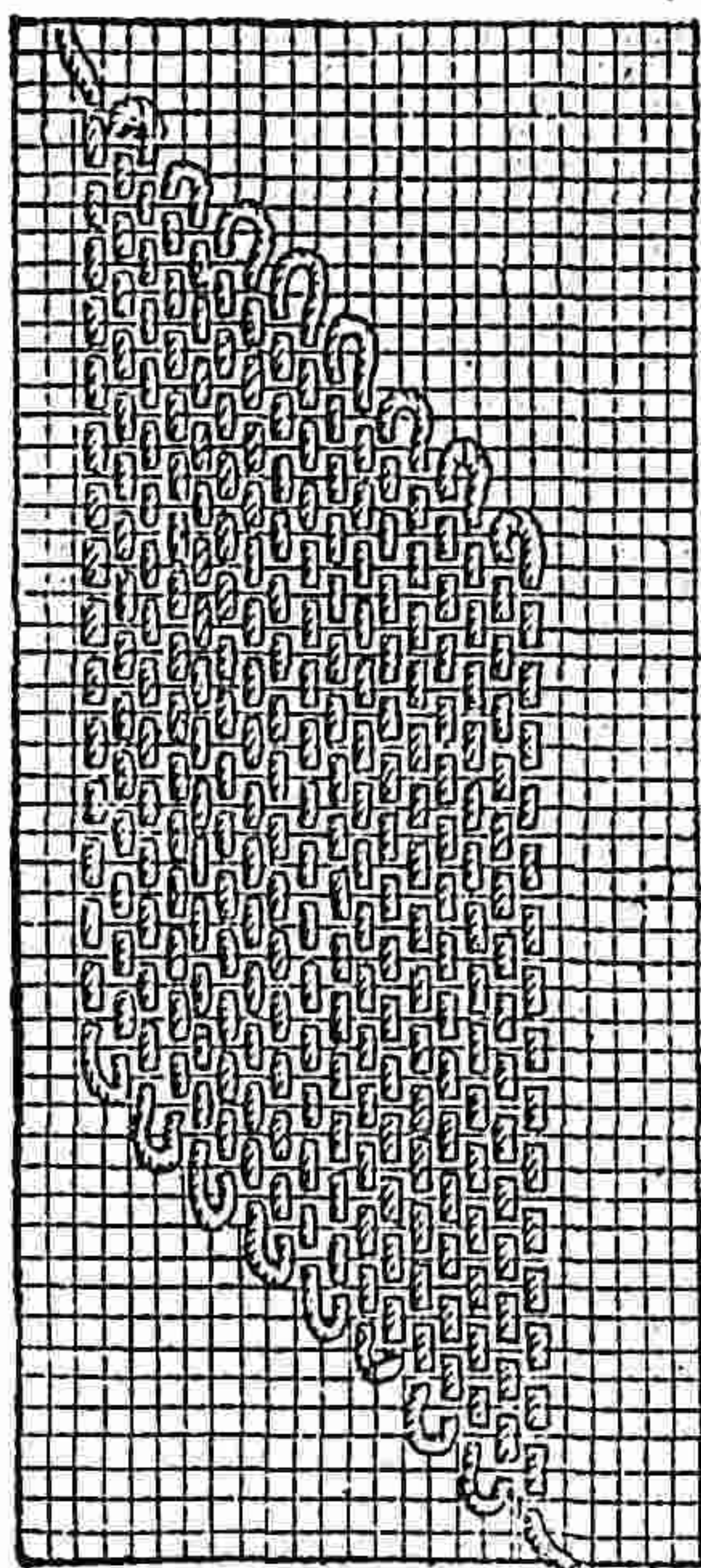


FIG. 3.—SINGLE DARN.

hand slipped through the leg, and the worn place held stretched over the first three fingers. Isn't it tiresome to mend romping boys' stockings? To lighten the task a wee bit, in fig. 2 I give you the secret of darning them extra strong, viz., by doing the crossing on the bias instead of straight; starting from the top corner with a single stitch, the lines gradually increase to the centre, from whence they decrease in the same proportion. Thus, instead of a cross you will have a square. Try this plan for your little brother's socks or knickerbocker stockings, and you will find that they last nearly twice as long.

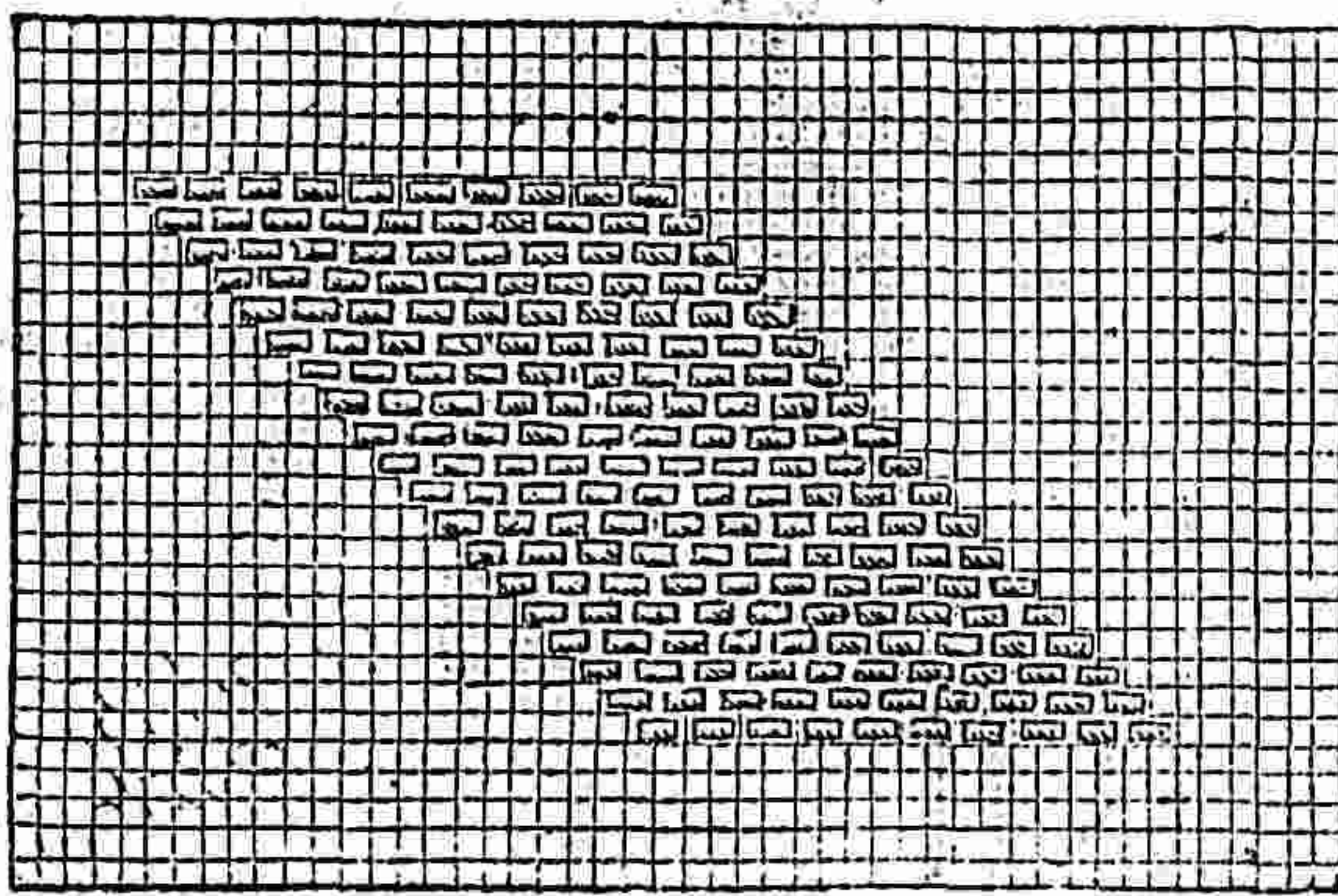


FIG. 4.—SLANTWISE DARN.

But, as I have already told you, "prevention is better than cure," and you can easily avoid ugly holes by looking at your things each week as they come from the laundry. If you want to be a good housekeeper you will do well also, when there is a regular house-cleaning, to assist mother in examining the carpets, curtains, chair-covers, etc., for I need not tell you that repairs are needed, not merely in washing materials, but in all those subject to wear and tear. You have most likely noticed that in all textures the threads run in two different ways. Look again at fig. 1, and you will see that the straight foundation threads are laid first, just as the weaver does in his frame for his "woof"; afterwards they are interlaced by the crossing ones, or "warp." When both these sets of threads are broken a hole is formed, but if only one of them has thinned you can replace it by a single darning, the edge of which need not, as in the hole, follow a regular line; in fact, the mending shows less if sloped like diagram 4. Fig. 3 renews the "woof," and is illustrated on the wrong side with loops; fig. 4 replaces the "warp" with the loops concealed at the back, whilst the needle, brought in front, follows the lines. This mode of making the darn is specially used for coloured and fancy stuffs.

Before finishing, I must say a word or two on "fine drawing" or cloth seaming. Do not run away with the idea that this is ex-

clusively a tailor's work, for young girls should be proud and on their own cloth costumes now so to show their skill on their father's clothes, fashionable. Cloth is apt to slit; and to join it again, invisibly, first chalk round the rent, then rest the edges on your fingers, and bring them together on the wrong side by short rows of darning in fine silk, taken only half way through, so that the stitches disappear in the pile and under the pressing.

This repair also answers for velvet and plush, but is not so imperceptible because the backs of these stuffs are quite smooth.

Now, with these few explanations, I am sure my readers are going at once to try the various dars, first on a coarse piece of material, and then make a pretty sampler of them, to keep in their workbox as a guide whenever they set to their mending task. MARIE KARGER.

## VARIETIES.

**THE THIMBLE.**—The name of the thimble is said to have been derived from "thumbell," having been first worn on the thumb, as the sailor's thimble still is. It is said to be of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting, who, settling near London, commenced its manufacture in various metals with great profit. Thimbles are said to have been found at Herculaneum.

ANSWER TO SQUARE WORDS (PAGE 254).

S A F E  
A C I D  
F I L E  
E D E N

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (PAGE 254).

K I T C A T  
I S L E  
N A A M A N  
G U N  
S H E L L E Y  
L O S S  
E C H O  
Y A R N

**THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.**—That we may not complain of the present, let us view God's hand in all events; and that we may not be afraid of the future, let us view all events in God's hands.—*An Old Divine.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. I.

An ancient historical character, and the subject of a later work. Relating to a particular nation. A female character in a celebrated allegory. An ambassador. A geographical term. The name of a noted work of the 16th century. An artist.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. II.

Things which are hidden—abroad by nature, at home by art. A camp. The town near which Dr. Livingstone died. A quick reply. A vowel repeated. A person hard to please. A worthless article.

**WEDDINGS IN RUSSIA.**—Among Russians pure light blue is the nuptial colour, and a coronet of silver ribbon stands in place of the wreath. The wedding-ring for the bride is of gold or some yellow metal, but it is not a plain hoop; it is generally a double ring with enchased stars. The bridegroom has a ring, too, which the bride puts on his finger at the altar after she has received his; and this is mostly a plain one. The clergy make much ado about the rings being of pure metal, and thereby keep the sale of them in their hands, though it is said it would not always be safe to test with a touchstone the purity of the ecclesiastical gold.

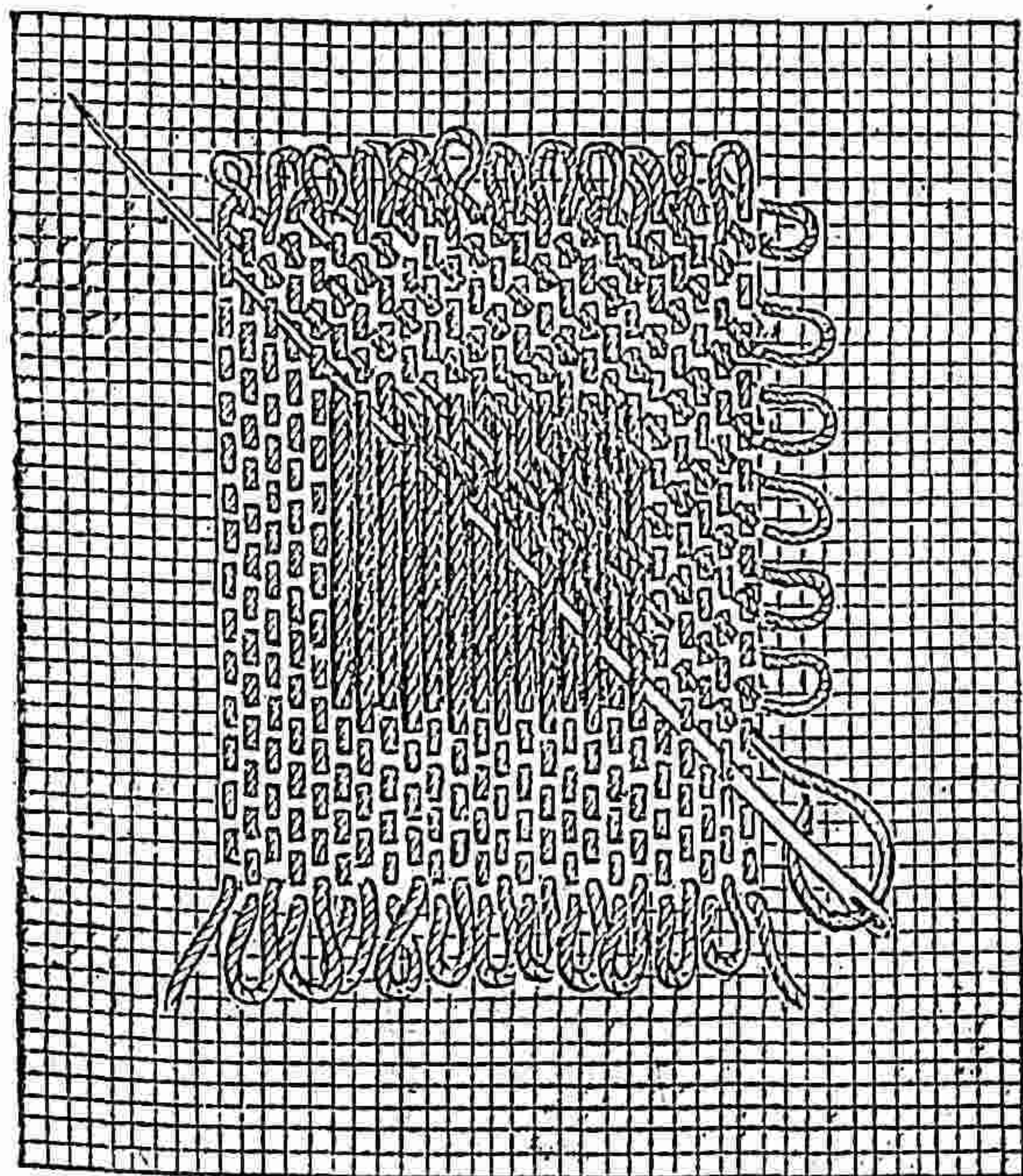


FIG. 2.—DARN CROSSED ON THE BIAS.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## ART.

**SWEETBRIAR.**—We propose having an article in this paper on the subject of Painting on China.

**AMATEUR.**—You could procure water or oil-colour paintings on hire at any artists' colourman's. There are some in both Regent-street and Oxford-street. We cannot give addresses.

**SNOWDROP.**—We cannot advise you where to sell your cards, as we do not give addresses.

**SINCERITE.**—We fear that there is no opening for the sale of etchings; although the specimen you have given does you credit. There will soon be an article on China Painting in this paper; but we think you would have to learn at some class in town. Whether you could get employment at some such great establishment, providing regular pay, it is not in our power to say. We only know that many hands, of different grades, are employed by them. The chance sale of works done at home, would not provide a livelihood. Some of the very best artists in china painting, and who have made their work a complete success, are women.

**A PAINTER.**—We know of no better plan for disposing of paintings, whether on china or card, than at shops. Read our answer to "R. M." in reference to the sale of her needlework.

**E. A. C. and GENTEEL POVERTY.**—We shall have articles on painting on different materials at a later date.

## COOKERY.

**JANE F.**—If you wish to learn the art of confectionery, you will have to make inquiries of some confectioners, as to whether they will give you lessons, and the terms on which they will do so.

## WORK.

**SERPOLETTE.**—To put bias bands of velvet or satin on a dress, there are three methods; viz.,—"slip-stitch" them on so that the stitches may not be seen; sew them on at both sides with the sewing-machine, or run on the lower side of the bias piece on the wrong side, turn it up, and either slip-stitch the top, or sew it on with the machine. In all of these methods very careful tacking is essential.

**L. B. B.**—You are not allowed to send us a machine-made night-dress in competition for the prize. It must be entirely hand-made, and by yourself, with the sole exception of the embroidered trimmings.

**GWENDOLINE.**—We can only advise your inquiring at shops for orders, taking specimens of your work with you.

**WHITE CAT.**—You had better show your crewel-work at some fancy-work shops, and you may thus be able to dispose of what is finished and procure trade orders.

**K. E.**—We can only advise you, as we do all who are desirous of selling their work, to show it at every shop within their reach. We know of no better plan; as the Charitable Societies organised to dispose of it keep it, often, for months, and send it home again at last. Besides which they ask fees, and often require full particulars of all the applicant's private circumstances.

**GERTRUDE HOUGHTON.**—Patterns for every description of wool-work may be procured at fancy-work shops.

**ONE WHO WANTS EMPLOYMENT.**—1. We advise you to apply to the "Society for the Employment of Women," 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. 2. The burnt bricks employed for ferneries are called "clinkers," and are known amongst brick-makers as "birrs." They can be obtained at any brickfield.

**CORDELIA.**—To make a fashionable toque of the same material as the dress, purchase a shape, tack on the material over the top, and gather a long bias strip to round the brim. Then put in the lining. From half-a-yard to threequarters would be sufficient material for making it.

**E. L.**—We do not give paper patterns. The lining of any well-fitting dress will give the pattern required for a petticoat bodice.

**CHRISTMAS ROSE.**—A cashmere or fine serge would be very suitable for a spring dress, to be afterwards worn at school.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CLARA.**—Mr. Charles Hallé was not knighted at the wedding of the Duke of Connaught.

**PUL.**—1. "The value of a Crest Album" consists in the choice selection made, original and artistic arrangement, and, of course, the larger the number of good examples, the more the Album must be worth. 2. We cannot tell you of any cheap book upon crests, you should study them in illustrated copies of the Landed Gentry, Peerage, and Baronetage.

**AUDREY.**—Plenty of photographs of Longfellow are sold in photograph shops, and at stationers'. His residence is at Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A. **SNOWDROP (Dundee).**—If the two talkative boys who are always beside you were kindly, but firmly, requested not to interrupt your studies, nor in any

way to distract your attention from your business, we think it likely that they would talk less to you in future. But you must not look annoyed, or they may be mischievous and continue to tease you. 2. Your writing is too much cramped; the letters do not all slope the right way. In regard to the composition of your letter, you repeat the same words too closely together, and you do not make sufficient use of the words "which" and "that"; you also conclude a sentence with a preposition. We recommend a careful study of the "Handbook of the English Tongue" by Angus; published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**INQUIRER.**—You will have to consult a Dublin Directory.

**LOVEY.**—Inquire at the office of the Religious Tract Society for the Leaflet you want to procure.

**CHATTY.**—We do not give addresses. Look for what you require in a London Directory.

**TERPSICHOE.**—1. Under the treatment you propose to give your floor the varnish will speedily disappear as well as the stain. 2. See our answers to other correspondents on Law-copying. You do not spell your pseudonym correctly.

**ABURN.**—1. Her Majesty's family name is Guelph. 2. The colour most becoming to a blonde complexion is blue; certainly, not scarlet, especially if she have "auburn" hair. 3. There will be an article on the subject of Etiquette a little time hence. 4. Your writing is not yet formed.

**CHARIS.**—Perhaps you are not aware that you are only one, out of some hundreds of correspondents,



PUBLISHING MORNING.

all equally anxious for replies; and moreover that but one page in each week's paper is devoted to them. We do not undertake to give answers by the "next week." Should you wish to make the life of Caroline Herschel, the subject of your Prize Essay, you may. Your question has been answered already.

**TORSY.**—Never attempt to remove moles. Warts may be destroyed by caustic. See article on "How to Look your Best."

**CONNY.**—In reference to your questions on the subject of bookbinding, we can only say that our object is to give every reasonable suggestion that occurs to us, together with every additional hint, and scraps of information that may help our readers to follow-up and carry out any scheme for themselves. But we are not agents for procuring work or situations, nor can we supply addresses, nor give advertisements.

**ZARA DE BONGE.**—1. An egg takes from 3 to 4 minutes to be well boiled; but the time must be regulated by the fancy of the person for whom it is designed. 2. You want to be told "how a small garden should be made." We advise your making a little inspection of a few small gardens already laid out, corresponding to your own in size; and copy the one you admire the most, or that you can best afford to make. You know how to make a great many mistakes in spelling in a very short letter. Try to do better next time you write.

**CHRISTMAS ROSE.**—We suppose by a "smoke board" you mean a chimney board, used where there is neither smoke nor fire. We propose to give an article on the decoration of the grate in summer.

**MAUD.**—You could see some specimens of Miss Linwood's needlework in the South Kensington Museum.

**LOTTIE.**—1. We advise you to go to college; both on account of the wishes of your parents, and because it will be of great advantage to you, to complete your education. 2. In reference to the craze which appears to exist amongst young people to

make themselves thin when nature intended them to be fat, we can only refer you to the answer just given to a fellow-sufferer, who calls herself "Ross." Besides, a lean teacher, or governess, is a very unattractive looking object to children. They are always supposed to be cross.

**LILIAN A. SMITH.**—Certainly, you may compete for any of the prizes offered in this paper.

**SNOWDROP.**—The old-fashioned decoction, rosemary-tea, is excellent for the hair when disposed to fall. You had better procure it already prepared from a chemist.

**E. L.**—If you have a real taste for music, and give your whole attention to what you are about, devoting twenty minutes to the practising of scales, well selected, one hour a day ought to be sufficient to make you, in time, a good piano-forte player. Should you have a reason for hurrying forward, divide the time to be devoted to your musical studies, and play three-quarters of an hour in the morning, and as much in the evening; or play the scales for twenty minutes in the morning, and the pieces at another time. Never weary either yourself or those obliged to hear you.

**BERTHA ALICE.**—Your verses, though not poetry, evince a spirited nature and have a good wholesome ring about them. Perhaps, if you made composition a study, you would be able to do better by and by. To this end, we could not recommend you a better instruction-book than the "Handbook of the English Tongue" by Angus; published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. But, to be a poet, you must produce original and beautiful ideas, apt smiles, original thoughts, clothed in forcible language. It is not sufficient to express sensible views of life in a swinging sort of metre,—jogging along, like an old horse cantering to market, with a jingle of cart-bells about his neck.

**BETA** wishes us to "suggest a preventive for bunyans." First leave off wearing shoes and boots with pointed toes, which destroy the shape of the foot, forcing out the joint. Bathe the foot frequently in warm water, and apply poultices, to reduce the swelling and inflammation; and wear a soft shoe or boot of cashmere—not leather, that there may be ventilation. 2. Unless the introduction be to a relative, it is not in good taste to do more than bow on a first introduction. But, as to nearly all rules there is an exception, should you be acting as hostess, or lady of the house, and a visitor should bring in a friend and introduce her, then you must of course offer her your hand. To a man you would, in any case, only bow. 3. The usual custom is for the lady to take the gentleman's arm; but there is no reason why the case should not be reversed, when walking out of doors, though certainly not at a dinner-party, or supper. Then all rules of etiquette have to be strictly carried-out.

**ROSS.**—We are at a loss to understand why so many girls are demented on the subject of the natural plumpness which nature bestows on youth. It is a sign of health, unless your doctor have pronounced it to be dropsy in your particular case. And indeed, if you attempted to upset nature's arrangements and to use artificial means for making yourself a scarecrow, dropsy might be a very probable winding up of the little game. Your suggestion respecting the applicability of vinegar quite shocks us. You little know how ill you soon would be.

**RUBY** complains that "the skin of her face has been peeling for some weeks." This is certainly a distressing state of things. Try bathing in oatmeal gruel, very thinly made, and wear a veil when you go out. Also keep away from the fire.

**PUSSY** is "very much troubled with styes." We advise her to bathe them frequently with warm milk and water, and, if come to a head, she may get her mother to pass a wedding ring—or the smooth hoop of the under part of any gold ring—once or twice across them, to relieve them of the matter that has formed. It may be necessary to poultice them at night, with a warm application of white bread and water. They are usually the result of too poor living, bad air, thin blood, or impure water; and a doctor's advice—both as to the nature and removal of the cause and the cure by diet, and, perhaps, a tonic—is much to be recommended. Whitlows are often produced as styes are; and need the same kind of treatment.

**CROSSMYLOOP.**—The only cure we can give you for warts is caustic. There is a very good homœopathic cure for them without burning, but you must inquire at one of their shops, or of a doctor of that persuasion, for yourself.

**A. ASHLEY.**—"Pitman's system" is the most popular method of learning "short-hand," and it is possible to dispense with a teacher. But of course we can have no idea as to whether or not you could do so.

**JO.**—Societies formed for the practising of any art (you do not say to which you refer) are usually of a private character. You must inquire for what you want amongst your acquaintances.

\* \* The Editor is unable to reply to all the many unnecessary questions put to him relating to the prize competitions. The last day for receiving the essays, bed-satchels, water-colour paintings, and night-dresses is May 1st.



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER." The Girls' Own Paper, vol. I, no. 17, 24 Apr. 1880, p. [257].  
Nineteenth Century UK Periodicals, [link.gale.com/apps/doc/DX1901882999/NCUK?u=nypl&sid=bookmark-NCUK&xid=d2c79b55](https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/DX1901882999/NCUK?u=nypl&sid=bookmark-NCUK&xid=d2c79b55). Accessed 11 July 2021.





VOL. I.—No. 18.]

MAY 1, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA:

### OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### PAUL'S PERPLEXITIES.

INVESTING capital is one thing, selling out another.

Years previously the money Jasper Meade left to his stepson Paul Tench—the “cub,” as he was wont playfully to designate him—had been invested by a lawyer for the boy's future benefit.

The interest was good, the security good also; and, according to business parlance, the metaphorical “eggs” had not all been packed in the same basket.

But the value of securities had considerably changed during the past fifteen years. They had depreciated much in the same mysterious manner, unexplainable, perhaps, as one part of a town becomes unfashionable, and rents and house property decline in proportion.

Paul Tench never was a business man—had neither the tact nor the shrewdness for business pursuits; and since he became of age and managed his own affairs he had been content to receive regular interest, and ask no

questions. But now questions had to be asked, and he had to sell out capital, he was aghast to find how difficult it would be to realise ten thousand pounds in hard cash.

Mr. Baker, the stockbroker—a thin, wiry little man, who looked the meanest, worst-dressed person “on 'Change”—was an old friend of Paul's, and he went to consult him.

“Ten thousand pounds! My dear sir, surely there is no need for you to

attempt to realise so large a sum at once.”

“I want it for a debt that must be paid.”

“A debt! Creditors will generally wait if one gives good security. Reckon on me, Mr. Tench, I will help you in the matter if I can; but if you *sell out* you will do so at a ruinous loss. Fluctuation and depression are the ruling spirits of the money market. A panic, even, is dreaded. ‘Bears’ and ‘bulls’ are rampant. More than that, the particular stocks and shares in which your money is invested are very low at present.”

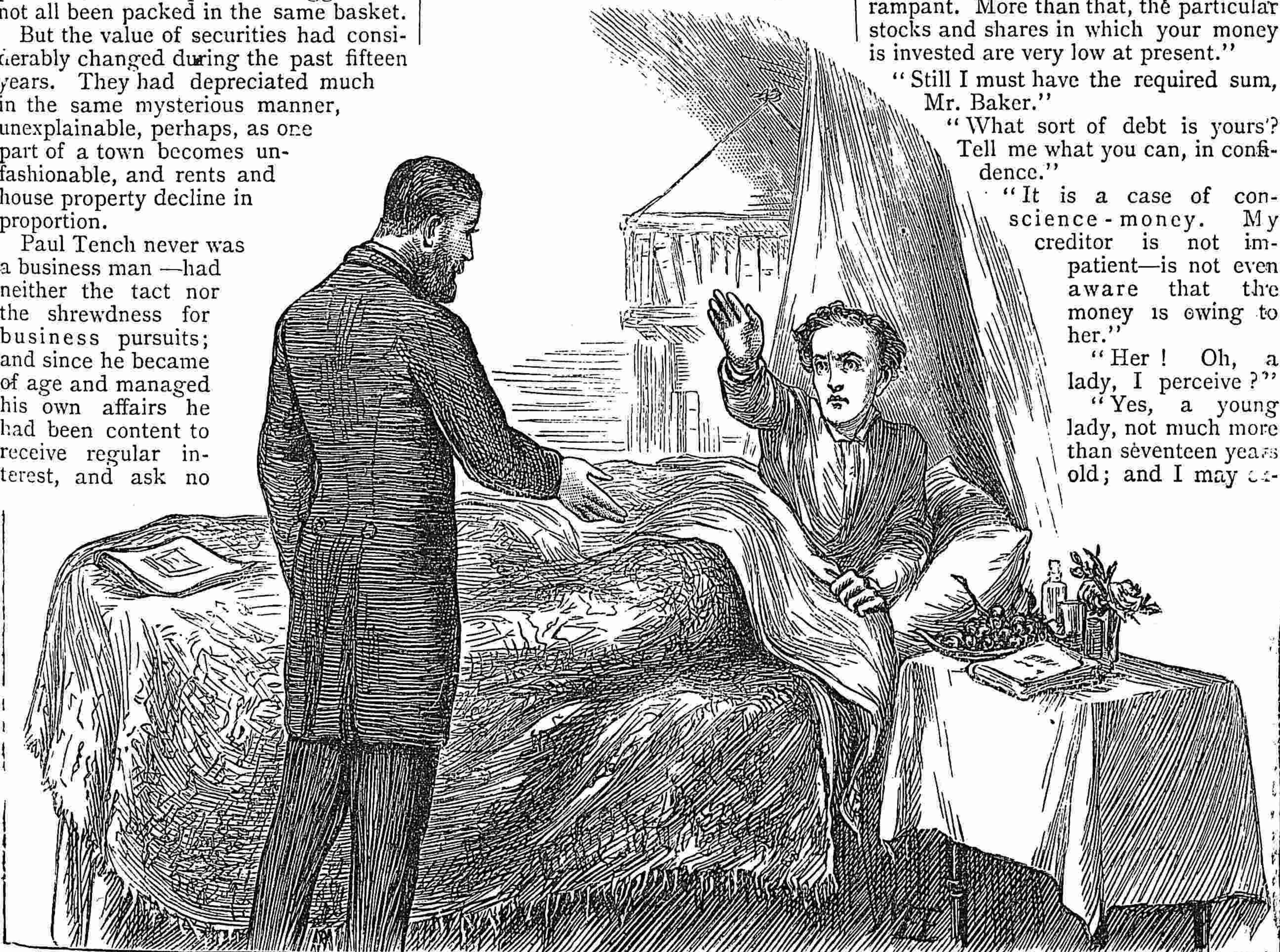
“Still I must have the required sum, Mr. Baker.”

“What sort of debt is yours? Tell me what you can, in confidence.”

“It is a case of conscience-money. My creditor is not impatient—is not even aware that the money is owing to her.”

“Her! Oh, a lady, I perceive?”

“Yes, a young lady, not much more than seventeen years old; and I may ex-



[All rights reserved.]

“TAKE AWAY YOUR FALSE HAND.”





plain that the debt is a trust—a sacred one to me."

"Only about seventeen! She is not of age yet, and, if you are her guardian, you need not pay her until she is twenty-one, d'ye see?"

"I will not wait for that, Mr. Baker; every day's delay is hateful to me. The moment the sum is made up, it shall be placed in her name. I cannot explain, but the money is a weight on my mind, it crushes me down to the dust, dashes the hope out of my life, and makes me feel a poor, mean, despicable wretch."

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Tench. You young men get a notion into your heads, and are frantic until you carry it out. Honour is a fine thing, and a grand thing, and I admire a person who will act up to the very letter. But there is no need to take unwise, suicidal means to bring it about. Your attempt to realise just at present would be all that. Wait a few months more. Did you contract the debt yourself?"

"No, it is one of long standing. Only lately I have become aware of the existence of the person to whom the money is owing. I have been living a lie all my life—using the interest as my income, and the only restitution I can make is paying away every penny I possess. True is it that the sins of one generation are visited on another. It is a law of nature—it is a law of God!" said he, solemnly.

"Have you stated the case to a lawyer? He might suggest some salve to your conscience, some loop-hole to lessen the responsibility. Remember, I speak as a friend only, to whom you have given but a small portion of your confidence."

"I would not for the world consult a lawyer. The secret is not mine, Mr. Baker," burst out Paul.

"There is a *secret*, after all?"

"Of course there is—but it belongs to the dead. I will take your advice and wait a few months before I proceed further."

"You are wise to delay a short time—it is only honest to do so. No man has a right to fritter away trust-money with rash procedure."

"Certainly not."

"When you get a little older you will know the value of money better than you do now; knowledge grows by experience," said the stockbroker, rubbing his skinny hands together.

Paul looked at the shabby little man, and wondered whether he really understood the best value of the gold he lauded so highly.

True, he was known to have made an enormous fortune. He had a princely home some score miles in the country; he had a wife—leader of the fashions down there;—daughters so elegant, so fashionable, so fastidious, that they quite looked down on the timid little master of the house—the hard-working bread-winner of the family. He roved about his magnificent rooms, brushed against titled and highly-born people, feeling, perhaps, more of a stranger in his own home than many of his guests felt there. Yet he was toiling on day after day, adding money to money, and would

continue to do so, perhaps, until his brain could reckon up the profits no longer, and the pen would fall aside from his cold, stiff fingers, and death would settle his accounts for ever.

When the stockbroker had finished his advice to Paul he turned towards a table, where heaps of unopened letters and numerous coloured telegrams awaited his attention.

"Plenty of business here," he said, smiling.

"Yes; I fear I have occupied you too long with my affairs. They must appear singularly unimportant to you, who deal with the world's finance."

"Not at all, Mr. Tench. While I am engaged in any client's business, that business for the time being is the most important thing in the world to me. But, then, my work is many-sided, and ere long my thoughts are just as deeply concentrated on a fresh case."

"How I wish I possessed that magical power of concentrating my thoughts!" mused Paul as, with his brains all in a whirl, he found himself pre-occupied with Zara and her money during his hours of study—during every moment of his time.

It had long been patent to him that when the ten thousand pounds was settled on her, and all other expenses paid, he would be a penniless man, with the world before him in which to toil his way as best he might.

Yet he never dreamt of hesitating; the task must be gone through, and his impatience fevered him as he counted the months that must pass ere his work could be completed.

He longed to be able to thank God that he had done his best to fulfil the trust his mother placed in him. He longed to be true to the dead as well as to the living.

At this time Paul was working up to pass a medical examination. When he was not engaged in business, he was half turning his brain with intense study over his books, and when at last in the small hours of the morning he closed the said volumes and betook himself to his pillow, he lay awake thinking of Annis, his "first love," his "last love."

No wonder his nights were not refreshing, that he came down to breakfast looking heavy-eyed, haggard, and pale.

Sometimes one's experience of life seems to merge into a struggle against adverse tides: the current baffles us, it eddies and surges round us, it mocks our efforts, it tears us away almost hopelessly from the calm sunny shores that smile afar off. Some drift away into the sunken pools of blackness and despair, others let the tide carry them whither it will, and get lost in the tangles round hidden rocks; and some, like Paul Tench, "breast the wave" nobly, strike out manfully, and overcome in the end, though they are bruised and wounded, and sometimes almost wrecked in the conflict.

Yet no one at the vicarage gave Paul credit for acting up to his light. Not having the key to his mystery, they came to conclusions savouring of injustice.

When in the house, Paul appeared ill-at-ease, constrained, reserved, and absent in his manner, and when out of doors he was perpetually occupied with business, the nature of which he did not explain.

Even the vicar was puzzled. He had loved Paul as a pupil, thought highly of him as a man, and held him next to his own children in his affections. And yet his present course seemed to contradict all previous opinions of his character. What had come over him, except that he was perhaps blinded and fascinated by the clever, handsome Zara Meldicott Keith? And this was becoming the universal opinion.

Rumours floated to the sick room. Fred pondered over the subject, and at last resolved to keep silence no longer.

Paul was standing by his bedside one morning, ready to start for the City to keep an appointment with Mr. Baker.

The light from the window fell on his pale cheeks, and made them look more worn and haggard than usual.

Fred watched him for a few minutes, then said abruptly—

"You look more like a man going to be hanged than one about to get married."

"What do you mean, Fred? I do not anticipate either fate."

"Isn't your intended wife being educated for you?"

"What do you mean?" he repeated.

"Just what I say. We all know what the end will be. When Zara is polished enough and refined enough, of course you will make her your wife. We all expect it, and the gipsy lass expects it herself."

"I have given no reason for such surmises."

"You certainly have, Mr. Paul Tench. I taxed Zara about it when she came in to see me yesterday, and her face flushed crimson, her eyes flashed lightning, and she turned away with the air of an offended queen."

"You ought not to hint such things to Zara," retorted Paul, with an angry brow.

"Why not, pray?"

"There is no foundation for it."

"Then, a thousand times, there *ought* to be. Everyone believes it, Annis among the rest."

"Annis! That cannot be! She would never judge me so unfairly."

"Yes; Annis believes it. But we will drop *her* name, if you please. I don't even like to hear it from your lips just now. Paul Tench, your love of power has misled you. You win hearts but to trample on them. I would rather be lying here—sick and weak, with no prospect before me but that awful future where a man's motives are judged in their true light—than live on and act the lie you are acting, than be the false friend, the ungrateful fellow, you have proved yourself to be!"

Fred's whole frame trembled with emotion. He was blanched to the lips as he half raised himself on the pillow and pointed to the door.

"You are unjust to me, Fred. If I could reveal the circumstances that make me act as I do, you would not blame me."



"I don't want to know them, and I hate mysteries."

"Trust me a little longer, will you, Fred?"

"You do not value my trust. Go away, will you? You will kill me, I say, standing there arguing. You are exciting me too much."

Fred rung the bell fiercely for Josh, and threw himself back on the pillow with a groan.

Inexpressibly shocked, Paul went towards him, bent over him tenderly, his face pale with repressed emotion, and held out his hand.

"Dear Fred, we have been companions for many years; don't let our friendship end thus."

"Pshaw! I am a dying man; what is my friendship to you?"

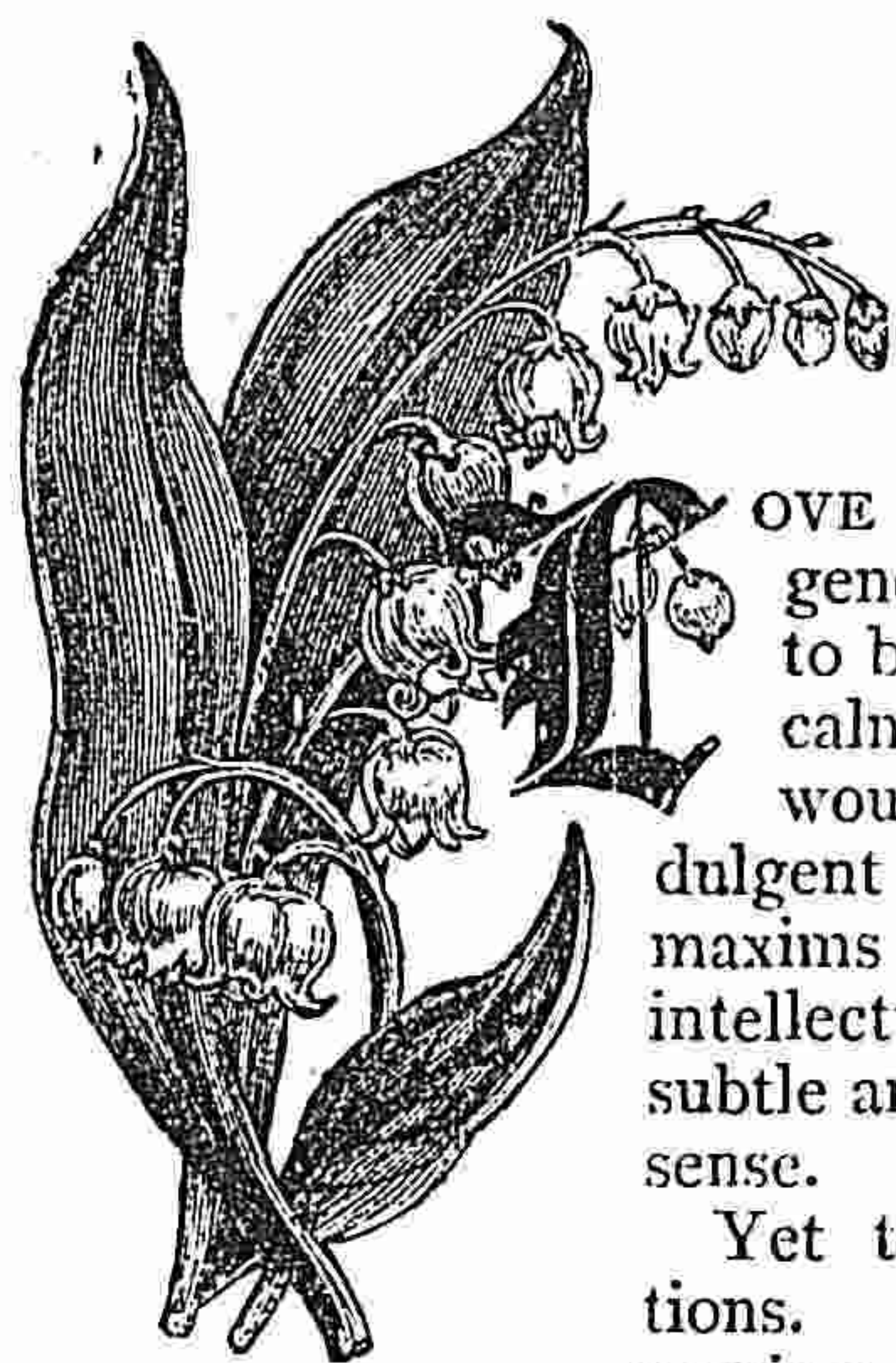
"At least, shake hands with me?"

"I will not—take away your false hand! We are friends no longer. Here is Josh—where have you been so long? I am worried and ill, and must not be interrupted any more—the excitement will kill me. Go, Paul Tench, leave me, I insist."

Paul went out of the room without another word.

(To be continued.)

## SENSIBLE LOVE LETTERS.



LOVE letters are not generally supposed to be models of cool, calm reasoning, nor would the most indulgent critic quote their maxims as specimens of intellectual superiority, subtle argument, or sober sense.

Yet there are exceptions. Let us give a passing glance at a man

who won for himself both name and fame from his "love letters." At the beginning of the present century John Foster was the minister of a church at Battersea. His time was pretty much occupied, for he tells us he often had to make a journey of forty miles into the country to preach to the people. But with all these duties he did not neglect social visiting, and it was while spending an evening at the house of Doctor Mason Cox, of Overn, he first met the young lady who afterwards became his wife.

She must have been very "wise" as well as attractive, for during their pleasant interviews with each other—whether walking along the quiet, tree-shaded lanes, or seated by the cheerful fireside—they beguiled their time with long and earnest conversations. No idle gossip, no trifling chit-chat, no silly compliments for them; though, as Mr. Foster himself has borne witness, an "endless multitude of subjects" was discussed.

At last came a dreary time of separation. The faithful lover was removed to Frome, and did not much like the change, for he spoke of the place as a "large and surpassingly ugly town in Somersetshire."

Here he had ample time for musing over the past interviews with his beloved, and he began writing her letters to revive some of the

subjects that had interested them in the social hours they had passed together.

These "love letters" took the form of "essays," which were afterwards published, and ran through above twenty editions, bringing deserved celebrity to the author. There are only four of these "essays," each of which is composed of several letters, and vast and wide is the range of thought they traverse. It is said of them, "that multitudes of young persons have regarded as a bright era in their mental history the hour when the 'essays' first came into their hands, and have never ceased to rejoice in their stimulating and elevating influence." They have "revealed a world of living beauty and wonders, where all before was involved in death-like torpor and gloom."

In fact, these "essays" have taught many "young people" how to think, how to investigate matters for themselves; and we cannot better illustrate these truths than by giving a few extracts from John Foster's celebrated "love letters." Of books, he says:—

"Every person of tolerable education has been considerably influenced by the books he has read, and remembers with a kind of gratitude several of those that made, without injury, the earliest and the strongest impression." "Considering the multitude of facts, sentiments, and characters which has been contemplated by a person who has read much, the effect, one would think, must have been very great. Let us, then, be careful what books we read."

"If a reflective, aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim passages of the language uttered to his favourite companions, would he not read it with more wonder than almost any other writing could at his age excite? His consciousness would be strangely confused in the attempt to verify his identity with such a being. He would feel the young man thus introduced to him separated by so wide a distance as to render all congenial communion impossible. At every sentence he might repeat, 'Foolish youth! I have no sympathy with your feelings, I can hold no converse with your understanding.'"

"Each mind has an interior apartment of its own, into which none but itself and the Divinity can enter.

"Here, in solitary state, sits conscience, surrounded by her own thunders, which sometimes sleep and sometimes roar, while the world does not know."

"It must have cost Cæsar many anxious hours of deliberation before he decided to pass the Rubicon; but it is probable he suffered but few to elapse between the decision and the execution."

"Nothing can be more destructive to vigour of action than protracted, anxious fluctuation, through resolutions adopted, rejected, resumed, suspended; while nothing causes a greater expense of feeling."

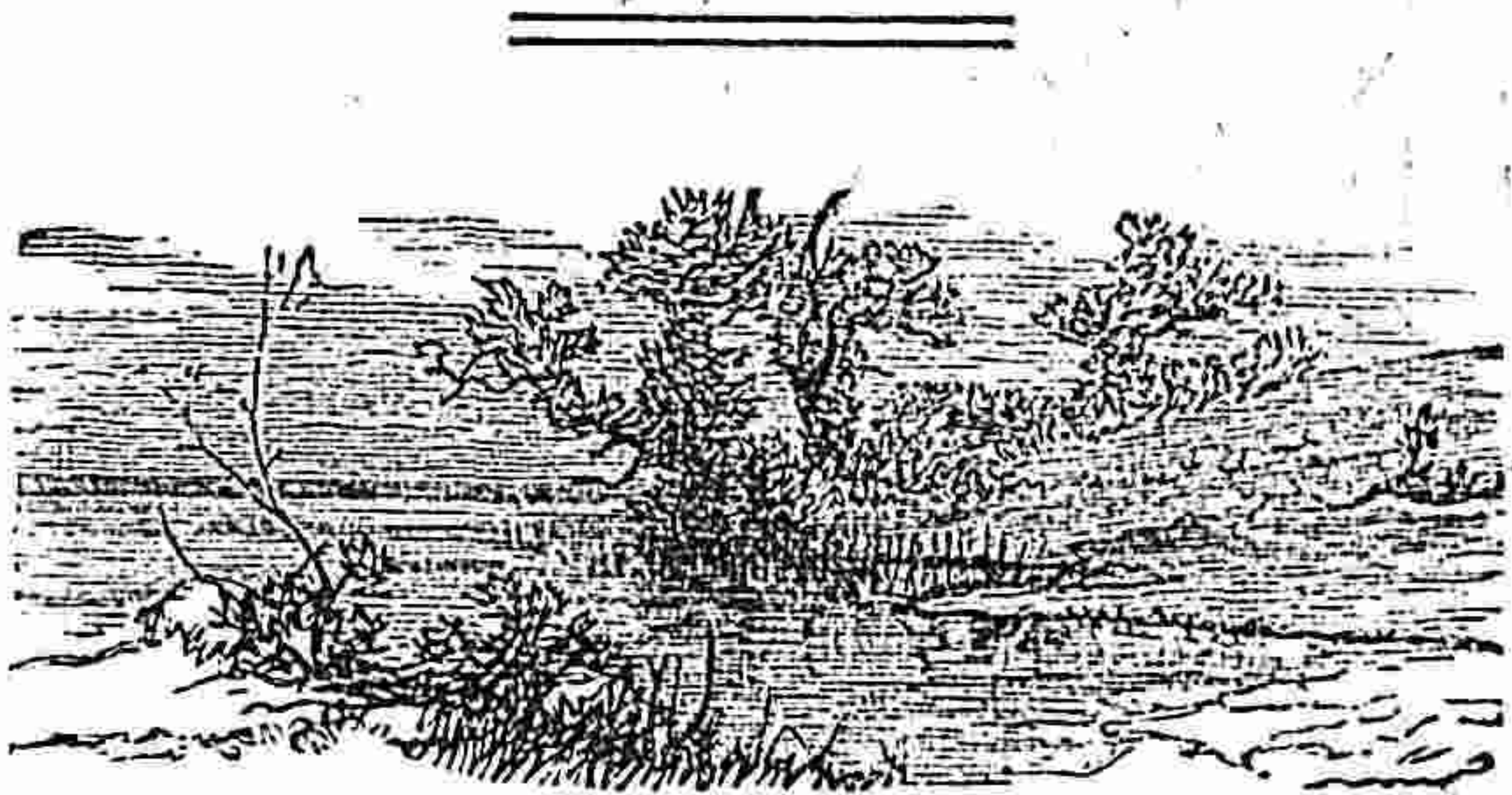
"An ivy branch, finding nothing to cling to beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold, elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he have any vigour of spirit, and be not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will begin to act for himself with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.

"The case has also sometimes happened that a wife and mother, remarkable, perhaps, for gentleness and acquiescence before, has been compelled, after the death of her husband on whom she depended, and when she has met with nothing but neglect or unkind-

ness from relatives and those who had been accounted friends, to adopt a plan of her own, and has executed it with a resolution which has astonished even herself."

With this glance into Foster's "love letters" we will content ourselves for the present.

It is satisfactory to know that several years after the letters were published the fair "Maria" became his wife, and during the twenty-five years of their married life, with children blooming around them, they enjoyed a period of happiness and mutual sympathy such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals.



## WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

WITHIN, a voice was pleading,  
A voice of earnest prayer,  
Calling down a Father's blessing  
On the few assembled there;  
And they, the true and faithful,  
Caught the message from on high:  
"Though ye sow the seed in sadness,  
Ye shall reap the fruit with joy."

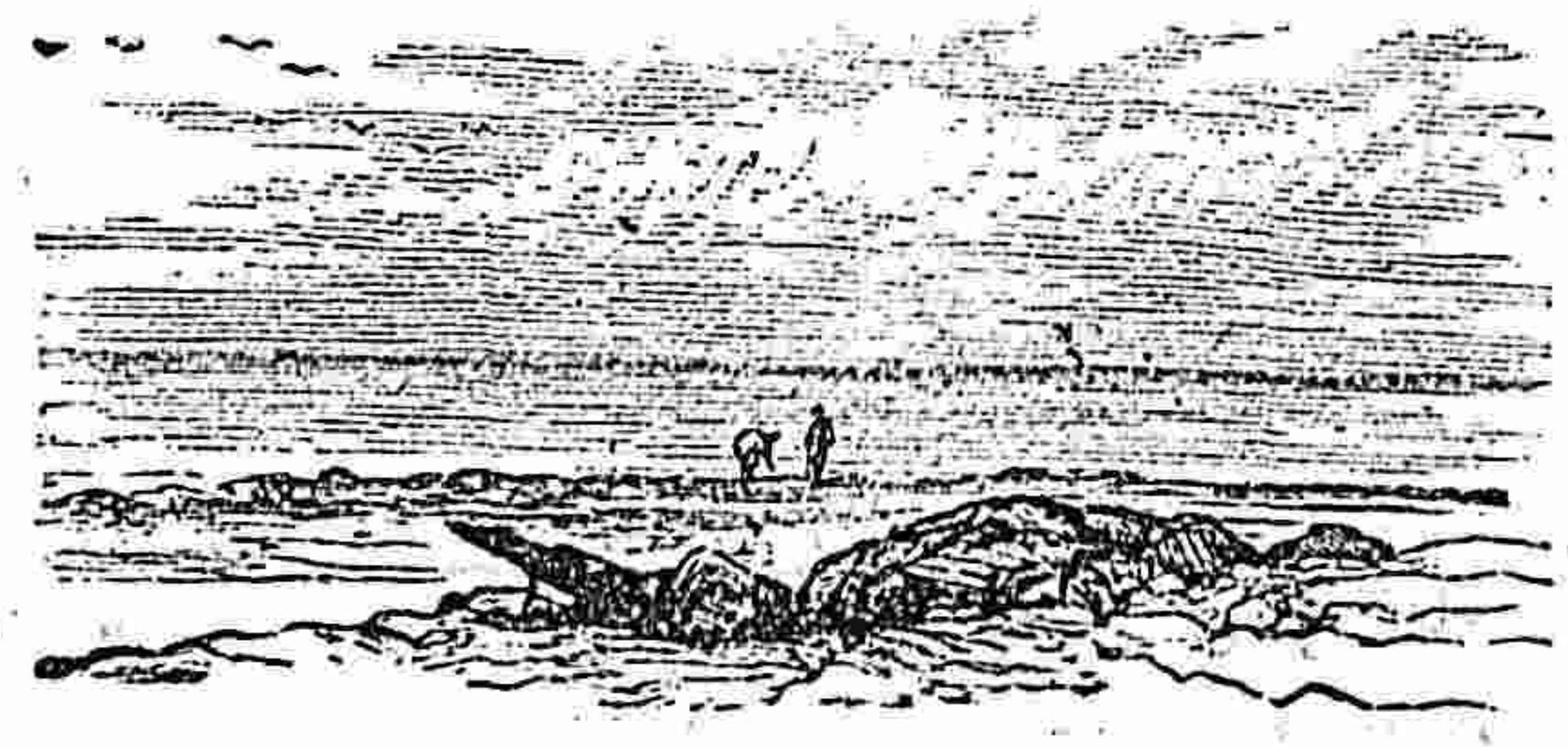
Without that little temple  
Were voices sounding too,  
For a fierce and angry tempest  
O'er the ancient gravestones blew.  
The dry, crisp leaves of autumn  
Were hurried wildly by,  
And a sound came up the valley  
Like a wailing and a sigh.

Within, how calm and peaceful!  
Still, the preacher's earnest tongue,  
Still, the message of salvation  
Through the solemn arches rung,  
And souls looked up to heaven  
And thought of heavenly peace,  
Where the calm is never ending  
And the rage of tempests cease.

List, list! the voices mingle,  
Now the preacher's, now the blast,  
Now swells the sound of music,  
Now storm-shrieks echo past.  
Without, is fierce commotion,  
Within, we look above,  
Without, the wail of danger,  
Within, the voice of love.

Oh, thus in vain may wrestle  
The stormy blasts of sin,  
When the strong arm of mercy  
Still keeps us safe within;  
While the Ark of God is open,  
Its sheltering refuge near,  
We can trust amidst the tempest,  
We can hope amidst our fear.

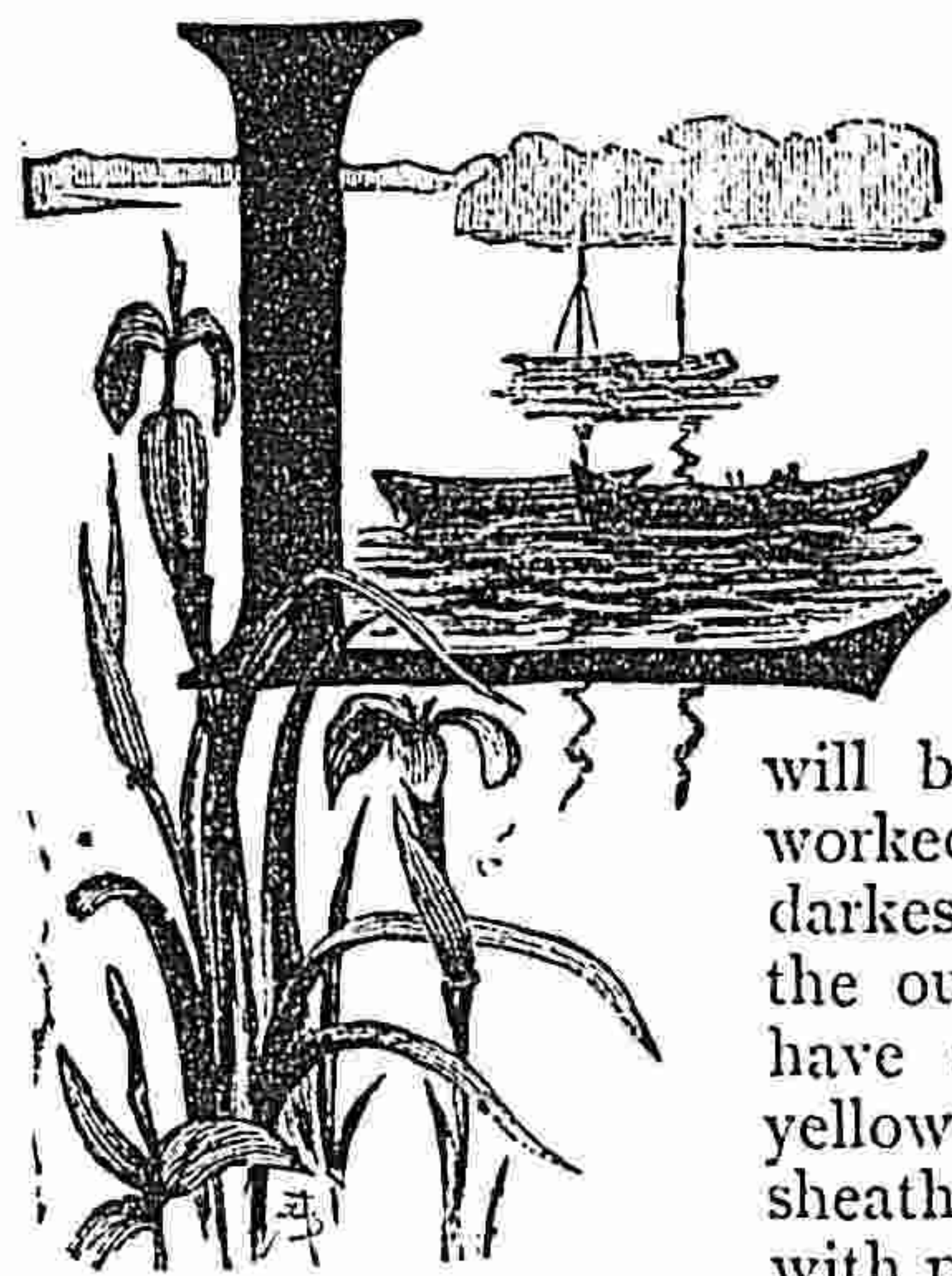
M. M. P.





## MY WORK BASKET.

## A TEAPOT COSY.



LET the accompanying design for a teapot cosy be worked in silk or filoselle on fine cloth cashmere, or other suitable material; the colours, pinks, yellows, and greens of harmonious tone and shades on a ground of full, but not too dark, red, marone, or claret. Three shades of pink, one of pale olive or gold colour, two of green, one pale yellow, and one brown required. The flowers should be worked in the three shades of pink, the darkest in the centre, and the lightest for the outer set of petals. The centre should have a few French knots worked in pale yellow; the stems brown—the scroll-like sheaths of pale olive or gold colour, veined with pale yellow; the leaves green, a lighter

shade to be used for the smaller leaves.

**Border.**—The straight wreaths to be worked in the two shades of green; and those crossing each other, one in the pale olive or gold colour, and the other in the lighter shade of green. The flowers in the border of the middle shade of pink, with pale yellow French knots in centre. The direction of the stitches is indicated, as far as possible, in the engraving. The edge to be finished with a pale gold-coloured silk cord.

## CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

The stars and stripes are made separately.

## THE STARS.

1st Row.—Make a chain of six stitches, and join.

2nd Row.—3 chain for the first long stitch \*, 5 chain, return into the third stitch for picot, 2 chain, one long, repeat six times from \*, 5 chain, make picot, 2 chain, and join.

3rd Row.—4 chain stitches for the first \*, long stitch over the long stitch in last row, 7 chain stitches, and repeat from \* until the round is completed.

4th Row.—Double crochet into every chain stitch of last row, and join.

5th Row.—9 chain stitches, one double treble into fourth stitch, 9 chain, miss three, 1 single. Repeat for the eight scollops.

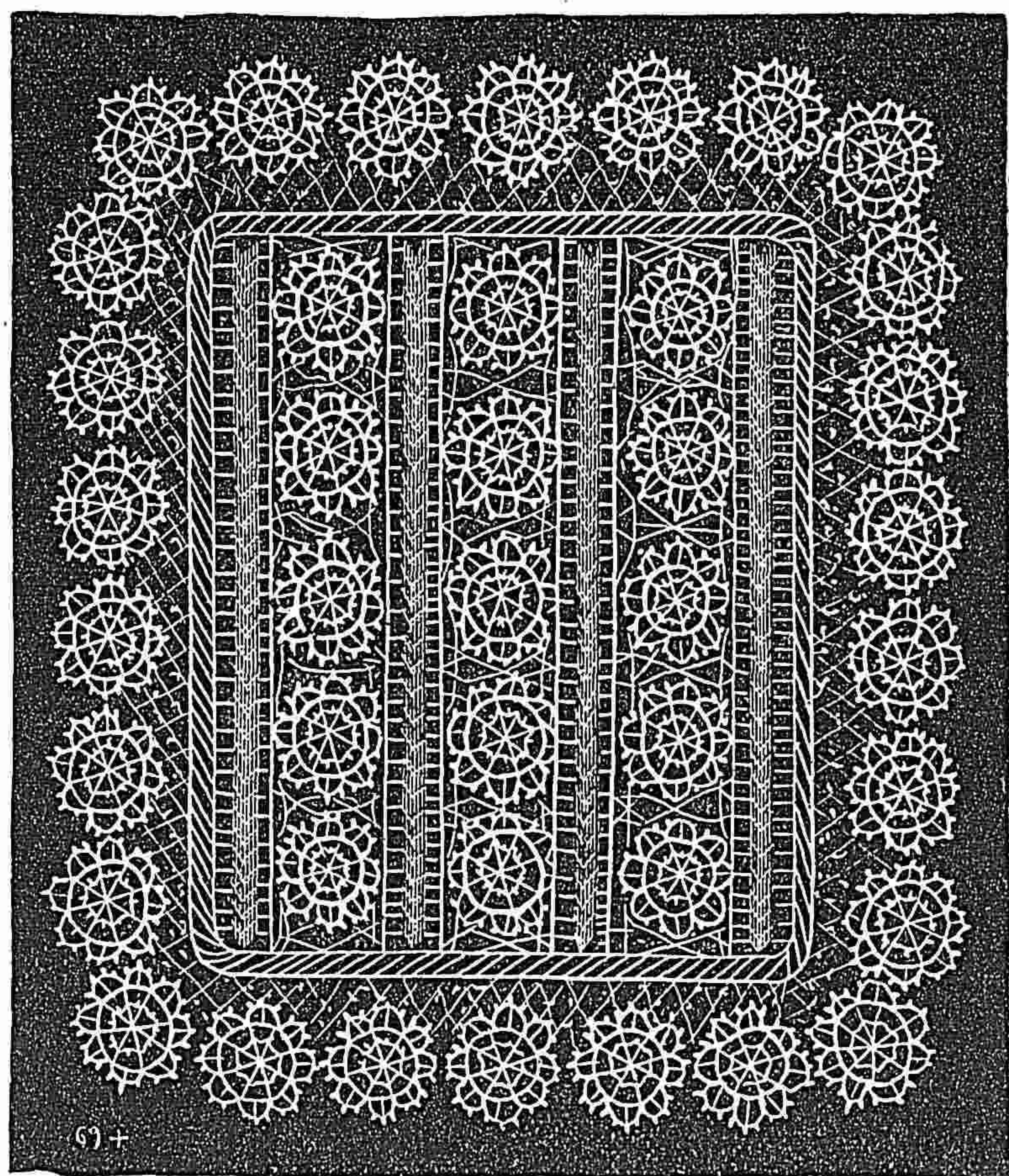
6th Row.—Miss one, 3 double crochet, picot with four stitches, 3 double crochet, picot, 3 double crochet, picot over the long stitch in last row, 3 double crochet, picot, 3 double crochet, picot, 3 double crochet. This completes the scollop. Repeat.

## CLOSE BAND.

1st Row.—19 chain.

2nd Row.—9 double crochet, 3 double crochet into tenth stitch, 9 double crochet. Turn work.  
3rd Row.—Same

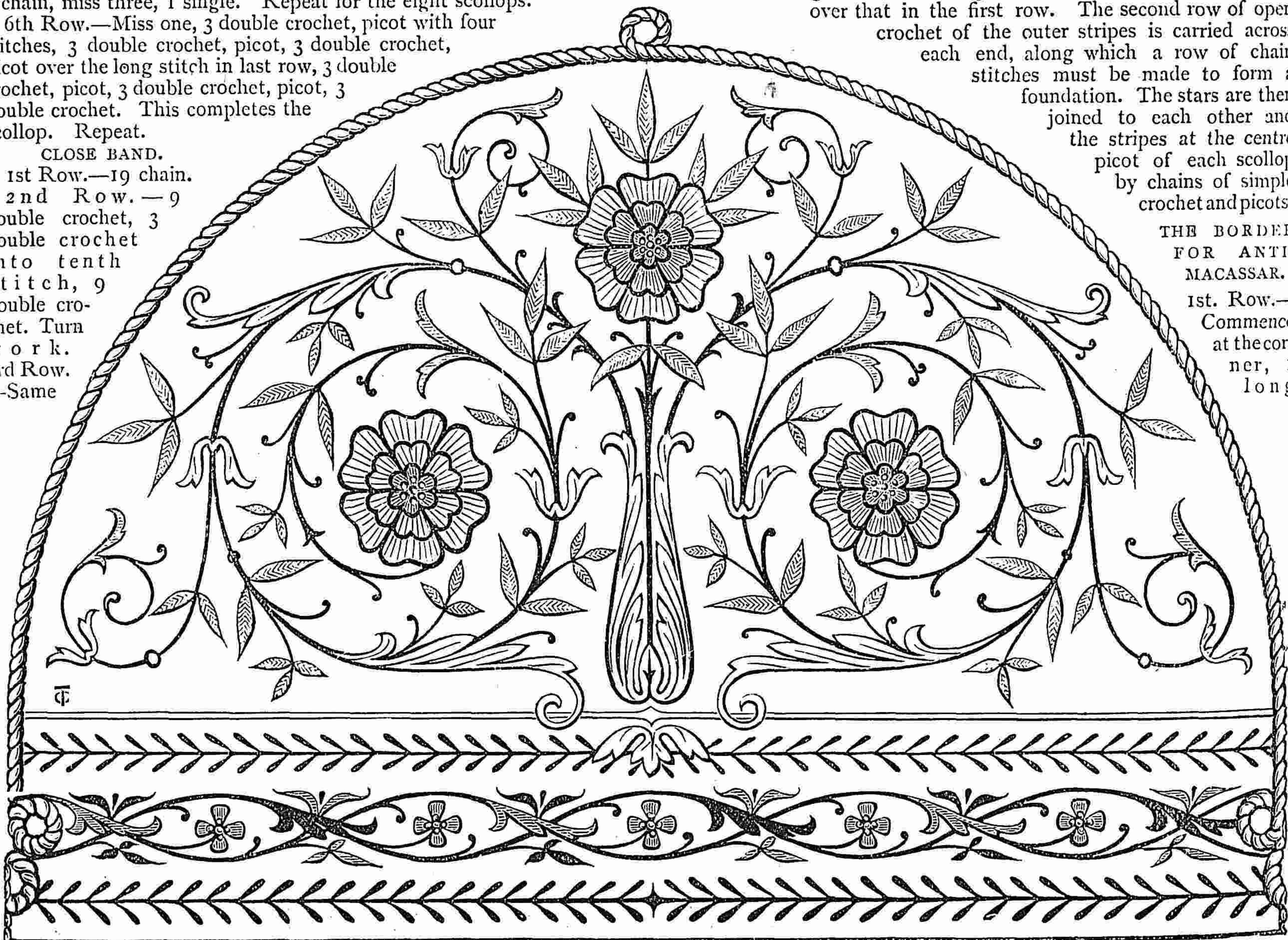
as second, taking the back loops, and putting 3 double crochet into centre stitch, but passing over a stitch on each side of the centre stitches in last row, which keeps the stripe the same width.



Make these stripes the length required for the antimacassar, and work a double row of open crochet on each side formed of 2 chain and 1 long stitch, the long stitch of the second row being over that in the first row. The second row of open crochet of the outer stripes is carried across each end, along which a row of chain stitches must be made to form a foundation. The stars are then joined to each other and the stripes at the centre: picot of each scollop by chains of simple crochet and picots.

## THE BORDER FOR ANTIMACASSAR.

1st. Row.—Commence at the corner, 1 long





stitch, 6 chain, back into fourth for picot, 2 chain. 1 long into same stitch, 7 chain, 1 long into fourth chain stitch, 6 chain, picot, two chain, 1 long into same stitch,\* 9 chain, 1 long, miss 7, 1 long, 6 chain, picot, 2 chain, 1 long, into same stitch, repeat from \*; make the four corners alike.

2nd Row.—The same as first, bringing the two long and picot stitches into the centre stitch of 9 chain in preceding row.

The stars for the edge are joined together in the centre picot of every fourth scollop; and by chains and picots to the second row of the border in the picots of the lower three scollops.

The design will give any further particulars if needed.

This antimacassar may be worked in coloured wools. The stars in rich crimson, the stripes in amber, the rest in black wool; or any colours to suit the furniture of the room.

#### HAND SCREEN.

The shape is a perfect square embroidered in angles on sky-blue satin.

The bouquet in the middle is in satin stitch, worked with double Algerian silk in soft tints; the flowers in four shades, with maize knots to mark the centres.

There are four shades of moss green in the leaves, and the stems and veins are brown wood colour.

The pattern round the edge is worked with floss silk. The back of the screen is either of the same sa.in, or white figured with a small coloured pattern.

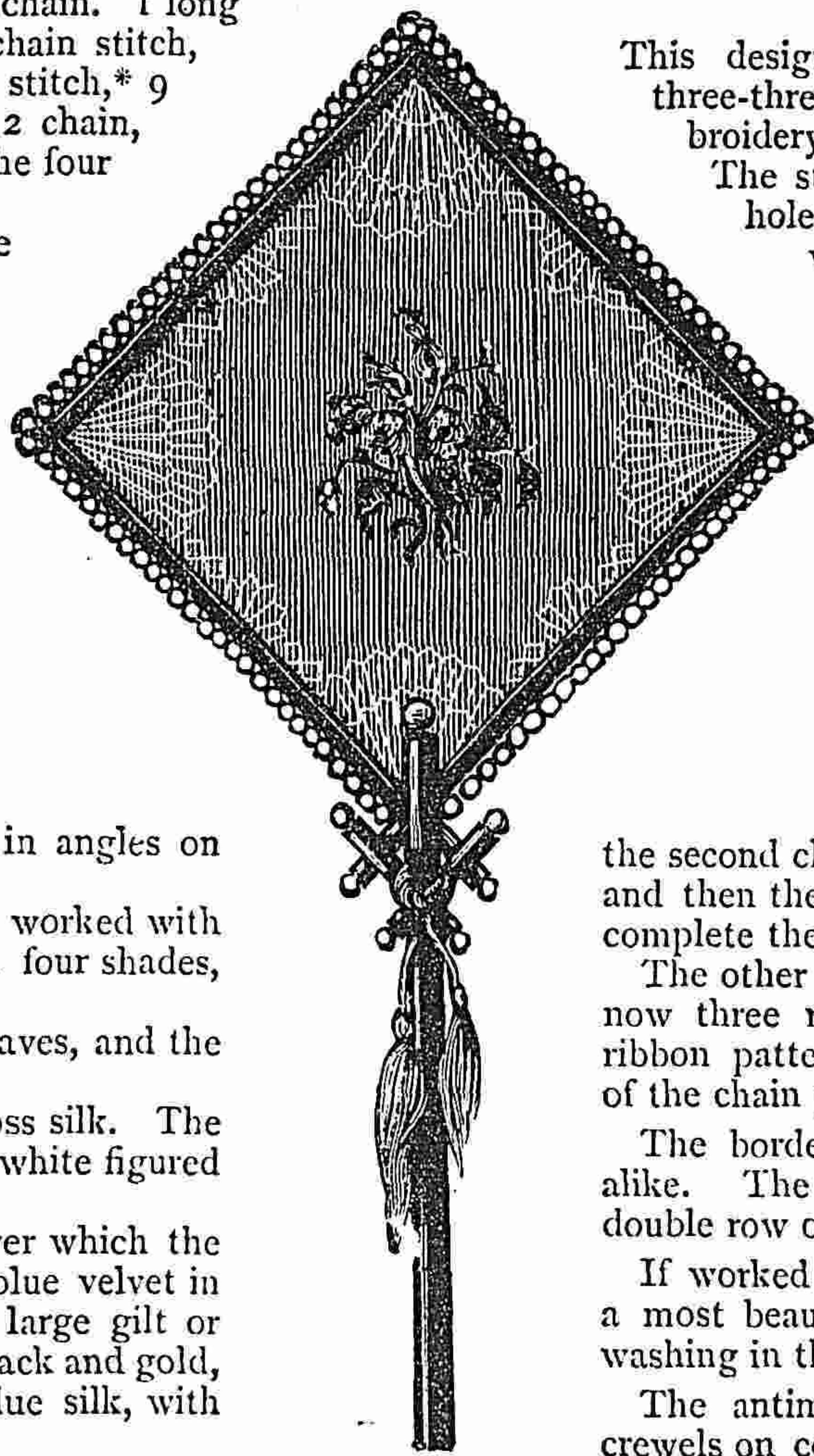
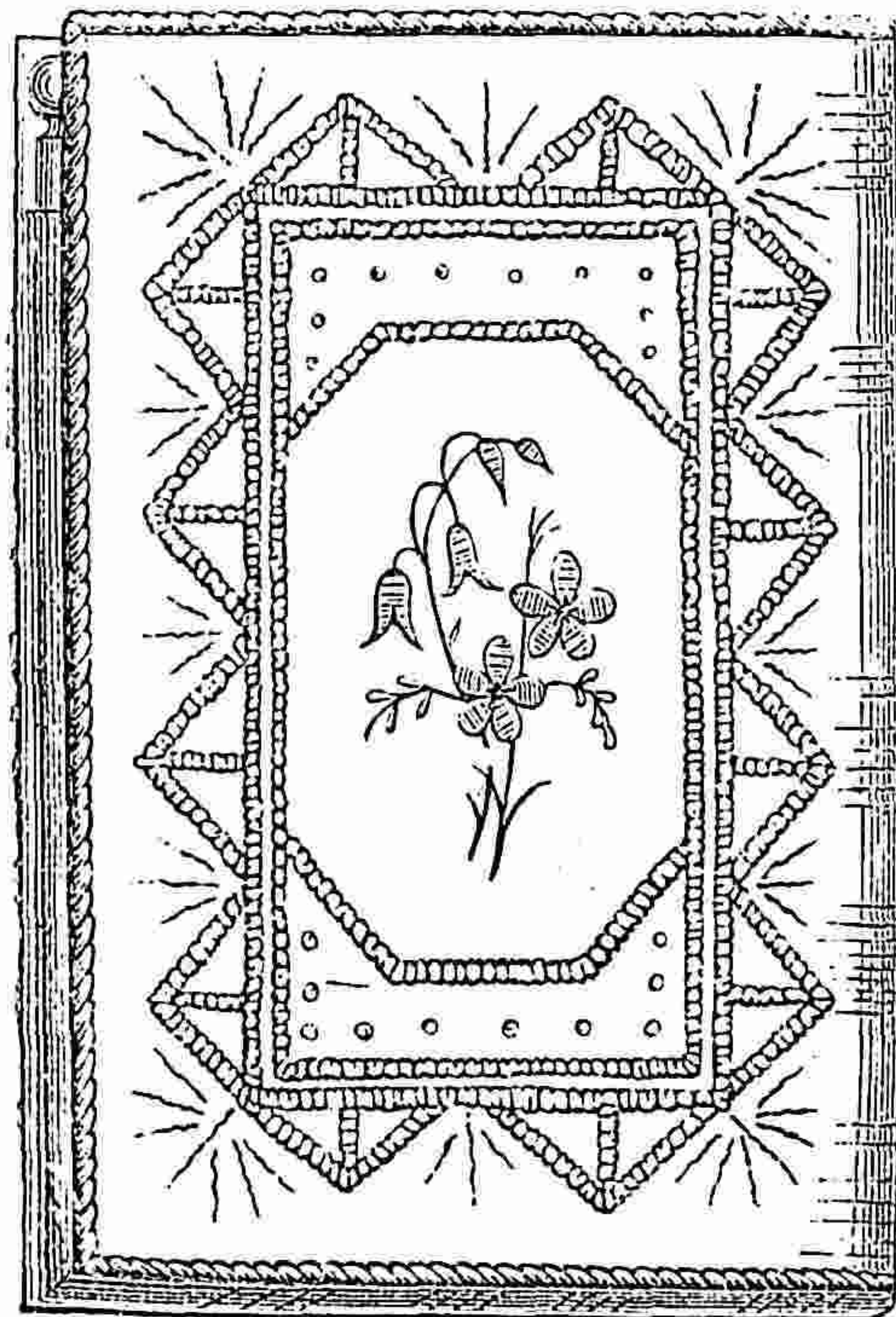
The foundation of the screen is cardboard, over which the covering is sewn, and the edges bound with a blue velvet in a darker shade. On the outer edge a row of large gilt or pearl beads is fastened. The handle should be black and gold, tied to the screen with a cord and tassels of blue silk, with threads of the colours in the embroidery.

#### CASE FOR VISITING CARDS.

This design may be embroidered on fine kid or velvet.

Cut two pieces of cardboard the size required (about four inches by two and a half), which are to be covered with the embroidery and lined with silk. Three elastic loops are fastened down one side of each, large enough to admit of a pencil; the loops, of course, not opposite each other, but at equal distances, so as to keep the case close. The opposite side and one end are sewn together.

The embroidery is done in the tapestry stitches, which are fully and clearly explained in No. 9 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



#### LACE ANTIMACASSAR.

This design is worked on coarse musquito net, with three-thread Trafalgar cotton and a fine wool embroidery needle.

The stitch is simply darning once in each mesh, or hole. The design shows the three different patterns which alternate on the antimacassar. The wreath of flowers and leaves is commenced in the centre of the piece of net, and worked by counting the holes.

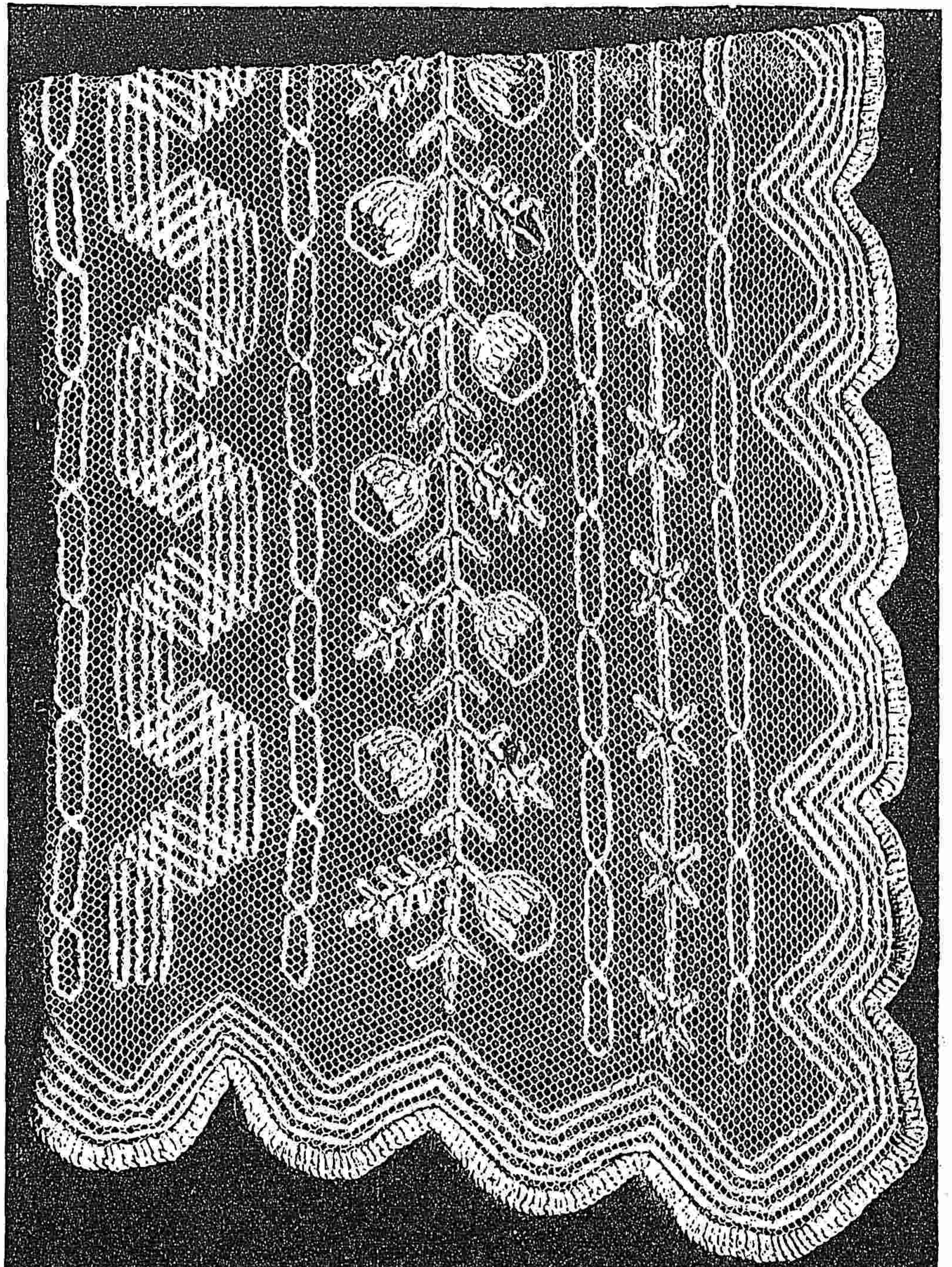
Begin by working one side of the stem and flowers for the length required, then return on the opposite side. Leave four rows of holes on each side beyond the pattern, and work the chain; this is kept even by counting the holes and minding that the links are the same length, excepting perhaps at each end, where they must be kept in a line with the preceding wreath. The ribbon band is next worked; then, having counted the holes so as to leave four unworked beyond the pattern, the second chain is worked. A second wreath, a third chain, and then the small star pattern, with another chain beyond, complete the half of the antimacassar.

The other half is worked in the same way. You have now three rows of flowers and leaves, two rows of the ribbon pattern, and two rows of stars, separated by rows of the chain pattern.

The border requires care in order to have the corners alike. The edge is in close button-hole stitch over a double row of tracing.

If worked with fine white Berlin wool instead of cotton, a most beautiful effect is produced; but it will not bear washing in the same way as the cotton.

The antimacassar may always be worked in coloured crewels on coloured or black canvas net.



The edge vandykes and inner bars may be worked with steel beads, if preferred, or with coloured floss silks in stem stitch. The flowers are in satin stitch, with a French knot in centre. When the lining has been put in and the two sides (which should both be embroidered) are joined together, the edges are covered with a fine silk cord the colour of the velvet or kid.



## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

## CHAPTER XV.

MR. MASON'S "STOPPER."



AS Willie Forsyth went back to Woodside Mrs. Stapleton's musical voice still sounded in his ears, her image like a picture stood before him, and he was conscious of a change within himself.

I almost think that it was on a hint of his that

Mrs. Stapleton penned a note to Mr. Mason, desiring permission for her grandchildren and Mercy to spend a day with her before Brian sailed; and his nephew being included in the invitation, permission was, after some hesitation, accorded.

It was a day of unmitigated delight to Mercy and Hesba. The sun shone, the river sparkled in his beams, summer perfumes were in the air, summer flowers in wayside gardens—all nature seemed keeping holiday with them. Somehow they thought the cottage had shrunk and darkened since they left, but it was delightfully cosy and dear. There was a flying visit paid to Mrs. Forsyth and her children, now grown out of recollection, and to an old schoolfellow or two; and in the early afternoon Willie Forsyth presented himself, evidently got up for the occasion, and with him came a sister Effie, who paired off with Mercy.

Medical students are supposed to have overmastered blushes, but Willie's colour undoubtedly rose as he shook hands with "Miss Stapleton" and "hoped she was well," the easy familiarity of boyhood gone like a dream. Another change, that was not a blush, came over his countenance when he was introduced to Mr. Mason's nephew, Mr. Theobald Capper, and the two looked direct into each other's eyes, bowed, but did *not* clasp hands.

They were courteous, but not cordial, and so they continued during the afternoon, keeping pretty much aloof, but watching each other, and watching Hesba, as if equally anxious to ascertain the other's place in her regard, her utter unconsciousness causing fluctuations in the mental thermometer not to be registered.

To Hesba the renewal of old associations was especially pleasing, and if she chatted overmuch with Willie, it was simply because they had many themes in common.

With these, however, Mr. Capper had no sympathy; twilight shadows gathered on his brow faster than those of the evening. It was he who consulted his watch and said it was time to depart. But it was Willie who gathered a sprig of mignonette and one of early jessamine

for Hesba to carry away as a memorial of her old home, and of the "happiest afternoon of his life."

Mercy—ever a lover of the beautiful—carried away a handful of such memorials which Brian had plucked at her request.

Hesba turned, as she was going, to say, "I wish, grandma, you would lend me some of grandpa's books from the bookcase."

"Well, my dear, I will think about it when you come again."

Come again! They would never come again.

If, as Mr. Forsyth opined, "Robert Mason was brewing mischief," the process was a somewhat slow one. All went on much as usual at the villa, save that Hesba had more leisure for study, and that Grandma Stapleton found her way thither every three or four weeks, as if to satisfy herself that all was well with the two girls, deprived as they were of motherly counsel and support, and not even Mr. Mason could object openly to her visits. He could, and did, object to her companion; Mr. Willie Forsyth having volunteered to pilot her through the intricacies of the way—steamer, omnibus, trains, and so forth—whenever she felt equal to the journey.

Having become acquainted with Hesba's desire and proclivities, Willie suddenly found himself interested in the new question of female medical education, and in the face of Mrs. Stapleton's successful gratuitous practice could scarcely pronounce himself an adversary. He had been struck at first with Hesba's self-possession, her decision, her freedom from the affectations and frivolities of his ordinary feminine acquaintances, and I am afraid it was more to ingratiate himself with her that he raked up for her newspaper paragraphs, pamphlets, and reports (both English and American) bearing on the subject, than to declare his own adhesion to the movement.

Yet, in so doing he gave form to that which was but an inchoate desire—a crude perception of the fitness of things—a longing to be useful to her own sex, which had grown upon her at her mother's bedside out of her very impotence to discern or to save; and her studies thenceforth had a definite purpose.

Pleasurable to all four were these occasional visits, serviceable also to Hesba and Mercy in many ways; but they were not of very long continuance.

Having a firm conviction that Dr. Forsyth and Mrs. Stapleton were at the bottom of the slanderous reports which had undermined his business, and having overheard the old lady's admission to Hesba that she had kept the girl's portion from falling into his hands, he had no mind that Willie Forsyth should come between that "Birkenhead property" and his own nephew, for whom he designed it. And Theobald Capper had no mind that either he or any other fellow should come between himself and Hesba, fortune or no fortune. He had quite made up his mind that she would be an acquisition to any man

who had patience to wait for her, and frequent consultation with his looking-glass had impressed him with the belief that the handsome face he saw there was not likely to wait in vain.

Having occasion to carry his books home one afternoon in October to elaborate some complicated accounts for his uncle's investigation in the evening he chanced to find Mrs. Stapleton examining Mercy's first specimens of water-colour drawing at one window of the long morning-room, and Willie Forsyth at the other with Hesba, apparently engrossed in the consideration of two pamphlets she held in her hand; and he overheard the words, "Ladies' Medical College, Fitzroy-square," before his presence was known. This absorption of the two in a subject of mutual interest aroused him to the consciousness that old associations and kindred pursuits—to say nothing of good personal appearance—were heavy weights to throw into the scale against himself.

He bit his lip—there was a momentary contraction of his brow; but he bowed with polite, if distant, courtesy as he apologised for intrusion, and, books in hand, retired—a hint the visitors were not slow to take.

He was not so reticent with his uncle, who, in answer to his opinion, "It is time these visits were put a stop to!" replied quietly, "Don't be in a hurry, Theo. Winter will put a stop to the old lady's 'gallivanting,' and her gay cavalier will scarcely have the audacity to enter my house alone. It would be a mistake to oppose his visits openly. I shall put an effectual stopper on it all in my own good time."

Before that time came Brian had made a second voyage on the *Dolphin's* back; but there was no ten-days' holiday for him now while the brig lay in dock. A couple of days, between the unloading and re-loading, were all he could obtain, and he had to make the most of them. He had brought back with him a few mementoes from South American ports, and, what was more, a fund of affection and an unsoiled heart.

But he had not conquered his repugnance for the sea, and his experience was not of a kind to create liking; there was a surly, ill-conditioned mate on board the *Dolphin* who made his life intolerable.

"It would have been worse," said his grandma, "if you had sailed with Captain Mawson in the *Regia*, as was first intended."

"Captain Mawson! The *Regia*!" Brian exclaimed. "Why, it was the *Regia*, Captain Mawson, we found adrift and burning; we picked up one of the crew afloat on a hen-coop the next morning." And then Brian repeated the man's story of ill-usage, mutiny, murder, the firing and abandonment of the barque, and the escape of the mutineers in one of the boats.

Very white grew the old lady during the recital, and at its close she made her grandson for the first time aware of his own narrow escape from the *Regia* and Captain Mawson as a reason for devout thankfulness and patient endurance of the hardships which had fallen to his



lot; a quiet lesson the young man never lost sight of.

Brian had scarcely sailed a month, with a long trading voyage before him, when, on the last Thursday in September, Dr. Forsyth (who had forgotten his shrewd summing-up of the black-browed shipbroker's kindness), walking briskly up Castle-street, noticed a man with a mahl-stick and palette in one hand, a brush in the other, painting a fresh name in the place of "Robert Mason" on the door-post.

Into the office he went. There were only strange faces. For information he was referred to Mr. Crowe.

Mr. Crowe was not over communicative. His client had disposed of his business, and left Liverpool.

"Has he left no address?"

Mr. Crowe was sorry, but he had no authority to give a client's address.

Hurrying over his own business, the surgeon took the next train to Edge Hill. The venetians were drawn down at the handsome villa, there was straw on the lawn, and a board inscribed "To Let" referred would-be tenants to the house-agent. A cab whirled him to the house-agent. "Mr. Mason left on the expiration of his lease."

From the agent to Dr. Mitchell.

"My dear sir," said the latter, "I know little more than yourself. Miss Stapleton came here on Tuesday afternoon, almost out of breath, to return a couple of books I had lent her. She was in much distress at the probable break-up of her studies, having been ordered to pack up her own personalities and those of her foster sister for removal, reserving for separate package a supply of garments for immediate use. She told me that Theobald Capper and two men had been packing pictures, glass, and china all the morning, and that the maids—as much in the dark as herself—hinted that so much packing implied a far-off flitting. I saw her fine eyes set as if a sudden light had broken in upon them. 'Do you think we are being carried out of grandma's reach?' she asked. I pooh-poohed the idea, saying that a business man must live within a certain distance of his business. But if, as you tell me, he has given up brokerage, I am afraid I have misled the young lady."

"I'm afraid ye have, doctor. Hesba would certainly have flown to her grandmother with Mercy had she suspected they were to be spirited awa' to a distance."

"She told me she had sent a hurried note to Mrs. Stapleton."

"When?"

"On Tuesday morning."

"It had no' reached her when I left home at noon, an' this is Thursday I'd give muckle ta ken where the lassies are, for Mrs. Stapleton's sake. It will be a sair blow to her."

It was a blow to some one besides Mrs. Stapleton, some one who had not yet been disciplined to accept such separations as the dispensation of Providence.

Willie Forsyth, who had been building castles in the air, found them suddenly blown to the four winds; and in the reaction of his sanguine spirit pro-

nounced himself the most unfortunate and wretched of mortals.

Nearly a fortnight went by before they had sign or token of the missing ones. Not that they were either passive or inactive. Willie Forsyth was seldom in his father's surgery whilst there was an office open in Liverpool where he could make an inquiry. In some of these places he was sure that information was withheld, he was scanned so narrowly from head to foot, and answered so evasively. At Sparling and Grove's, of Water-street, the senior partner quite insulted him.

Natural indignation only resulted in an order to "Turn the young rake out," and Willie had much ado to keep his hot blood within bounds so as to avoid the further disgrace of an open broil.

In putting the fairest colour on his own departure Mr. Mason had evidently contrived to blacken his imaginary maligners, and no doubt smiled serenely over the clever stroke.

The annoyance it caused our Woodside friends was excessive; and the excitement was at its height when an unpaid letter bearing the London postmark was handed in to Mrs. Stapleton. The old lady's trembling fingers scarcely could find the coppers to pay the postage, so eager was she to rip open the envelope. What she read ran thus:—

"Bloomsbury-square, London,

"Oct. 1st, 1870.

"My dear, dear Grandma,—I am afraid my hasty note would not prepare you for our sudden departure without a kiss or a word of leave-taking. I can judge by my own feelings what a shock you must have had if you went to Edge Hill on the Wednesday. Our removal came upon me almost suddenly. As I told you, I only knew on the Monday night, when I was ordered to pack up Mercy's things and my own.

"All Tuesday was hurry and confusion; two men packing glass and china with the help of Mr. Capper, who posted my note. ('Bless the child, it never came here! I'm afraid his pocket was the post-office,' interjected grandma.) I did manage to run to Dr. Mitchell's, to thank him for his great kindness; and restore two borrowed books, but I had no sooner got back than Mercy and I were hurried off in a cab to the station, with barely time to swallow a mouthful of food beforehand, and we were far on the road to London before I was conscious we had turned our backs on Liverpool. It was no use remonstrating. Mr. Mason coolly told me that my mother had committed me to his guardianship, and that if I made a scene and appealed to any of the officials, I should only bring discredit on myself to no purpose. He evidently thinks to ride the high hand with me as with poor mamma, but I have my father's spirit, and do not mean to be crushed. ('I hope not,' quoth grandma.)

"At a great bustling station, called Crewe, he left us for a few minutes to procure some refreshments; and, no sooner was his back turned than Mercy suggested that we should run away. And really, if I had had money to carry

us back to Liverpool, I think I should have slipped away with her. But I have never had one shilling of pocket-money since mamma died, and he knew it. ('Dear me! I never suspected such meanness; I'll soon remedy that!')

"I was hesitating what course to pursue, when a well-known voice struck my ear, saying, 'This way, my lady.' As I looked out, an elegantly-dressed woman walked past quickly, speaking as she went. She was answered in the voice I knew, 'I have them quite safe, my lady,' and then I saw clearly that the little figure in attendance on the lady was no other than Dinah Smart! ('Dear me! I wish I had been there.')

"I called 'Dinah!' tried to open the carriage door, but the handle was stiff; and before I was down on the platform Dinah and her mistress were lost in the crowd. Mr. Mason came up with refreshments, and ordered me to my seat in his hard way; but you may be sure I did not tell him I had seen Dinah. ('I should think not.')

"Both Mercy and I were half asleep when the train stopped at Euston, for it was late and we were weary. Standing together and waiting whilst Mr. Mason looked after our luggage, my eyes confused by the long rows of lamps, the shifting line of cabs, the rush of passengers and porters, I heard an authoritative call for Major Somebody's carriage, saw a liveried footman busy and important with somebody's luggage, and in less than two minutes the carriage was driving away with Dinah Smart and the footman perched up at the back! ('Dear me! The little thief must have travelled in the same train. I wonder who her lady is.')

"We have a fine suite of rooms, and we are well waited on, but neither Mercy nor myself can stir out without my stepfather or that horrid Mr. Capper. They have certainly been attentive, and taken us already to the National Gallery and to the British Museum, which is close at hand—and Mercy has been in ecstasies. But I know I shall have to watch my chance to post this. I do not like to give an unstamped letter to a servant, and faith in those who brought us hither so treacherously is impossible."

The letter, dated a week earlier, was filled up with these messages and affectionate outpourings so interesting to recipients, so vapid to others. But no sooner was Mrs. Stapleton possessed of its contents than, under shelter of an umbrella and a waterproof, she braved a soaking shower to communicate her knowledge to her true friends the Forsyths.

(To be continued.)





## BONNIE ELSIE MACGREGOR.

By J. A. OWEN.



"YOU'LL not be long away, Elsie, will you? I feel faint and weary. There is thunder in the air, and my breathing is harder than usual."

"I'll no' be langer than need be, Andrew; but I thocht I'd just call at the Brae Farm, and see if there's no' a letter for ye the nicht."

"I've given up hoping for that, Elsie."

"Maybe ye'll get one yet; there's no harm in asking, and it'll no' keep me lang."

Away Elsie MacGregor started, without waiting to put anything more on, for the air was heavy and warm, and, excepting on Sunday, when she and Andrew went down to their little church at Kilmoon, she seldom covered her head or her feet either.

The brother and sister lived alone in a little cot consisting of two rooms, "a but and a ben," about half a mile from the head of the Holy Loch, near the foot of Ben More, and the road leading to Loch Awe. Both their parents were dead; the mother only left them a year before the evening of which my little story tells. The father, who had been one of the shepherds of a rich laird who owned an immense estate in Argyllshire, had been killed by falling from a great height one day, when he had lost his way on the mountains, during a thick mist.

Some families seem to have more than their share of troubles, humanly speaking. Andrew, too, had had a terrible fall whilst running after his father, when but a child. This injured his spine, which, as he grew older, became much curved, and his poor chest was so contracted that the lungs had not room to act properly, and the difficulty of breathing caused him much pain at times. Still the healthy mountain air, plenty of rich milk from one of the laird's farms, given to him freely by the kind farmer's wife, and a tender, loving mother's care, had enabled the boy to pull on against difficulties. He was now eighteen years of age, and his sister Elsie one year younger.

The shepherd who was engaged in their father's place now lived at the roomier cottage in which they had been born; but they had their little cot rent free, with a bit of land on which they grew vegetables, which found a ready sale during the summer months, at the watering-place of Kilmun. Elsie and her mother knitted, and disposed of their work at Dunoon from time to time: and then Andrew had managed to become such a "scholar" by means of instruction given, and books lent to him, by a kind minister a few miles away (who loved the lad, and, if Andrew were weak and did not come to him, would walk over often and spend an hour by his bedside) that he had, for the last three years, earned a little by teaching half-a-dozen children who came from small farms two miles further on.

The mother's long illness and the expenses of the funeral had, however, im-

perished her children, together with a long wet season, which made their little crops a complete failure; and which also kept people from coming to the watering-places along the coast. And Elsie's work did not sell so well as usual; so that the month of October found them anxious and depressed for want of sufficient nourishment and the medical comforts which were necessary to Andrew.

Last summer some wealthy American ladies, driving through, along the Holy Loch and on to Loch Awe, had noticed the lad as he rested by the roadside on his way from the minister's, and had entered into conversation with him. His face was intellectual, lit up by eyes of a deep blue-grey, shaded by long eyelashes; and it had an expression that at times touched one by its wistful sadness; at others astonished by its latent energy, and the strength of will and power of loving that seemed pent up within the small, weak frame. Unlike Elsie, he spoke pure English, though with a Scotch accent. As a teacher, he felt he ought to do so, and he had taken great pains over his studies.

The Americans were so struck with the uncommon character of the lad that they made him show them where he lived, looked at his books, bought some of the mother's and Elsie's work, and promised to come and see him again. This, however, they were not able to manage, but they wrote to Andrew from Edinburgh, and told him to send them some of the verses which Elsie told them he had written. They could probably get some editor to accept and pay for them, they said, if they proved as good as his face and conversation had led them to think they would be.

Elsie was delighted. "Ye'll be a great poet some day, Andrew. Didna ye read us some bonny verses oot o' ane of your books that ye said a shepherd like father had written?"

"I shall never write like him, Elsie. I've nothing that I care to send the ladies, but I feel as though I might make some better verses now, since some one will look for them from me."

And one day, when he was putting one of his day dreams into words, as he lay stretched on the heather upon the hillside, an artist passed; and he, too, was struck by Andrew's face and figure, so ill matched, we might say, speaking as man speaks, but in truth only an instance of the blessed compensation which our good Father so often orders for His children's comfort, even in this life. The artist and the poet became friends, and when the former returned to London he sent Andrew a gift which, next to his Bible, he prized as his greatest treasure. And well he might; for it was the third volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters." What Saturdays of happiness he enjoyed when, as his pupils did not come then, he could lie on the hillside and look up from his book to the wonderful forms of mountain and cloud; the little silver birch with its tender falling tresses, mountain ash with pointed leaves, lowly grasses full of grace and beauty; and back again from the reality to the exquisite plates and descriptions of which his book was full. The artist knew what the poet would love, and what a wealth lay within those pages for the soul that thirsted for all that was true and beautiful. He had only once written to Andrew, but he intended to come again to Ben More and the Holy Loch the following autumn.

The mother's long illness put all thought and power of writing out of the poor lad's head for some months. After that he did send a few short poems to the address in New York which the ladies had given him, but he had never received any acknowledgment from them. He had looked anxiously for a letter, until at last he gave up all expectation of any, and the wet, miserable summer made him fear

that Douglas Bordon, his artist friend, would fail to come also, although he had promised to do so.

The fear that a winter of poverty and hardship might be too much for his strength, and that Elsie would be left alone in the world—bonny, loving Elsie, who had pulled on so bravely—together with hope deferred, had made Andrew sick and weary of late.

"I'll no' be lang," repeated Elsie, cheerfully, as she started with her milk-pail, "and a wee bird has been singing to me that ye'll get a letter the nicht, Andrew."

The farm from which she brought the milk every evening was close to the head of the loch, and Elsie had only a little further to go to the small post-office for their neighbourhood. Although she went quickly, still she knitted by the way—it had become such a habit with her, as she went to and fro along the little path to the farm, that she did not feel right unless she had the needles in her hands, and her feet had learned the way without the help of her eyes, which lately had got into the habit of resting more constantly on her work, whilst she pondered over ways and means for making Andrew's heart lighter.

Elsie left both her knitting and her pail at the farm, whilst she ran on quickly over a low hill to the post-office.

"No letter!" And she had really believed—she could not tell why—that one was waiting there for her this time. The ladies had seemed so sure that the poems would be taken and paid for, and she needed some money so sorely! When she got a little distance from the post-office she sat down and began to weep bitterly. She had kept up bravely for so long; and now, whilst poor Andrew could not see her, she gave way to her pent-up grief.

A few days previously a lady from Kilmoon had stopped at their door to ask for a drink of water, and she had seen Andrew's volume of "Modern Painters."

"You seem poor," she had said, rather abruptly, Elsie felt; "how did you come to be possessed of such a book as that?"

And when Elsie told her about Andrew's affliction, his literary tastes, and his artist friend, she said—

"He seems to have read this much; it looks well worn, but I will give him three guineas for it if he likes, and he could buy more books. There is my address, if he chooses to dispose of it."

When Andrew came in, and Elsie told him what the lady had said, he was very thoughtful for a while, and looked long and tenderly at his precious volume; then he said—

"I ought to take her offer, Elsie; but it would pain me sore to part with this."

"Wait a wee, Andrew, dinna do it yet; may be there'll be a letter the morn."

He would sell the book now she felt sure, and she could not bear to see him do that; as she thought of this her tears fell fast.

"Why do you weep so, my lassie," said a kind voice, close to her.

The speaker had come up without being noticed by Elsie, absorbed as she was by her trouble.

He sat down beside her, and the power of a kind and sympathetic nature soon drew from her all the story of her grief. Then he promised to come and see Andrew and herself on the following day.

"Ye'll find he doesna speak the broad Scotch like mysel', sir," said Elsie, shyly; he's learned the bonny English oot o' his books, and talks like yoursel', sir."

"I am not sure that I do not find the Scotch bonnier than the English," was the reply. "Elsie MacGregor is your name, you tell me; do you know we are of the same clan. My own name is Allan MacGregor, and if your brother can write verses and stories I may





"SHE KNITTED ALL THE WAY."



be able to help him, as I am a publisher of such things."

Elsie's heart was light when she bid Mr. MacGregor good night, and hurried on to Andrew after calling at the farm for the milk and her knitting.

Andrew had been wearying for her, and looked relieved when she entered the little cot.

"Why, Elsie, you look as though you had something for me, you seem so happy."

"And I am that, Andrew, dear, though there wasna a letter."

Then she told him of her meeting with Mr. MacGregor, and all he had said.

"And he's coming to see you himself' the morn, Andrew, so look out all your bonnie verses to show him."

When Mr. MacGregor called, he found more talent and beauty in the poems than he expected. So much so, that he urged Andrew to come to Edinburgh for the winter months, promising to look out a cheap lodging there for the brother and sister. He paid what seemed to them a great sum, for Andrew's MSS., and said he would gladly help them to get on in the great town.

A decent body was found who was willing to look after the cot during the winter. Elsie hardly liked the thought of leaving their little home for so long, but Mr. MacGregor explained to her what a benefit it would be to Andrew, both as regarded his literary work and his bodily health.

"He shall have the best physician we can find," he said.

"I canna tell what makes ye so kind to us, sir," said Elsie, half-crying, in her gratitude.

"I had once a dear little daughter, Elsie. If she had been spared to me she would have been just your own age now. You are wonderfully like her in face and ways; and when I came on you, by the Holy Loch that evening, I could have fancied, but for the dress, that it was my own little Janet in trouble."

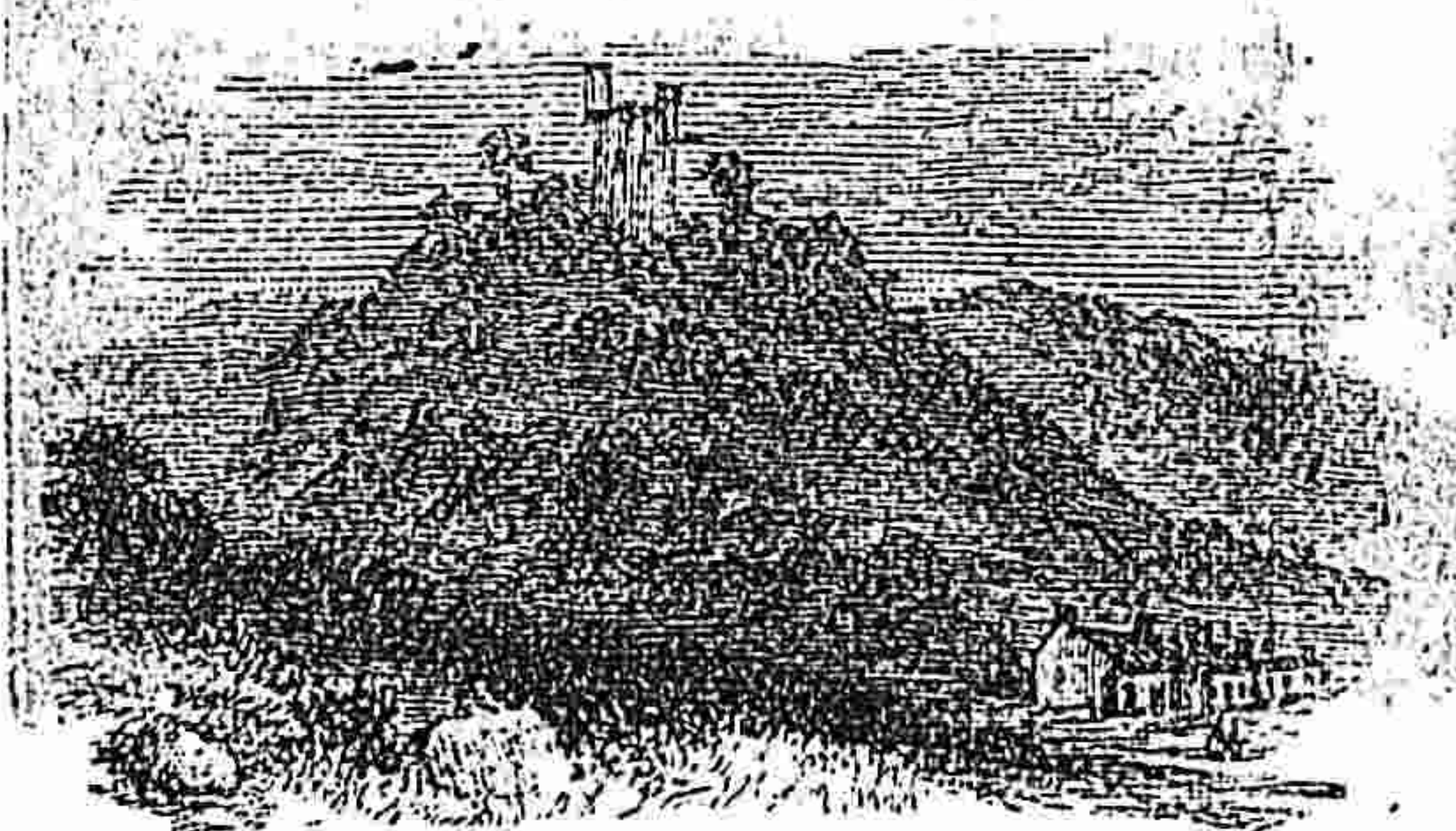
Andrew grew much stronger, too, under skilful treatment, and they returned to the little "but and ben" for the summer months, full of hope and gladness.

During the winter Andrew had done well with his writings, and Elsie had learned much through regular attendance at some morning classes which their friend selected for her.

Still she loved to wander again, knitting in hand, barefooted and with uncovered head, over the heather, when amongst her own hills once more, on the warm pleasant evenings; and, during the very last ramble she took in this fashion, she fell in with the artist friend of two years ago, who thought he had never met anything so lovely as the Scotch lassie who came over the path towards him, full of joy that Andrew's friend had not forgotten him after all.

A week later Douglas Bordon was trying to persuade Elsie, in spite of the proverb, that three can make a very happy company.

I believe he must be succeeding, for Elsie seems to be trying harder than ever to speak what she called the "bonny English," and she is never seen on the heather without her shoes now, which looks as though she must fancy she ought to be fitting herself for more conventional life than that under the shadow of Ben More.



## SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

### I.—TO TEACHERS.



JUST a hundred years ago, in Gloucester, Robert Raikes first proposed his scheme for the starting of regularly organised Sunday schools.

There have been many changes since then. We no longer need to make our schools known by publishing accounts of them in the newspapers; the system has spread over the whole world, and anyone visiting any of our schools now would find a good attendance of scholars and a fair number of teachers. Not all, probably not more than half, the children come from pure desire

to learn. Some attend because they are compelled; others because their friends do so; and some, perhaps, because it is less trouble to come to school than to nurse the baby or help mother at home; but from one cause or another there they are—and what then? Unfortunately, the most welcome sound in the whole afternoon is often the superintendent's bell for closing school. All will agree that this is not as it should be. The question is, Who is to blame and how can we remedy it? The scholar says, "Miss — gives us such long, dull lessons, I really cannot listen." And the teacher says, "Those girls are so troublesome, it is impossible to teach them."

There is a good deal to be said on both sides. It certainly is hard work for a teacher, anxious to speak earnestly to her girls, to have them talking or staring about all the time; but it is equally hard for the scholar who comes expecting to be interested as well as instructed to have a teacher who either makes her class read verses round all the time, or else harangues them on points of theology of which they do not understand a word. There is blame on both sides; and unless both try to improve we shall still have unwilling scholars and disheartened teachers.

Let us look at the teacher's side of the case first. One comes to school and rejoices that something has delayed the opening for a few minutes, so that there will be that much less time for teaching. Then, after the opening hymn, she glances anxiously at the clock, and calculates that as they are late she will only have half-an-hour to fill up, and the scholars will be five minutes saying their verses, so perhaps she can spin out the lesson for the rest of the time. The unlucky scholars, having said their lessons and been duly scolded for not knowing them better, and for having forgotten all about last Sunday's lesson, then read the appointed chapter, interrupted only by a few questions from the teacher which do not elicit much information. But they will read quickly, so they soon come to the end of the chapter. The teacher looks despairingly at the clock to find that there are still ten minutes more, and as she can think of nothing else to say and must do something, she produces a tale book, and, for the first time since school began, the children are interested.

Some may think this an exaggerated picture, but it really is not. There are some in nearly every school, who, if they spoke the honest truth, would confess to very much these feel-

ings every Sunday. And yet, possibly, that very teacher grumbled that the service was slow and the sermon dull in the morning. By how different a standard we judge other people's teaching and our own! Having acknowledged that, as teachers, we do sometimes fail in interesting our scholars, and sometimes even in making our subject last out at all, the next question is, what are we to do?

In the first place we must find out the cause of our non-success. In nine cases out of ten, those who fail in teaching are those who fail in preparing. If teachers fully appreciated how much they themselves might learn by their Sunday-school teaching, they would, even from selfish motives, take every means in their power of thoroughly preparing their subject. A student at one of the Universities, preparing for an examination, asked a professor to recommend him a tutor to help him in his studies. "Tutor," said the professor, "you want no tutor, take some pupils." Teachers will see the value of this advice; there is nothing shows us our own weak points so clearly as trying to teach others. Though it is humiliating to be unable to answer some of the questions we are asked, there are advantages even in this, if we say honestly that we do not know, for if both teacher and scholar undertake to try to find out by the following Sunday, it establishes a bond of union between them at once. And do not be content in your preparation with simply knowing the bare facts of the case. Find something interesting to tell about it, if possible, a short illustrative anecdote; study the scenery of the place you are reading about, the dress and manners of the people, the time of year, and all the other details, which, though unimportant in themselves, help wonderfully to make the subject interesting. If you have no books to study from, you can find out a great deal by the careful and common-sense study of your maps and reference Bible, without which no one ought to attempt to teach. You read for instance: "That a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho;" a sufficiently uninteresting fact at first sight certainly, but look at your map, and you can calculate that it was a distance of about seventeen miles, that he would have to go first down the steep hills which surround Jerusalem and, in fact, nearly all the way through very hilly country, which you find from the Bible was infested with robbers. Describe this a little, the long, lonely journey, fearing at every turn in the road that he would be attacked by robbers, the heat of the weather, the weariness he would feel; and you cannot fail to interest your class, even though you have not had the advantage of being able to study a single commentary or other descriptive book.

Above all, try to realise to yourself, and make clear to your class that the people you are reading about were ordinary human beings like ourselves, who really lived, and slept, and ate, and talked as we do; and that Palestine is a real country, within ten days' journey from England, and that they were not half-mythical places and people which existed somehow only in the Bible, with no connection with the rest of the world. If your scholars are sufficiently educated, you will greatly help them to this by connecting Bible events with the circumstances of the rest of the world at the same time. For example we know that shortly before the birth of Christ England had been invaded by the Romans, who were then at the height of their power, and that the Mount of the Beatitudes, from which our Lord preached the Sermon on the Mount, was the scene in later years of one of the fiercest battles of the Crusaders.

The majority of scholars, however, would hardly appreciate this style of teaching. For them we must try to realise the circumstances



by describing them in the every-day words to which they are accustomed; and avoiding (of course I do not allude to the direct teaching of Christ) the exact words of the Bible. I was once telling a child, who had heard all the Bible histories over and over again, the story of Balaam, and I happened to say that he was riding on a donkey. Her astonishment knew no bounds; she had heard the story all her life, but said she had no idea the "ass" meant a real common donkey. Of course all these are mere trifles, but they make the Bible appear an interesting book, interesting even to the youngest children, instead of what they too often think it, one of their dullest lesson-books. Another sure way of gaining the attention, particularly of the little ones, is to show them pictures bearing on the subject. If you make a practice of collecting any pictures you meet with which have any connection with Bible countries or customs, you will soon get a good collection.

It is most important to have a large map, large enough for all to see. The cost of the ordinary wall maps prevents most teachers buying them, but this difficulty can be easily overcome by making one yourself, which will only cost a few pence. Buy some large sheets of paper, and paste them side by side on to a piece of muslin to prevent tearing. Then sketch the outline of the country, copying it carefully from a good small map. Put in some of the surrounding countries, and not Palestine alone, as is generally the case on the printed maps, or you will find the difficulty mentioned above, that the scholars will think Palestine is a country quite by itself, not joined to the rest of the world at all. Many teachers will say they cannot draw well enough. But it is quite worth trying, for it is better to have a map very roughly drawn than none at all. You will probably have told your class the previous Sunday that you were trying to make a map, and asked them to make some lists of places they think ought to be marked. You can now ask them all to help you write the names, and, however inferior in style the drawing, colouring, and writing may be, they are sure to be pleased if they have helped to make it themselves.

Do not forget, too, to find out the tastes of your different scholars. Some of them, particularly the boys, will be interested in birds. Give them a lesson some Sunday on the birds of the Bible. They will be interested to know that the boys in those days had pigeons and magpies just as they have now, and that Moses made special laws about bird-nesting. And the girls who are fond of sewing will be astonished at the amount there is about needlework in the Bible.

So much for making the Bible interesting to our scholars. But we must remember that although in doing that we have gained a great point, after all it is only the beginning. Our whole aim must be to lead them, through the study of the Bible, to the knowledge and love of Him who inspired that glorious book; not driving them by threats of punishment, but drawing them gently onward and heavenward, by telling them constantly and lovingly of the dear Saviour, who loved them so much that He laid down His life for them, and who is now watching over them and caring for them every day. It is a solemn thought, and one which may well make us more earnest in our teaching, that these Sunday lessons are the opportunities which God has lent us to lead the children to Him, and for each one of which we shall have to give an account. If we are not using these opportunities to the best of our power, if we are not using every means to lead them to Christ, what excuse shall we be able to make when called to give an account of the children who were given us to teach?

Another frequent cause of our want of success is that we too often trust in our own efforts, forgetting that, though Paul plants and Apollos waters, it is God who gives the increase. If we go to our class thinking that our own power is sufficient to move their hearts, it is no wonder that we fail. We must go strengthened by earnest prayer to God that He will give us His Holy Spirit, without which we can do nothing. And we must not be disheartened if, after having done all we can, we see no result at once. Our work is to sow the seed, and our Heavenly Father, who sees all our efforts and struggles, has promised that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

## II.—TO SCHOLARS.

Now a few words to the scholars themselves. Do you know that a great part of the success of the school depends upon you? Perhaps you think that all you need to do is to come to school and sit still, listening or not according to your feelings at the time. Now this is a great mistake. I was a Sunday scholar for a great many years, and for part of the time had the misfortune to be in a class taken by a very dull teacher, so I do not write to you as one who knows nothing about your grievances. I *do* know how dull a Sunday school may be, and can sympathise with the sigh of relief one sometimes hears when the closing bell rings; but I know, too, that it is not all the teacher's fault. You might make it much more interesting if you chose, and perhaps I can help you to see how. I should like to make every Sunday scholar try to teach a class just for one Sunday, that they might see how difficult it is to make the lesson interesting to all, and how depressing to see a row of dull, uninterested faces looking determined not to be pleased.

I was asked to take a Bible-class one Sunday in the country, and went, knowing nothing about either the place or the people. To my astonishment, the superintendent showed me into a room more like a comfortable parlour than a class-room. It was hung round with pictures, and had a table in the middle, on which were two vases of wild flowers, and on the window-sill were some pots of ferns. Of course I asked where the things came from, and was told that, on having some new class-rooms built, the girls who were to use this one made up their minds not to have a bare, ugly room any longer, but to make themselves feel at home and comfortable in the new room; so each took her share of work and found the truth of the proverb that "Many hands make light work." One undertook to attend to the ferns, another provided fresh flowers, another always went ten minutes early for school to see that everything was properly dusted and arranged, and so on. I heard, too, that they found the room so very comfortable that they were constantly having sociable little tea-meetings there in the week among themselves. Sometimes they invited the teacher and sometimes the teacher invited them, and then they made plans for all sorts of good work. They were all poor girls who could not afford to give much money away, but it was wonderful what good they contrived to do in the way of taking flowers or reading to poor sick people, and other little kindly offices of that sort, and by comparing notes at their tea-meetings they were able to help one another.

Perhaps you think all this has nothing to do with dull Sunday afternoons, but I will tell you the difference it made to me. I was only asked to go at the last moment, so had no time to prepare an interesting lesson, but when I got into the room, and found it so cosy and nice, and the girls all looking so good-tempered and prepared to be pleased both with themselves and their teacher, it was quite impossible not to make a great

effort to interest them; and when the bell rang, I, at any rate, was sorry that our talk was over.

But, you say, we cannot all have class-rooms, and those we have are not always easy to make comfortable. True, but if you cannot make your room cheerful, you can at least look cheerful yourselves; and one most effectual way of making yourselves feel so, which you have the power of doing and the teacher has not, is to take a part in the lesson by asking questions.

And could you not sometimes contrive to look a little bit grateful? I often hear girls grumbling at having to come to school when it is such a beautiful afternoon for a walk, and they show their disappointment by looking sulky and cross at school. Did it ever strike you that probably your teacher would have liked a walk quite as much as you would? And if she was so anxious to help you and make you happy as to give up her walk to come to school, the least you can do is to try and make it pleasant for her. There are many ways of doing this, even a smile of welcome when she comes in will make all the difference, and you might sometimes go so far as to thank her for coming. You may be sure a few polite attentions will not be wasted, for teachers have a great deal to try them, and often when you think they are cross, they are really only in very low spirits, when a little politeness from you would cheer them wonderfully.

And then you might make the actual lesson much more interesting in other ways besides asking questions. Nearly all Sunday-schools now use some regular system of lessons, so that you can know beforehand what the subject will be. If you could spare just five minutes every week to look at the subject for the next Sunday, you might make it much more interesting for the whole class. Very likely you would find that you had a picture or book about something in the lesson, and if you each tried to bring something interesting, you could not fail to enjoy the afternoon. I fancy I hear some girl say, "Oh, I have no time to do anything in the week—I have my other lessons to learn." I very often hear remarks of that kind, but I generally find that those who say most about having no time, have spent a good many "five minutes" during the week, doing nothing at all, and if they had remembered the Sunday-school during one of those leisure times they would have made themselves happier, and done a very good work for their school. Space will not allow me to mention all the many ways in which you might help, though there are others that you will no doubt think of for yourselves, such as bringing your friends to the school, looking after the little ones, and many other things which girls can do better than any one else. All you want is the wish to be useful; if you have that, some way will soon suggest itself to you.

And, lastly, remember that if, as I have said, Sunday afternoons are a solemn responsibility to your teacher, surely your own responsibility is greater still, for, though your lessons are sometimes dull or hard, your happiness for time and eternity is at stake, and if you do not learn your easy lesson of love to God now while you are young, you will have to be taught by sorrow and sadness when you are older. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not."

All that has been said of Sunday-school work is, of course, equally applicable to elder sisters teaching the little ones at home; what will interest the class will interest the one or two in the nursery; and it is a great mistake for girls to think it "not worth while" spending much time in preparing a lesson, simply to please and help their little brothers and sisters.

DORA HOPE.



## WHAT TO DO ON HOLIDAY AFTERNOONS.

## CHAPTER II.



ERTHA'S change of countenance and sudden departure had been noticed by those of her school fellows who were not engaged in reading letters of their own. Marian Lane was especially troubled at seeing her favourite's

tearful eyes, and in her impulsive fashion was about to rush after Bertha to try to comfort her. But she checked herself, having delicacy enough, with her usual warm-heartedness, to understand that a girl so sensitive as Bertha would prefer solitude for a short time at any rate if any painful news had reached her.

Miss Walker at length replaced Bertha's letter in the envelope, and Marian, equally curious and anxious, ventured to say, "I hope Bertha has had no bad news. She is such a dear little thing; we should all be sorry for her to have any trouble."

"Scarcely bad news, dear, but this letter has brought her a severe disappointment. Bertha was to spend all her holidays during the absence of her parents with dear friends of theirs, and in a most lovely spot. Unfortunately, the lady's health has suddenly given way, and she is ordered to leave England at once, and must also winter in the south of France. There is, of course, no chance of Bertha joining her there, for the lady will have to think of her own children—more than care enough for one so delicate."

"I am so sorry for darling Goody. She had been reckoning on this holiday visit for months past, and her brother Arthur was to have been with her for a fortnight of the time."

"And I," said Miss Walker, "am pledged to spend my vacation in a very quiet home with a beloved relative, a confirmed invalid. The rest will be grateful enough to me, as I lead such a busy life amongst my pupils; but I should not like to condemn dear Bertha to share my seclusion when she especially wants the society of cheerful friends to brighten her holidays. I must make some arrangement for her comfort before the time comes."

"I am sure any house would be the brighter, and any family the happier, for Goody's presence. I should love to have her with us at Westwood, and mamma would pet her to her heart's content. She is such a thorough mother that she seems to have room enough in her affections for any number of children. Though there are eight of us, papa often tells her she has not nearly boys and girls enough to look after, and that the overflow love-stream finds channels for itself amongst the children of people who do not care so much about their youngsters. Mamma would be delighted with Goody."

"I think she would, dear; and I could wish nothing better for Bertha than that she should spend her holidays at Westwood under Mrs. Lane's loving guardianship. But you cannot make such an arrangement without your mamma's consent."

"I wish I could settle everything this very

minute. But I must write first. I have only one fear, which is that every inch of bedroom may have been allotted; for it is a rule with us that during the holidays Westwood shall be absolutely full from garret to cellar. However I will write to-night," said Marian; and, sure enough, a letter was despatched by that evening's post, the length of which excited much amusement amongst the girls. They congratulated the writer on having turned over a new leaf of notepaper, and given at least one correspondent a proof that she sometimes considered it necessary to answer a letter.

"Wrong again," replied the incorrigible Marian, as she affixed the stamp and handed her letter for Miss Walker to put into the post-bag at her side, without even allowing Clara to see the address. "I believe I never do *answer* a letter. I go on writing what is in my own mind at the time, without troubling myself about the subject that occupied my correspondent's thoughts when she wrote to me, perhaps, months before."

"And has probably forgotten long ago," said Clara. "When I write I never pretend to go over the letter I have received, bit by bit, making my own a sort of running commentary upon it. When, what I call, a good-sized joy or sorrow calls for sympathy I like to express it. But to go on writing, page after page, telling that I am glad or sorry about an afternoon's excursion or a cold in the head, both of which were over and done with before you even heard of them, seems dreadful rubbish."

Miss Walker was at the moment placing the last packet of letters in the post-bag, for after tea most of the girls had occupied an hour in writing, and the servant was waiting to carry off their collective correspondence. Bertha was sitting quietly at a little distance from the table, busily engaged in knitting a baby's sock. Her knitting was always considered a great joke; but she would laugh and tell the girls she meant to practise, whilst she was young, everything that would be nice to do when she was a quiet old lady. But they all knew well that by means of Bertha's steady industry, and by thus using her fragments of time, many a poor child had its small feet cased in comfortable socks, instead of having to go barefoot. It was easy to see from the expression of her face that the girl had gone through a rather severe struggle; but, though there might be traces of sadness, there were none of a murmuring spirit or angry temper.

Miss Walker was anxious to interest Bertha in the conversation, and, turning to her, said, "If you were writing to a friend what would be the principal subject of your letter?"

Bertha hesitated an instant, then answered, "Myself, I think, and my occupations."

"Grannie, Grannie, how dreadfully egotistical!"—Grannie, be it understood, was what Marian called Bertha's evening name, and appropriate to her occupation of stocking-knitting. "That does sound selfish. What can you say in defence of such a system?"

"I did not mean to be selfish or egotistical; but I was just thinking how I feel when I get a letter from some one I love. I like to hear as much as possible about friends, and what they are doing, and I feel such an interest in all that concerns them. When I write to one who, I believe, loves me, I judge my friend's feelings by my own. My brother Charles, for instance, is in Brazil, I do not know any other person there, and he knows no one here. He tells me what he does and sees, and mentions any person who has been kind to him; but I should not care to read strings of names of persons with whom I have no acquaintance."

"That is a very good defence of your system, dear," said Miss Walker.

"Shall I tell you mine, Miss Walker?" asked Marian, and the teacher's smile being sufficient response, she said, "I endeavour never to send a letter the contents of which cannot be fairly considered worth the penny stamp I put upon it. Now, as I can only very occasionally value the news I have to communicate even at that amount, you will observe that I conscientiously abstain from writing until I have really something to tell; hence, when anybody receives a letter from me, it is certain to be worth having, and valued accordingly. If my plan were carried out—"

"I think," interposed Miss Walker, "that the revenue of this country would be seriously diminished and a large proportion of our postmen would find their occupation gone. Now, how shall we spend the hour between this and bed-time?"

The girls liked to hear the "we" in that sentence, for it meant that Miss Walker would be with them, and the presence of their governess was never felt to be a restraint. On the contrary, she entered so warmly into their pursuits, and was so ready to suggest anything that would increase their pleasure, that her pupils often declared she was quite as young-hearted as any of them, only a whole library wiser.

"Half-an-hour for a good romp, and half-an-hour to cool down after it, as we have had quiet games to-day, and want something to stir us up."

This was agreed to, and "blind-man's buff" and the "cushion dance" left all the players panting and glowing with the exercise at the end of the first half-hour, and ready for some less active amusement.

Everybody knows "blind-man's buff"; perhaps all do not know the "cushion dance," which is played thus:—

The players are divided into two sides and take their places alternately, joining hands and forming a circle, in the centre of which a pair of cushions or a buffet has been carefully placed on end. The players begin to dance round it, then suddenly try to drag their opponents towards the cushion in order to upset it. It is most amusing to see the way in which the players skip to one side, jump over the cushions do any and everything, but upset it; and it is astonishing how long they will succeed in avoiding a touch. But it goes down at last, and the player whose touch has caused the downfall pays a forfeit and goes out of the ring.

This goes on until all the players on one side are turned out; though sometimes the struggle is protracted and the battle fought with such determination, that the sides lose equally, and the final triumph is won by one of the only two opponents left to fight it out.

Boys have the best chance in this game, as the girls' garments are more in the way; but it is played by both, and sometimes they take opposite sides. Certainly girls thoroughly enjoy it.

Miss Walker had joined heartily in both games, but was one of the first expelled from the ring in the latter, probably not much to her own regret, as the exercise was of a rather violent sort for a grown-up player. As a penalty she was condemned to suggest the next game, and after a little consideration she announced that she was ready to do so. "I shall want one confederate, to whom the secret of the game will be entrusted; the rest will have to try to guess it. But first I must ascertain if anyone has played at this game before. I joined in it once, as a girl, but have never seen it played since then. I shall remain in the room with the rest of you and my confederate will go out. During her absence I shall place my hand on the shoulder of some girl, or upon the piano, or on my own



shoulder, and when she returns she shall tell you who has been touched."

Nobody seemed to know anything about the game, so Miss Walker chose Alice Milne as her confederate.

"No chance of screwing the secret out of her," said Clara, "for she is the closest little thing. She could not be fitter for the post of secret-keeper if her lips were padlocked."

The girl laughed, and went, not only out of the room, but out of earshot, and required more than one summons to bring her back. In the meanwhile Miss Walker laid her hand on the girl nearest to her, who happened to

discover any look or gesture which could help them.

"You must have heard, Alice," said one.

"But Miss Walker did not speak."

"She placed her hand in a particular position."

"Alice may come in blindfolded if you like," said Miss Walker, so that idea was abandoned.

One of the girls went out with Alice, brought her in backwards, so that she might not see Miss Walker, held her hands, blindfolded the governess, did everything in fact but find out the secret. As to Miss Walker,

"We give it up, Miss Walker. Do tell us the secret," came from the whole dozen of girls; but the teacher shook her head and laughingly refused.

"If I tell you the secret to-night, my dears, the game is ended for us, though you could introduce it amongst other friends. As you have not yet guessed it, we may as well have a little more amusement out of this game and you a little more mental exercise in trying to find it out before I tell you. We will keep our knowledge to ourselves for another week, Alice, and on Saturday next the rest shall be told."

This was agreed to; and so the evening's amusements ended. A little later, as the governess gave each girl a loving "good night" and kiss, she rejoiced to see a smile on Bertha's face again, and to hear her dis-



be Clara Lane, and on Alice's return asked, "On whom did my hand rest?"

Alice at once replied, "On Clara."

"Right," was the answer; but the girls, thinking they had found out the game, said, "You touch the girl nearest to you, Miss Walker."

"I certainly did on this occasion; but the position of the girl has nothing to do with the secret."

"I think I know it, but I shall see," said Bertha, and several girls expressed a similar opinion.

Again Alice went out. Miss Walker touched Nellie, and Alice, as promptly as before, named the right person on her return to the room.

The girls were at fault, and again failed to

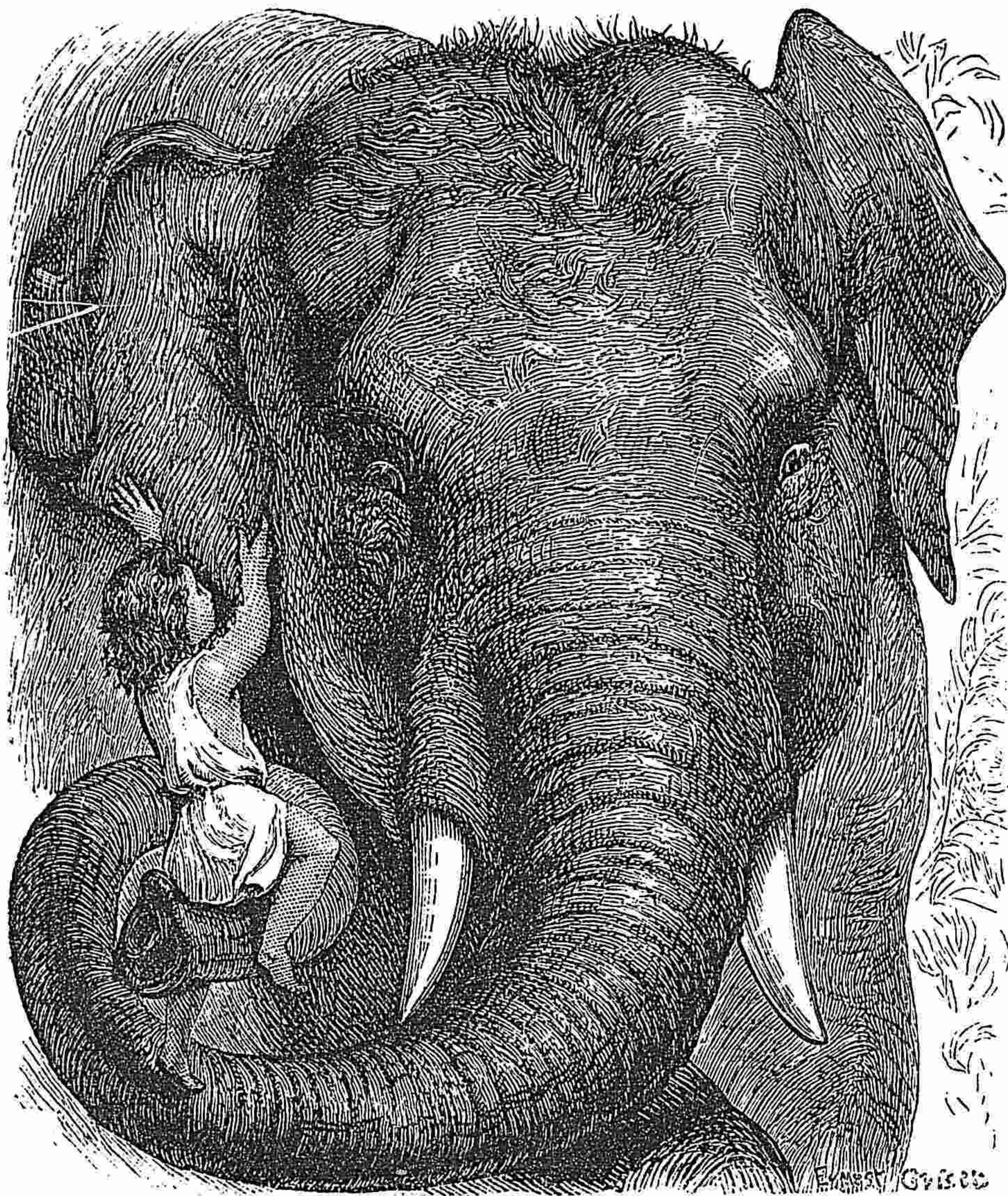
her movements were very eccentric. She went from side to side; sometimes touching the same girl twice in succession, then resting her hand on the piano, and occasionally placing both hands on her own shoulders. But in every case when Alice was brought into the room she told instantly what had been done, and the end of the half-hour found the whole group of girls just as much at a loss as when the game was commenced.

cussing as eagerly as the rest the mystery of the game.

(To be continued.)



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.



## A CAREFUL ELEPHANT.

YEARS ago I was driving round a beautiful lake in the interior of the Island of Ceylon when I saw a strange sight. A huge elephant, bearing two naked little children on its back, was carefully descending the sloping bank that led down to the water.

In my childish terror, I cried out, expecting to see the children thrown into the lake. But judge of my relief when I saw the huge creature stop at the foot of the bank. Relief gave way to amazement as I watched what followed.

The elephant put out his right fore leg, and the children crept carefully down. When he had safely placed them on the ground, he tramped into the water and began to bathe his dark body, whilst the children played on the bank.

His bath over, he came out of the lake, shook himself and flapped his long ears, and, having shaken himself until he was dry, he went towards the children and, putting out his leg again, they climbed up his leg, and with his trunk he raised them on to his back, when the wise old creature climbed carefully up the bank and went on his way home with his burden.

## MEMORY AND SAGACITY OF A JACKDAW.

FOUR or five years ago a very young jackdaw made his way down the chimney of one of the bedrooms of a large house in West Brighton.



The servants caught him and offered him food, which he took greedily, as if half starved; and, as he afterwards showed an inclination to be friendly and to stay on in the kitchen, they asked for permission to keep and feed him.

The lady of the house, who usually resides in town, was very glad to let them have what might be an entertaining companion to them during their long hours of leisure. So the daw became an inmate of the establishment, and learnt to prattle in a very diverting way on the objects and incidents of the kitchen.

"Who are you?" he demanded of all strangers entering that sanctum, including its

mistress, who usually went down to order dinner during her short visits to Brighton.

"Poor Jacky! Dinner for Jacky!" he used clamorously to repeat, when his empty stomach reminded him that one o'clock was approaching. Sometimes the cook, tired of hearing him, would say, "Hold your tongue, or you shall have none. If you are quiet I will give you your dinner." Then Jacky would reply, "Will you? Will you?"

At length, one day, after he had attained his full size, and long after they had supposed him thoroughly *homed* to the house, Jacky disappeared. There was much lamentation among his friends, and much discussion as to what could have become of him. Sometimes it was feared he had met an untimely end, sometimes it was suspected he had been stolen, sometimes it was suggested that he might have returned to his native woods.

But, in process of time, as he failed to reappear, and nothing occurred to throw light on the subject, the servants gave him up for lost, and ceased to speak or think of him. But they had not really seen the last of him.

One very cold day last winter, a peculiar noise was heard at the outer kitchen-door. On its being opened, a daw flew in with ruffled feathers and looking woe-begone. Placing himself on the corner of the table, he said, "Poor Jacky! Dinner for Jacky," thus making it quite clear that he was their old pet, who, after the absence of several years, had known how to find them once more, in his season of need. He was supplied with food, of which he ate ravenously, and then he flew away with a bit of bread in his beak, apparently to minister to the wants of his family.

He returned for his dinner every day after that, till the sweet spring weather came, and his natural resources were available once more. And, after appeasing his hunger, he would often sit half-an-hour with his hostesses, chattering in the most joyous way.

How delighted Jacky's friends felt at these proofs of memory and confidence in their kindness, on his part, need not be told. Their only regret is that they were unable to express to him their earnest hope that he will apply to them for assistance again, whenever he finds it difficult to make the two ends meet in his sylvan home.

E. G.

## VARIETIES.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC.—No. I.—(p. 271.)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

J U D A I C  
U N A  
L E G A T E  
I S T H M U S  
U T O P I A  
S C U L P T O R

\* \* \* \* \*

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC.—No. II.—(p. 271.)

BURIED CITIES.

B I V O U A C  
U J I J I  
R E T C R T  
I I  
E P I C U R E  
D R O S S

BEAUTY OF THE BIBLE.—I use the Scriptures, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.—Boyle.

## DOUBIE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals form the name of a noted river and a town upon it.—A town in Canada. A trick played off in sport. A Danish general who lived in the early Saxon times. A State in Africa. A festival of the Christian Church. A weapon.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## RULES.

- I. No charge is made for answering questions.
- II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
- III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.
- IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
- V. All questions must be brief, clearly worded, written upon one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.
- VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

## COOKERY.

**BABBY.**—Sorry we do not know the Norfolk Cake Coquilles by that name, but the Cross Cakes eaten in Cheshire on Shrove Tuesday are made of treacle and flour, flavoured with ginger and caraway seeds, and lightened with a little baking powder or carbonate of soda. The paste is made very stiff, and baked in thin layers, in large square tins. Each layer is marked in about three inch squares, and on each square a double cross, such as would be made with a two pronged fork, is marked; hence the name "Cross Cakes." "Mortar Boards" is a college cap, the name being a corruption of the French "Mortier"—a cap worn by the ancient kings of that country, and still worn by the President of the Court of Justice. It has a square board on the top of the close-fitting skull-cap, and is worn with a corner in front. The resemblance to the small boards carried on the top of the head of masons to convey small heaps of mortar to the top of scaffolds, while building, is the origin of the name in both countries.

## DRESS.

**ETHEL and PEARL.**—Two pretty fancy costumes are the "Watteau" and "Chelsea," in both which you can, as you wish, wear your hair powdered. The petticoat of the first-named should be short and plain, uni-coloured—of sky blue or deep red, or any colour to match with the flowers on the overskirt—which should be a sprigged chintz or satteen, with a white ground. The bodice high and cut square, the sleeves close to the elbow, and from thence wide and open trimmed—like the open square at the neck—with lace. Shoes with buckles, coloured stockings with clocks; flower in the hair and mittens on the hands. The over-skirt should be "bunched-up." The "Chelsea" much resembles the "Watteau," but may be entirely white.

**FOULIE BURGIN.**—For the making-up of your cashmere and hat, consult the "Dress of the Month." 2. Piercing the ears is said to benefit the eyes, but can only do so by the counter-irritation. Bathing the eyes with cold tea might be of use. Never face the light by which you work or read; let it fall only on your work. 3. Take Her Majesty the Queen as you subject, by all means, and we do not want another. 4. We do not believe that you could make a livelihood by crochet work.

**EMMY.**—The bride's wearing a travelling dress does not interfere with the ordinary costume of the bridesmaids. Short ones of light-coloured cashmere are the most in fashion at present.

**BEA.**—Brush the mud very carefully off the crape, and re-stiffen it by holding it over steam.

**MEUSE.**—We shall always be glad to hear from anyone who writes such a charming letter as that which you have sent us. Certainly—whether eventful or otherwise, whether occupied by little private home duties only, or amidst the greater excitement of a life of public usefulness—work done faithfully, and with a desire to "do your very best," is such as will be pleasing to God. We are unable to re-publish anyone's music, and could not rob the composer of "Twickenham Ferry." For your "Calico Ball"—if you be "short, stout, and fair," we think you might dress as one of the seasons. "Spring" and "Summer," for instance, are represented thus:—the former in pale green tulle, with flowers and a fringe of grapes round the tunic, and a necklace of daisies and grass; the latter season is arrayed in maize and red tulle, with wreath and trimming of poppies and cornflowers. The skirt should be of satteen in both cases, and the foundation of the bodice of the same seen through the tulle. The underskirt should be short and narrow, the upper one of tulle "bunched-up" at the back and reaching only to the knees, the sleeves open from the elbow. You might prefer, perhaps, to personate an ambulance nurse, and wear a black dress skirt just clearing the ground, high bodice of the same, sleeves to the wrist, linen collar and cuffs, the latter reaching nearly to the elbow, and a white muslin cap. The apron must be of white cambric, the lower edge being turned up so as to form pockets, with rolls of lint peeping from them. It must also have a square bib,

pinned up at the corners. The badge, a red cross (equal at all arms), must be sewn on a white band, and fastened round the left arm half way between the shoulder and the elbow. Another inexpensive costume would be that of a "Lady Help," which is only that of a very tidy-looking house or parlour maid.

**INDIA.**—We were much pleased with your nice grateful letter, and especially glad to hear that you are your own milliner and dressmaker. In this way you will save to as great an amount as any sum you would be likely to earn by selling work, which so many of our correspondents appear so anxious to do. Besides that, one is a certain gain, the other a mere chance one. Your pale blue French muslin may be made into an overskirt for evening wear, with a narrow short satteen underskirt. The muslin should be "bunched up" all round behind, like a "Watteau," and the size of the flowers for this style of skirt will not signify. The sleeves should be close down to the elbow, and hang loose and open, (like a deep frill or flounce) from thence. Line the bodice and sleeves with the satteen—the muslin will look well over it—and cut the neck square in front; a little white Breton lace edging it and the sleeves all round. You can wear mittens of white, black, or blue with it. Little buckles on your shoes would look well, and wear blue thread or blue cotton stockings—with clocks, if you can get them.

## WORK.

**BLANCHE.**—See answers to your query in those to other correspondents.

**NETTY.**—The knitted quilts about which you inquire may be made in squares or diamonds. Mrs. Geo. Cupples, of Edinburgh, has written a small sixpenny book on counterpanes, &c., for which inquire. For your other questions see correspondence page.

**LIZZIE C.**—1. We do not understand why you cannot transfer on to your pattern. Perhaps your black tracing paper is worn out. 2. The monogram "A E I" is Greek, and means "For ever."

**PUSSIE.**—It is allowable for you to compete for all our prizes.

**ROSA GROSS.**—Write to Miss Hiles for information at the Australian Silk Depot, 3, Charles-street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**IDA.**—1. Unbleached linen is the best material for beginners in crewel-work. 2. Too late now to plant crocuses.

**AMELIA GILMOUR and ANNIE BUSH.**—Consult "My Work Basket" for hints on bazaar work.

**NELLIE (Bournemouth).**—1. The night-dress seams must be on the inside. It will be sufficient if the lady with whom you reside will certify your work. 2. We consider that warm drinks assist, and cold retard, digestion. Besides, the vital heat needs to be kept up. Bread is cold, and warm nutritious fluids should be taken with it. Cocoa is a good drink, if you object to tea and coffee.

## ART.

**JENNIE.**—Some articles will be given on this subject later on.

**ROSEBUD.**—There is nothing so good as white jean for pen-and-ink drawing. You might, however, try a coloured piqué, or satteen.

**ELIZABETH.**—A strong solution of Epsom salts is a good way of imitating ground glass. You must insert ferns between two panes of glass. Why not try "Vitremanic," which is quite successful, and the windows can be washed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**"VERE CASSILLIS."**—We are very sorry that we have no prescription to give you for changing the red shade of your hair. But, comfort yourself with the assurance that many admire it, and the Old Masters delighted in depicting their beauties with glowing locks. Keep your hair beautifully smooth—not frizzy; plait it, and make it into a coil at the back of the head, and wear pale blue, black, white, violet, or sage green. Beside, your manners might be so attractive, and all your words and ways so gentle, sweet, and kind, that the colour of your hair would never be thought of—quite lost in the generally agreeable impression produced by that greater and better part of you, the heart and mind.

**MILLY MAY.**—We thank you for your kind letter and strong expressions of approval of this paper. We wish you all success in the practice of your profession, and happiness in the new sphere of life into which you hope shortly to enter.

**CONSTANTINE.**—1. Charcoal may be used occasionally as tooth-powder. Your second question has frequently been answered. 3. We have no recipe to offer you for making hair grow long without thickening it. 4. You should pronounce the first z in an Italian word as a t; not the second. 5. We are not disposed to alter the arrangement of our paper; others appreciate the illustrations. 6. Your handwriting is bad and often illegible.

**PRACTICAL.**—We can only advise you, as we have recommended others, to endeavour to procure trade orders at shops. We do not think that ladies ever wear crochet edgings, but have known of its sale at a shop, and suppose it was for children's clothing, or the lower classes. The Society for the Employment of Women is at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

**PENNE SELLE.**—1. There is no fixed intrinsic value for

a newspaper dated 1688. 2. We cannot make promises about more articles. We are glad you like the paper so much.

**A READER.**—We do not know of any book giving answers to questions given at former examinations of competitors wishing to enter any Post Office Savings Bank.

**MARIE S.**—Very old, as your cat is, its fur is very likely to come off. Take care to give it no greasy food, no fat—and very little meat; which latter should always be cooked. Milk and water sop, and this rather warm, is the best food for it. You would write better if you had a better pen.

**MABYN V. TRELAWNY.**—You must get the frame, or foundation of the screen, at some fancy-work shop, and gum the pictures upon it yourself.

**GENTIAN.**—Damp your hair, and then plait it firmly in many small plaits.

**A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.**—1. "Pitman's system," contained in three small manuals, is considered the best. Up to a certain point you might teach yourself. 2. The paper in which flowers are pressed needs frequent changing.

**EMMIE.**—Your method of feeding your white mice appears to be right.

**J. M. F.**—You do not state what kind of tortoises yours are. If the common, they may live in the garden, and eat vegetables.

**WILHELMINA and BERTHA.**—1. No, the two pieces of music which you name are not sacred. 2. You should say "Bet-hoven."

**AN INQUIRER.**—1. The word "pattern" is pronounced exactly as it is spelt. Were there but one t, it would be pa-tern, the a sounded as in the alphabet, and as in the word "pail"; there being two t's, it must be sounded as sheep say "Baa"—Pat-tern. People who drop the r in the word must be quite illiterate people, and those who say "patrun" or "patteren" speak with an "Irish brogue." 2. All great heat applied to the hair is injurious to it.

**ALICE W.**—1. See answer to "Iris" in No. 9 of this paper. 2. You will find answers to your question all through our correspondence. See "Martha," No. 6.

**EMMA.**—We thank you for your kind letter, and refer you to answers previously made to your queries.

**A NORTH COUNTRY LASSIE.**—It is not well to practise singing before breakfast, nor just after a hearty meal, nor when suffering from a severe cold.

**WILD ROSE.**—You cannot remove moles on the face without unsightly scars.

**CATOR.**—We are quite unable to tell you who wrote the doggerel lines you transcribe. It is nonsense likewise. How could "endless rest" "decay"? It seems like a verse from some village tombstone.

**VIXEN F.**—Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck were not poets, they were amongst the "Old Masters," some of whose paintings may now be seen in the Royal Academy. Titian was an Italian, and Rubens and Vandyck were Flemish.

**MILLEY.**—See answer to "Isoline." It is somewhat difficult to find an expert to value coins. They vary respectively from time to time, as there are more or less in the market.

**LAURIE.**—In writing verses, two grand rules must be remembered: the uniform number of feet in lines that correspond; and the fall of the beat, or emphasis on precisely the same foot in its corresponding line. In eleven places you have a foot too many; and according to the emphasis with which you begin, the beat falls wrongly throughout. Abbreviations are inadmissible, and so are double negatives, even in a quotation. Study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, published at 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**EVELINE.**—Your mirror frame may easily be made to resemble ebony by the application of the black enamel paint spoken of in the paper on "The Girls' Sitting Room." You must first have the frame thoroughly freed from dust, taking great precautions to remove this from all the indented parts of it, then well wash it in hot water with soap and soda, the least grease being very inimical to the enamel paint. When your frame is quite dry, shake the bottle well and pour some of the contents into a little cup, then use it on the frame, as you would any other paint, with a moderate size brush; if you are not quite contented with the degree of black, wait till it is quite dry, and go over it again. So little of the enamel is used in the process that you will find it very inexpensive. Take care to wash your brush before putting away. A gold line added to the inner part of the frame would be a great improvement. For this, purchase the liquid gold, shake the bottle, and pour a little of the liquid into the glass sold with it, put in this a little of the gold powder and stir well together, and apply the mixture with a brush. You might try the effect of this on your mirror frame, and if not so great a success as you wish, cover it all with the black enamel paint afterwards.

**SNOWDROP.**—We have given directions for bleaching ivory in our answers to correspondents, to which we refer you. Try to spell correctly.

**A MOTHER.**—There are three ways of re-footing stockings:—by sending them to the manufacturers, (who often charge as much for each as for a new pair), by knitting, and by grafting. The two latter methods will be fully described in a special article to be shortly inserted. We are surprised at your failure with the knitting; you have probably not



chosen proper needles or wool. Articles on washing will also appear in course of time.

**POOR GIRL.**—Read carefully Medicus' article on "Health and Beauty for the Hair," and thank your Sunday school teacher for us.

**E. A.**—There are many books of easy sacred music for the pianoforte. Ask your music-seller for one containing selections of melodies from the oratorios simply harmonised.

**A READER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."**—If you care to write a polite letter to us, we will with pleasure answer your questions.

**EXCELSIOR.**—You write such a nice letter that we feel we would like to give you everything you ask for. Certainly you shall have a pattern for a pretty holland apron and sleeves. You have already had some antimacassars and fringes, and have been told all about the hair by our doctor. We cannot give you the music of "Twickenham Ferry," as that is published separately. We only care to find space for music that has never been issued before. Of course, we do not approve of tight-lacing. Your handwriting is very odd for a girl. Do try to improve it, and then write to us again.

**LORTI.**—Thank you very much indeed for your interesting and kind letter. Of course we shall not read your essay until the time comes for it to be examined with the others. You have taken a very good subject, and we are glad to find that you so thoroughly appreciate the many virtues of the noble woman upon whose life you have been writing.

**ALICE DODD, Blackburn.**—You have asked us a lot of absurd questions, which of course we do not intend to answer; but, before consigning your letter to the waste paper basket we wish to ask you to learn the spelling of the following easy words: raspberry (you had it rasberry), whose (whos), amiss (amis), right (write!). Also we might men-

tion that you mix the singular number with the plural, punctuate in the wrong places, omit capital letters, and write a disgraceful hand. It would be wiser of you to try to improve your education instead of "reading jollie novels."

**IVY.**—There is more than ordinary promise in the verses you have sent us. We are sorry we cannot help you in the other matter.

**F. B.**—Weakness in the eyes.—Many young people suffer from this complaint, and in nine cases out of ten it is constitutional, and no external remedies would cure it. The best thing F. B. can do is to take no notice of the actual inconvenience, further than to bathe the forehead and eyes three or four times a day in cold water, and take ten drops of tincture of iron three times a day, after meals, in half a wineglass of water.

**BEATRICE** is informed that a girl of sixteen and a half years of age ought to have eight hours' sleep, and that soap with a little alkali is recommended. We cannot mention any special soap. We have not read the book to which you refer.

**MAGIE.**—1. There is no sequel to the book you mention. 2. The song "I had a message to send her" is composed by Blumenthal; the words by Adelaide Proctor. 3. You write with a bad pen, and you ought to write copies daily, if you wish to improve your handwriting. Keep a dictionary by you when writing a letter, as your spelling is so bad. The final "e" is dropped in the adverb truly, and in the active participle, as a general rule; the exceptions are few, and should be learnt, and your grammar is at fault. We advise you to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue" by Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**ANDROMEDA.**—1. The new postage stamps as now printed are very much cheaper than the old ones, and they have the advantage of a colour that is not

of a poisonous nature. 2. St. Leonard was a hermit and confessor of the 5th century.

**DAISY CHRISTIAN.**—You need only to refer to the table supplied in every book of Common Prayer to see that it is not "legal to marry your uncle." Your own parents could have told you that, without having to refer to us.

**MARY.**—You should advertise for an appointment, if you wish to be an organist. Possibly you might meet with an advertisement in some musical publication; or the minister of the church you attend might make inquiries for you amongst his clerical friends.

No. 7 will find directions for the colouring of Easter eggs amongst our answers to correspondents.

**LILLY and JESSIE.**—"Erin-go-bragh" is Irish, and signifies "Erin I love thee."

**GERALDINE ST. MAUR.**—We regret that we cannot supply you with addresses. Apply at some ecclesiastical furnishing shop.

**IGNORAMUS.**—The "Wandering Jew" is by Eugène Sue; and the best life of the First Napoleon was by his secretary, Bourienne. We do not give either addresses or prices.

**TURQUOISE.**—We have given several answers to questions like yours. Your writing needs much improvement if you propose being a teacher yourself; and you should never subscribe yourself "Y's, &c."

**PUSSY III.** is referred to our correspondence for advice as to removing ink stains from linen.

**VIRE.**—We regret to hear that your sister, being unable to enlarge the design given, according to the simple process followed by all our competitors in the fancy work department, will not be able to enter the list this time. Perhaps, after a little practice, she will succeed in her efforts to compete on the next occasion. To win a prize must always be a matter of some difficulty.



### JUNETTA.

"June is the month of roses."

ROSES! bright roses everywhere—  
God's love come down to earth.  
He fain would have His children share  
These gems of floral birth.

Roses upon the cottage wall,  
When morn smiles young and fair,  
Seem like a silent angel's call  
To rise for early prayer.

Roses upon the cottage wall,  
When evensong draws nigh,  
Like Adoration seem to fall  
Beneath the calm blue sky.

Roses within the sweet hedgerow  
Invite the youthful hand,  
Whilst older hearts more tender grow  
As deeds of love are planned.

Roses within the dainty vase  
Beside the sick girl's bed,  
Like faces loved, through prison bars,  
An untold gladness shed.

Roses upon the maiden's cheek—  
God ever keep them there!—  
Blush out the love she longs to speak,  
Yet trembles to declare.

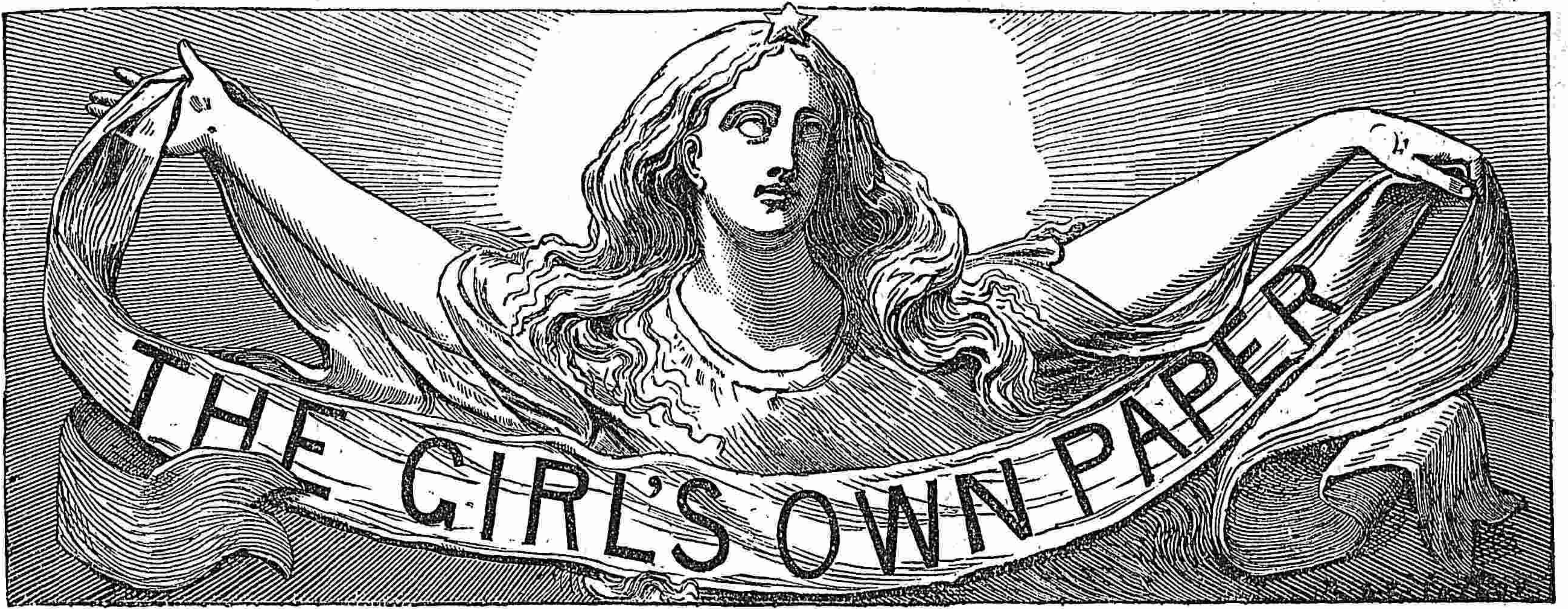
Roses around the young bride's brow—  
The sweetest June may bring—  
Attest with joy the nuptial vow,  
Sealed with Hope's signet ring.

Roses, *unthorned*, a pathway spread  
Beneath her untried feet;  
God send far hence that day we dread,  
When rose and thorn shall meet!

Roses, though fading, do not die,  
For e'en in death they live,  
And gently still to passers-by  
A soothing fragrance give.

Roses! June roses everywhere—  
God's love come down to earth,  
To crown, of all the year most fair,  
Our Rose Queen's day of birth.





VOL. I.—No. 19.

MAY 8, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA:

### OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### PAUL GETS A LETTER.

THE dining-room of the Vicarage looked pleasant and cheery as Paul entered it one wintry evening. The firelight fell brightly on gilt picture-frames and cornice, on warm carpet and crimson curtains, and, more than all, on a large easy-chair that looked cosily inviting by the fireside.

Paul, a weary and an anxious man, flung himself into its capacious depths, and wondered where all the inmates of the house had vanished.

But repose was the urgent requirement of the moment. He leaned back on the pillow and watched the fire sparkle and glisten between the bars.

Not long rest was there for him. Josh opened the door with a silver tray in his hand, on which lay a letter.

"For you, sir."

"Thank you. Where is everybody gone, Josh?"

"Master is out at a vestry meeting in the parish. Miss Annis is in Master Fred's room, reading aloud."

She were reading when I carried up his tea, and she hasn't stopped yet. I'd ha' been hoarse as a crow if I'd been going on so long. Miss Keith was here in this room just now."

"Not since I came in."

"She were here half-an-hour ago, when I brought in coals, playing with Frisk, the black kitten, and going into fits of laughter as she watched it run after its own tail, and she did say, sir, Fisk was the only thing in the house that had any fun in it," added





Josh, with a grin, as he drew the curtains and lit the gas. "I think Miss Keith have gone down the garden, sir; for here's the glass door on the latch," was the lad's surmise as he left the room.

Paul set himself to examine his letter. It bore the Seabright post-mark, was directed in a sharp, angular woman's hand, and inside were the written invectives of Selina White, milliner. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—I have been waiting and waiting in the hope of hearing of your nuptials with my young friend, Zara Meldicott Keith. I wrote to the dear girl inquiring the cause of delay, when—guess my horror!—she tells me you are not even betrothed to her. Sir, this is not what I expected from you, not what Seabright expects from you.

"Why did you take the child from my protection? You talked of the danger that might assail her as singer at a public 'music hall'—said she would be safer in London with your friends. Was this a mere subterfuge? You are subjecting her to far greater cause for censure. Let Zara return to me at once, and go back to her old life, unless you can assure me that her marriage with you is arranged. Sir, I thought you a friend and trusted you. Why should you injure a poor orphan girl, whose only fortune is her good name?"

Paul read over the letter many times until he felt the little milliner had some excuse for her reproaches, that she had a right to push inquiries. Then he crumpled the epistle in his hands, thrust it between the bars, and brooded moodily over its contents as it vanished in white ashes and sparkles.

"Injure Zara!" muttered he, under his breath, "I would not do so for worlds! My whole life has resolved itself into one overwhelming desire to do her service. Why am I so misjudged? I have sacrificed my true love—my own Annis. I have lost the friendship of my best friends, and yet, is still more required of me?"

He decided on going into the garden to find Zara. Perhaps she also had heard from "Selina White, milliner."

The large glass door opened down to the ground, and thus formed a private entrance to the vicarage gardens, and through this Paul made his exit.

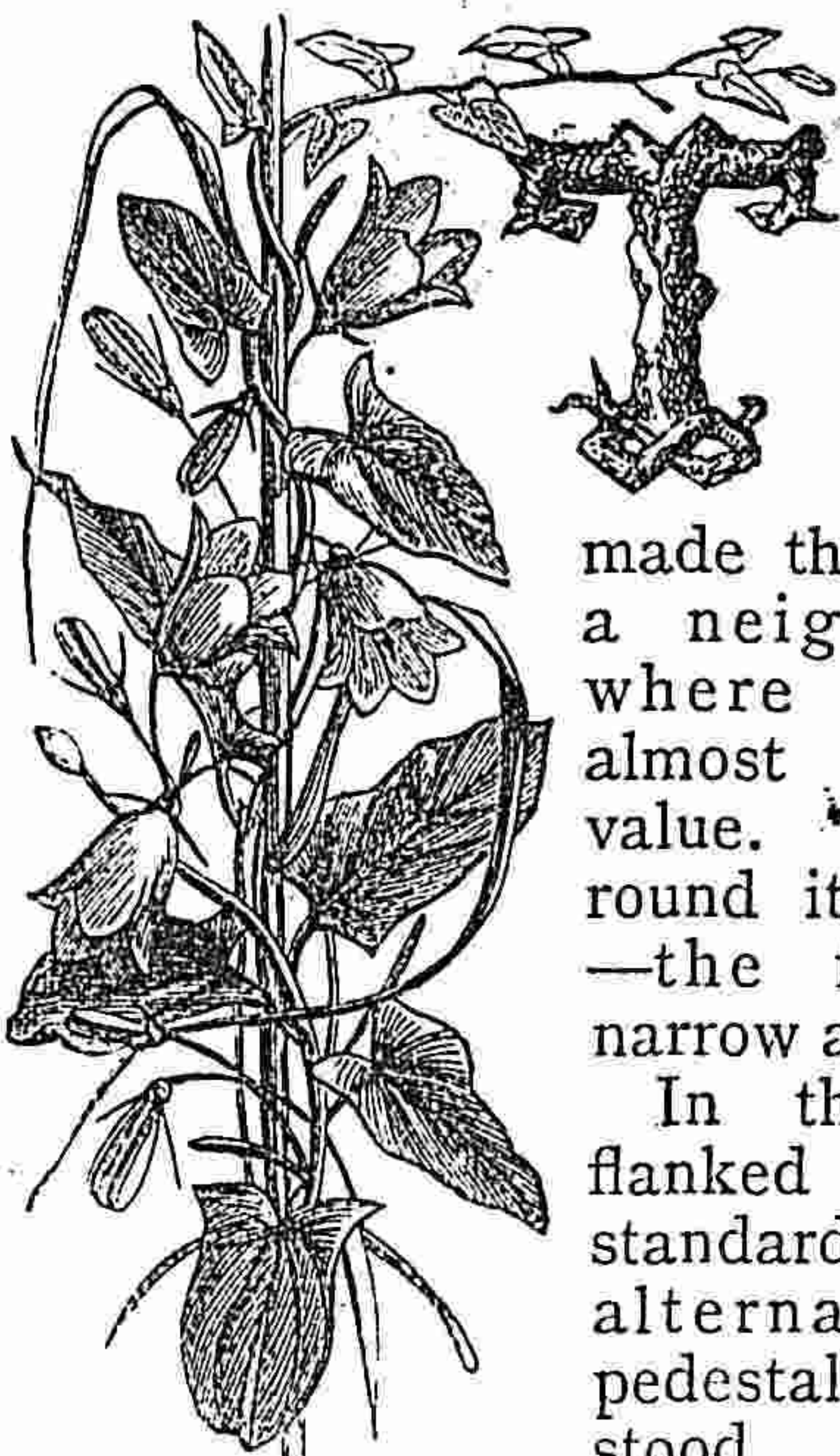
The moonlight slept on the gravelled paths, bringing out glimpses of pale light from the hard frost particles that crisped the grass and sprinkled the trees.

Just such another moonlight evening as that on which he had first seen Zara. Then it was early autumn, and he watched her rambling along the Seabright sands, leaning on the protecting arm of Tom Woods, tenor singer of the "music hall."

He had been troubled and perplexed about the girl then, but, alas! now, the trouble had but grown deeper, more intensified. The perplexity had increased tenfold, and he could not see his way out of the maze, look on whichever side he might.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## ONE STEP MORE.



THE garden of the Vicarage was long and old-fashioned. It had been made the most of in a neighbourhood where land was almost fabulous in value. The walls round it were high—the flower-beds narrow and stiff.

In the middle—flanked round by standard rose trees, alternated with pedestals, on which stood terra-cotta vases, radiant with flowers in summer—was the now neglected croquet-ground. Some of the hoops still lay on the grass, reminders that pleasant hours had once been spent there, that happy faces and bright eyes had gathered round to enjoy the intricacies of the game.

At the lower end of the garden were dwarf apple trees and espalier pear trees—the latter looking like bare, many-ribbed skeletons in the moonlight.

In one corner, under a beech tree, stood a gaunt old summer-house made of rough branches and thatched with straw. There was a seat inside and a round table, both of rustic workmanship, and from this building Paul heard sounds of a clear voice executing an elaborate shake in a subdued tone.

He looked in and saw Zara sitting there with the end of her red scarf thrown over her shoulders, her head resting against the rough back of the summer-house, her eyes fixed on the full moon, and her voice giving forth a *crescendo* run.

She rose up hastily when she saw Paul.

"Why are you sitting out here in the frosty air, Zara? You will catch your death of cold," said he, reproachfully.

"I don't suppose I shall get any harm, Mr. Tench. I only came out to practise over some songs."

"Why should you run the risk of doing that?"

"I had a fancy for trying if I could remember a song or two, and I daren't raise my voice so late as this in yonder great, gloomy house."

"Do you then find it so gloomy, my poor Zara?"

"Gloomy! I should think I did. It's fairly horrid! It's enough to dash all the spirit out of one's life."

"I am sorry you think thus."

"How can I help thinking it? You are out all day long. Miss Venn is mostly shut up in her brother's room. The dear old vicar is only to be seen at rare intervals, and I can't be always at my learning."

"I ought to have thought of this before, Zara."

"It is just like being in prison, only

there isn't any jailer," added she in a pettish voice, and with a toss of her handsome head.

"Your experience of London has disappointed you, I fear?"

"I haven't had any experience of it at all. I might as well have been in the sandy and arid wastes of Sahara, about which Miss Glasson was holding forth this morning. I never go anywhere except to church or down in the hateful district with Miss Venn, where the people are low and dirty, and impose on you at every turn. I detest districts," added she, impatiently.

"I am sorry you have found it so dull."

"It was livelier at Seabright. Sometimes I long for a run along the beach or—or a sight of the boards of the old music hall."

"I am glad you have spoken to me thus, Zara."

"Are you? I thought you'd be awfully angry."

"I like to know your true opinions. Have you heard from Miss White?"

"A few days ago. She wants me home again." The girl held down her head, and a bright glow visible in the moonlight rushed to her face.

"Do you wish to go back?"

"Not yet, at any rate."

"I have had a letter from Miss White this evening."

"Really! Has she any news?"

"She suggests a plan by which most of what you complain may be changed or removed."

"How nice that would be!"

"You will be able to go where you like, see what you like, and perhaps your experience of London may become more endurable. What do you wish most to see?"

"Everything. Theatres, concert-rooms, music halls, show places, public gardens, picture galleries, the parks, the streets, and Covent Garden Market. There are twenty more things, but I can't think of them all at once," said she, laughing merrily enough.

"You shall go to *some* of these places, but I must ask you a question first. Will you consent to the plan Miss White suggests?"

"You must tell me first what it is." But she turned away her face, consciously, as she spoke.

"Can you not guess? I could not let you go about London alone. You must have a protector. Will you give me the right to be your companion?"

"How, what do you mean, sir?"

"Will you consent to be my wife, some day? Do you think you could love me sufficiently, my child? Would the thought make you happier?"

"Sir, you frighten me. Why do you talk so solemnly about love?"

"Is it not a solemn thing?"

"I always supposed it to be the very sunshine, the joy, the poetry of life, and should never understand it, if it came to me in doleful guise."

"It comes to people in different moods I suppose. To me it seems to be a very serious subject. Will you consent, Zara?"

She looked up at him quickly, fixed



her large lustrous eyes on his face for a moment, then turned away.

"Do you really wish me to consent, Mr. Paul?"

"Should I ask you if I did not? You know I take a deep interest in you, and if my life, devoted to you, will add to your happiness, it shall be yours. You need not tell me in words, a pressure of your hand will be consent. Shall it be yes, Zara?"

He grasped her fingers, there was a pressure for a moment, a slight trembling pressure, and then her hand lay chill and passively in his.

"Thank you, Zara, you shall not regret your confidence in me, and we will have a happy future together, I hope. Don't turn your face away from me, child. You are not crying, surely! This is a weakness I never expected from you. Be brave. We must talk of our future plans."

"Not to-night, Paul please; not to-night."

"Does your promise make you sad, Zara?"

She turned her tearful eyes towards him, gave a quick smile, and moved away with a shiver.

"Let us go indoors now; I think I have been out too long and have taken cold, and the air is so frosty," said she, quickly.

"One more word. We must love one another, help one another, and bear with one another. That was our compact on Seabright sands, you recollect."

"We made no compact about *loving* one another," added Zara, impassively.

"No, that has been added since, and will give a rich, deep glow of happiness to our compact, I hope."

"Oh, Mr. Paul, I feel so unworthy of your love! All the goodness, the generosity comes from you, and I am a poor, weak, silly creature."

"Hush, hush, Zara! your love will make ample amends for all."

"I never thought before how serious a thing it is to promise to love any one," said she, trembling, "and I don't pretend to understand it now."

"It will all come in time," replied Paul, encouragingly.

He wrapped the red scarf closer round her shoulders, threw the end over her head like a hood, stooped down to look into her eyes, pressed her icy-cold lips, then drew her hand within his arm, and they walked slowly over the deserted croquet-ground towards the house. The frosty moonlight rested on their pale cheeks, and the crisp, ice-bound grass crunched and crackled at every step they took.

Paul paused outside the glass dining-room door, and pointed to a shadow reflected on the blind.

"Annis is there; we will go in and tell her of our betrothal."

"No, no, not yet, Paul; I could not bear it, and she might not be pleased. You can tell her yourself, if you choose, but I will not. I am going straight up to my own rooms, for I have a headache, and have taken cold, I think."

"Supper is ready," urged Paul.

"I don't care for supper, and I could not eat. Good night, Paul."

He tried to persuade her, but she broke away, her eyes flashing, her manner agitated.

"Good night, sweetheart," exclaimed she, standing a little distance away, laughing, and waving her hand. Then she darted up a flight of steps to the back door, and was speedily lost from view.

Paul opened the dining-room door, thereby startling the vicar, who was seated at the supper table, carving some cold meat.

"Is that you, Paul? You look like a moonlight spectre, stalking in from the garden at this hour. I thought you were out in the town somewhere."

"No, I came home early this evening. How does Fred seem?"

"No better, I am afraid, poor fellow! What will you take—some beef?"

"Is Miss Keith coming in to supper?" asked Annis, presently.

"No; she is gone to her room with a headache, or cold, or something of that nature. She told me to make an apology for her."

"Is there much the matter?" asked the vicar, with an air of interest.

"Not much, I believe." Paul's face reddened as he bent over his plate, and when he looked up he met Annis's grave eyes fixed on him curiously.

"Is Miss Keith too ill to eat? I will take a sandwich or two up to her room."

"Indeed she does not want them. She told me distinctly she would not have any supper."

By and by the vicar laid down his knife and fork, and said he would go to have a chat with Fred before prayers.

Annis rose from the table at the same moment, and was about to leave the room; but Paul went towards her quickly, and said in a voice he meant to be very firm, but failed—

"Don't go away yet, Annis. I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Paul?" There was a troubled, questioning look in her sweet eyes.

"I have asked Zara Keith to be my wife, and she has consented."

It had come at last—the event so expected, so dreaded.

Annis drew herself up and tried to smile; then saw how pale Paul had grown, and her smile died away to great sadness. How foolish and silly this all was!

If Paul and Zara were going to be married, surely they were doing so with open eyes, and knew what was best for themselves.

She must crush down her emotions, hide the wild throbs her heart was giving, keep back the tears already brimming in her eyes.

"Won't you congratulate me, Annis?" He did not raise his head.

"Of course, I congratulate you—if it makes you happy."

"You don't blame me very much, do you?"

"Why should I blame you, Paul? This seems the natural result of the events of the last few months."

"You expected it?"

"Certainly—most people did. Paul, I hope the choice you have made will bring you lasting good. May you both be happy in your lives here and happy in the life to come."

Her voice was failing. The effort she had made had not brought her the composure she needed, and she hurried to leave the room.

But he caught her hand, bent over the trembling white fingers, and pressed his lips fervently on them.

Annis drew her hand away with gentle dignity, turned to the door, so as not to meet his eyes, and said in a rapid manner—

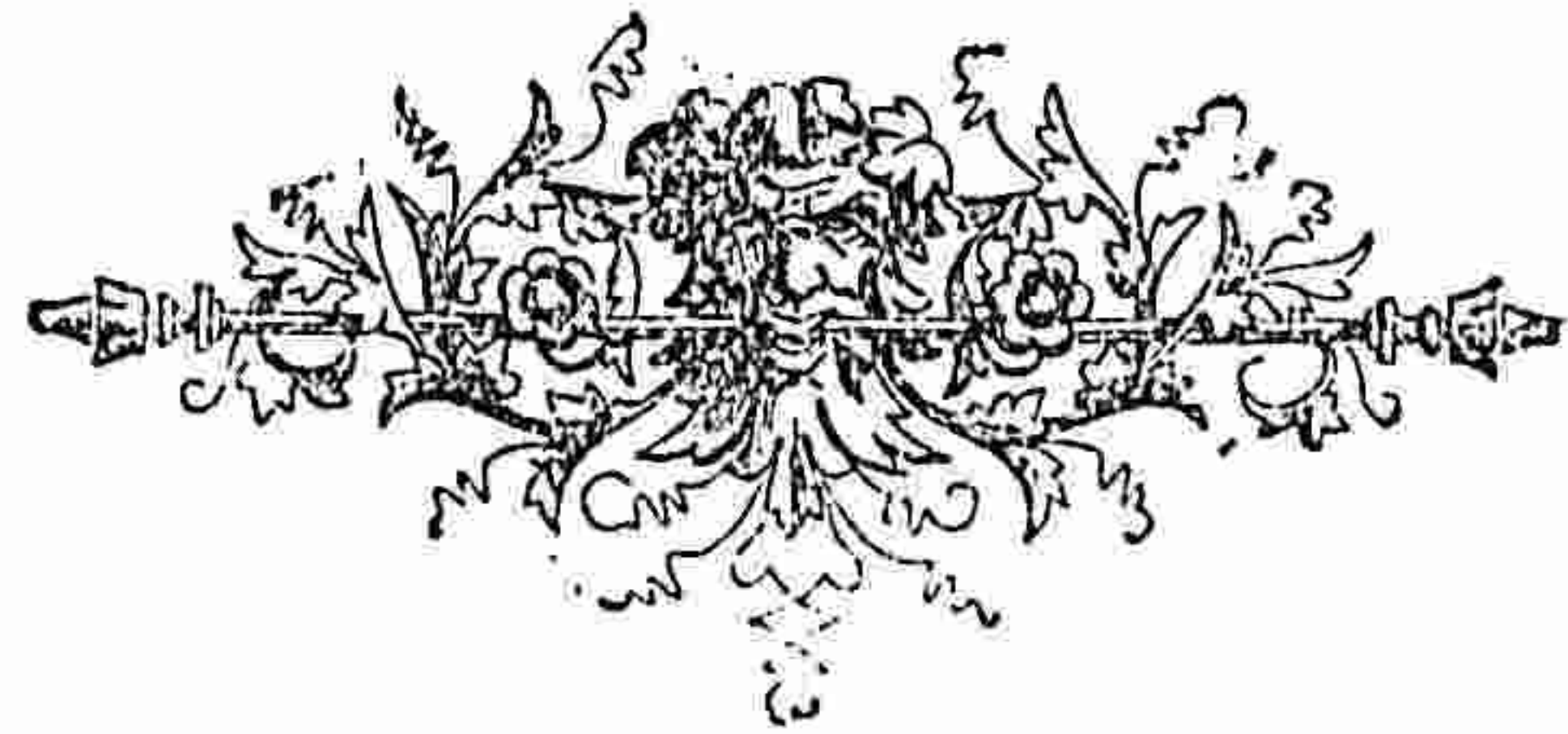
"If I can help you in any way, don't hesitate to ask me, Paul, my dear brother!"

"Be kind to the poor girl for my sake."

"I will—oh I will."

In another moment she had gone out of the room, and Paul stood alone, blaming himself that he had not given Annis more of his confidence, that he had not asked her to be his adviser, his counsellor. He hardly knew what he would have asked, but the opportunity had slipped past, and could never be recalled.

(To be continued.)



## MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

HAYDN, when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care; had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Frederick II. had given him a diamond ring, and Haydn declared that if he happened to begin without it he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate. After all these minute preparations he began by choosing the theme of his subject, and fixing into what keys he wished to modulate it; and he, as it were, varied the action of his subject by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance.

Gluck, when he felt himself in a humour for composing, had his piano carried into a beautiful field, and thus enlivened his imagination.

Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the solemn stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth. Surrounded by a party of friends he composed his operas, and as the ideas presented themselves he seized and embodied them.

Paisiello composed his "Barbier de Saviglia" and "La Molinara" in bed.

Sacchini declared that he never could compose except his two favourite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.



## WHEN I WAS A GIRL.



1823

"TELL you about when I was a girl, my dears," you say.

Well, it is not (or, at any rate, it does not seem) so very long ago. Yet what changes in modes and customs and habits have come to pass. It does not strike one till the mind reverts, now and again, to some especial peculiarity.

When I was a girl we wore our frocks off our shoulders and our arms bare. How odd it would seem to the Beatrices, Mauds, Ethels, and Louises of the present time, to adopt this style—in ordinary, you know, in the house, and all day long.

"Keep your shoulder in your frock!" was the constant admonition; those unfortunate shoulders had such a habit of pushing off the top of the dress—low on one side, while the other would be unduly covered. More often than not the culpable shoulders would receive the chastisement. Our mothers believed in corporal punishment in those days, and no doubt the bare backs of the saucy young culprits were tempting.

The Mauds and the Ethels were not in vogue when I was a girl. Betty, Jane, Maria, Amelia, Harriet, Caroline, were the customary names bestowed at birth. Charlotte and Rose were favourites, Eliza by no means despised. Indeed, I should not be surprised if revolutions were to be effected in this direction ere long. We have really a surfeit of Victorias, Alices, and Ethels. I have had more than one servant named Blanche; and, the other day, in a mews, I heard a very grimy little Beatrice summoned to take care of a no less grubby Albert Victor. The Bettys and Jennys, and Rosies of other days will have a turn again, it strikes me, ere long.

How disgusted you would be, this Christmas time, if you had to stow away yourself and your pretty muslins and sashes, when going to an evening party in one of those dreadful conveyances which took the place of cabs when I was a girl.

Oh! the horror of the stuffy, bad smelling, damp, rattling old dilapidated box upon wheels, in which, however, some of the most delightful visions of my childhood were conjured up. The very sound of the horrid old machine, with its clattering windows and the steps that let down with a bang, was a sign that something unusual was a-foot;

and the many-caped husky-voiced driver was, to our eyes, a harbinger of delight, as we antici-



1825

pleasures, and things which would seem to you all very small matters for rejoicing over

pated the pleasure of an evening spent with our cousins in the remote region of Kentish Town or Hampstead.

For you see, dears, when I was a girl a little of everything went a long way. We did not live so fast. Folks, old and young, were contented with smaller



MAUD.

were with us the ultimatum of our desires.

I am not going to maunder, and say the old times were the only ones worth living in.



1825

There are many benefits and comforts which science has obtained for us that we are doubt-

less the better for: but we knew nothing of these, and I do believe we made more of what we had, and, as I say, made a little go a great way.

Why, the visit to Hampstead was a journey in those days. There was no express train to whirl you away from the City in less than an hour—not permitting you to make acquaintance with any of the interesting objects on your road. These in themselves made part of the pleasure to us, as we travelled leisurely along in the stage (perhaps on it, if fine weather tempted us, with a kindly protecting arm about us), and listened to a hundred pleasant anecdotes and little scraps of traditionary tale or local history, which ever after associated themselves in our minds with that happy day and its pleasures.

When I was a girl there were cupboards and window seats. It is not possible you can any of you know the delight to be yielded by these treasure stores.

Many of you very likely do not know what I mean even by a window seat. It was the recess formed under the window by the thickness of the walls (which were very thick in those days), and these, being fitted with lids and locks, made capital lockers or box-like receptacles to stow away all sorts of miscellaneous articles.

Fancy the pleasure of rummaging out one of these on a wet day or a snowy morning, diving into the depths of a cupboard of which the key had been coaxed from mother. It was "mother" and "father" in those days. Papa and mamma were *French*, and as such to be avoided. We did not run after foreign manners and customs when I was a girl.

But to my cupboard and its secrets. The pieces of embroidery, stiff with gold and silver thread, the long-forgotten sampler of some aunt in her girlhood—all tent stitch and herring-bone and wonderful pre-Raphaelite cottages and trees; the black and gold shades of grandfather in wig and tasseled Hessians; the brocade silk petticoat, which veritably stood alone; the mighty hanks of thread, of all colours, and tangled skeins of crewel; the spencer and poke bonnet mother wore when she was a girl, in which we would array ourselves, with shrieks of laughter; the port-

folios of coloured prints and caricatures of celebrities long since departed.

Then the bag of pieces; this last, what a windfall for the patch-work! Also we believed in our dolls. I know some of you, darlings, have higher ambition now. There are classes, and colleges, and curriculums (which should end in, if fancy) and examinations and degrees and what not.

Well, dear girls, I hope you are the better for them all. Happier you cannot be



1839



1839



than we were, sitting, often cross-legged, I fear, in our dear window seat, with our dolls and our patchwork. We read our Rollin and our Cham-baud too, mind you, and could do a rule-of-three sum with the best of you.

But we were not above a game of hide-and-seek, or trap-bat and ball, or follow-my-leader. I am

gauze ribbon, and flowers, sometimes feathers. Not unfrequently they cost a guinea apiece; they were worn by all married ladies, who, besides, however good and plentiful their own hair might be, wore fronts. These were a sort of half scalp, parted in the middle, with bunches of curls on each side, and tied about mid-way on the top of the head, the separation being hidden by the cap.

These fronts, of course, required to be curled constantly, and they were sent to and from the hair-dresser's in small oblong boxes, of dark-spotted bluish paper. Some notable ladies dressed their own fronts, which were papered up and baked in the oven. Great was the mourning and scolding consequent on the singeing, which would often-times result from forgetfulness of the



WALKING DRESS—then.

not talking of babies. We were children, you know, till we were fifteen; wore our pinafores and our arms and necks bare; and were slapped, too, soundly often, as I have said, till we were seventeen. And we were "girls" till twenty.

We had no croquet, no Badminton, no rinks, no GIRL'S OWN PAPER, no sewing machines, no female "colleges," no lady "professors." But we were very happy.

For one thing, when I was a girl, we saw more of our parents. Our fathers lived nearer their business; they could not run to and fro to London so easily. There was less visiting, more home life; so our mothers were with us more.

I fancy the presence of the cupboard tells a good deal. These were all over the house. They pervaded it. In every room they were to be found—book closets, china closets, store closets, china cupboards, corner cupboards. They had strong locks, and bright finger plates on the doors; and within, such stores of good things! Our mothers were not above looking to all domestic matters. You see shops were few and far between; every house had to provide its own supply to some extent. House-keeping was a reality and a thing to study in those days.

I sometimes wonder whether the girls of to-day fare as wholesomely, on the productions of Messrs. Mixum and Pestum, as we did in my time, on the home-made stores of those dear old cupboards, whose very aroma seems again

to fill the air, as it did when a certain jingle of keys announced to us that mother was at the store closet; and what a rush followed to get a glimpse into the mysteriously dim recesses and their hidden treasures!

When I was a girl caps were believed in. Not the pretty little knots of ribbon and lace which have lately come into fashion, but real structures, built up of net, blonde,

maid servant who had been charged with the care of the precious scalp.

Babies never appeared in public without their caps. Pretty little frills of lace the borders were, with tiny blue or white satin bows between. Certainly these did set off the dimpled tiny faces to the best advantage.

There was one sight most exciting and attractive to us when I was a girl, which you, dears, are not likely ever to see, even though Fashion, in the turning of Time's hour-glass, does bring round many old customs to be new again.

I mean the starting of the mail coaches at eight o'clock every evening from the General Post Office—His Majesty's mails. It was the "King" then; you cannot remember the time when it was not always "Her Majesty," can you?

They used to come down the road, at a fine, dashing pace, the four horses tossing their heads proudly, the coachman and guard in their scarlet coats, the horn sounding, and everyone running to doors and windows to see them pass. It was quite an event, at least to us children.

In those days, you see, a letter was an event. People did not prepay them, and when



WALKING DRESS—now.

you received one from some absent friend it cost you at least a shilling. Fancy that! having to pay a shilling to the postman every time you get a letter now!

Of course it followed that people did not write unless they had something worth saying. So when one did receive a letter one knew it meant real news, and we were eager in proportion. A letter then was composed of a large thick sheet of paper, written closely upon every one of its four pages, hardly room left for the address. We had no envelopes, the letter was sealed with red wax and a fine seal. We girls used to beg seals off the letters, and save them up, just as some of you save up used postage stamps nowadays.

Perhaps you would fancy, dear girls, that the days were slow, that time hung heavy on our hands. Indeed it never did. We had our own little interests, small you may think



ETHEL.



EVENING DRESS—now.

them, but they were nearer home, and very dear!



EVENING DRESS—then.

but real structures, built up of net, blonde,



Our friends could not run away so easily, people changed their residences seldom, so we saw more of each other as neighbours. This word, once signifying a great deal, has lost much of its force and meaning of late years.

Our servants stayed longer, and we grew fond of them, and they of us. Each one depended more on the other, I fancy, for comfort, convenience, and happiness. So, perhaps, there was more homeliness, more unity.

But you must not fancy, dear girls, that I am making less of the times you live in. I know how very precious many of you are in your home circles; and, perhaps, some day in the future you may be looking back, with yearning hearts, to the time when *you* were girls.



### SEEMING.

THE rising and the setting sun,  
How grand a theme to think upon!  
Type of strength and type of duty,  
Of beneficence and beauty.

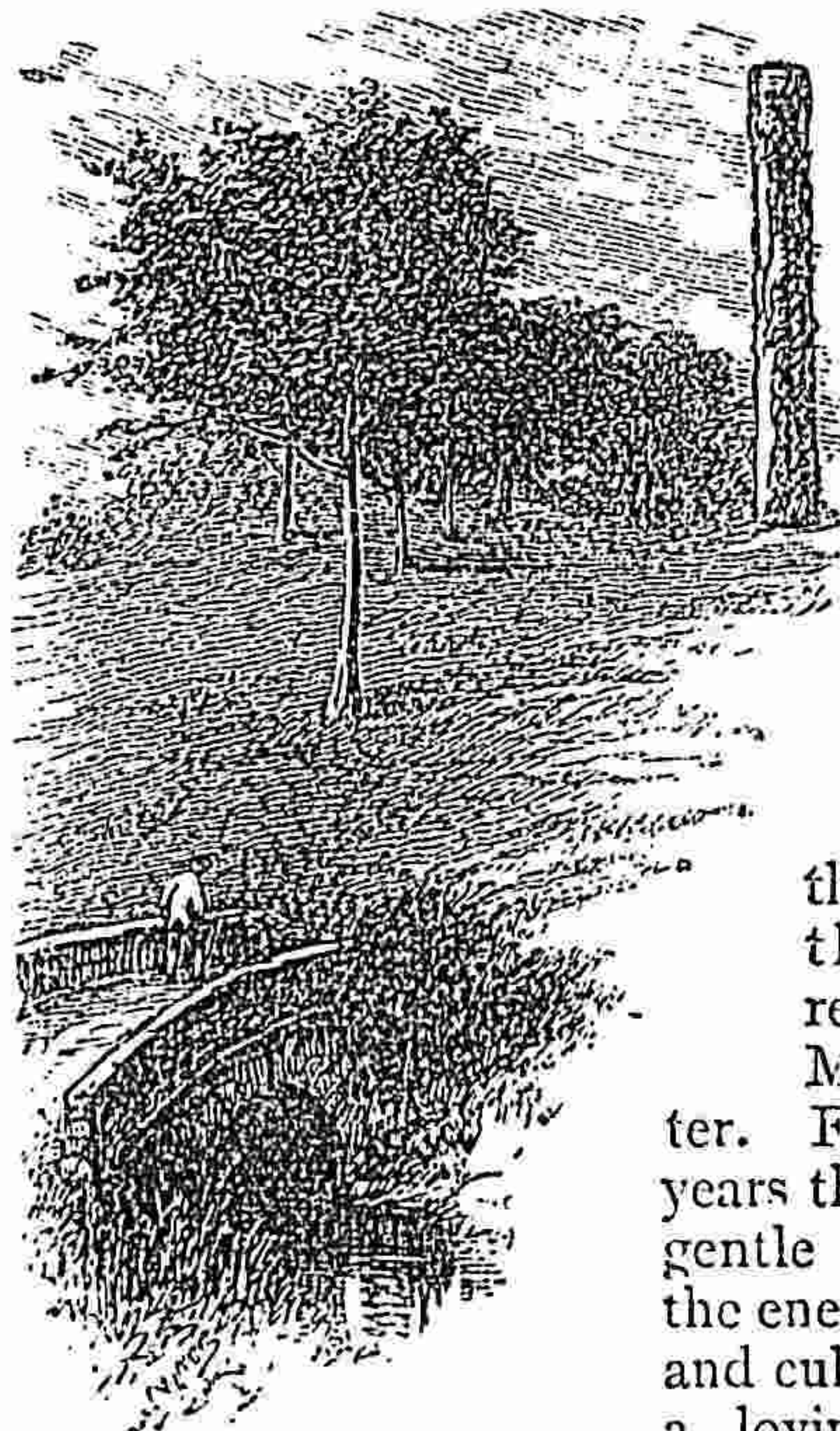
And yet the bright and gorgeous sun  
But *seems* his giant course to run;  
He *seems* to set, he *seems* to rise,  
He *seems* to move before our eyes.

This earth again, that's firm as rock  
(So firm it seems to fear no shock),  
Spins like a top, and darts through space,  
As if it ran a headlong race.

And as it greets the orb of day,  
Or turns its shadowed face away,  
It is the sun that *seems* to rise,  
Then seems to set—to mortal eyes.

### MARY CARPENTER.

(EXCELLENT WOMEN.—III.)



If any of our readers desire to know how much it is possible for a woman to do by self-devotion to the noble work of helping the poor, the ignorant and the wretched, they should read the life of Mary Carpenter.

For nearly fifty years this brave and gentle soul gave all the energies of a pure and cultivated mind, a loving heart, and a dauntless patience, both to personal superintendence of the details of schools, reforma-

tories, refuges, and prisons, and to the public discussion and organisation of great national schemes for alleviating distress, promoting education, and succouring the most degraded of her fellow-creatures. Not only in England, where she was in constant communication with the Government, and where her wise counsel was sought by statesmen who desired to establish schools and to prevent crime, but in the chief countries of Europe, in America, where she was known as a powerful and fervent opponent to slavery; and in India, where in her latter days she succeeded in establishing normal schools for native girls, her name was mentioned with reverence and love.

Our Queen received her as a friend, and on one occasion presented her with a copy of "Our Life in the Highlands," the book written by Her Majesty. Inside the cover was to be seen "To Mary Carpenter from Victoria R." The Princess Alice had already become her associate, and had written, acknowledging the improvement she experienced in her society.

The extent and variety of this gentle woman's work was marvellous, for even while she had still to preside over her refuges and reformatories she was writing books and pamphlets on the question of free industrial schools, prison discipline, the training of neglected children, and was addressing public meetings on these and other subjects in which she was earnestly interested. Her correspondence was so extensive that it would have made an ordinary person's occupation, and she had numbers of visits to pay and to receive, yet she found time to cultivate close and dear friendships, to establish a sweet personal influence over the boys and girls whom she had helped to rescue and to reform; and to snatch occasional hours of delight, either while drawing and sketching (in which she was remarkably proficient), or by writing sonnets and verses, some of which have been published, and in which she seemed to find fitting expression for the tenderness and spirituality of her inmost thoughts. It was this true womanly gentleness and purity of soul which distinguished Mary Carpenter, and was the source alike of her marvellous endurance, her untiring zeal, and her remarkable success. No one can look even at the portrait, which we are allowed to copy from her published Memoirs,\* without seeing in the lofty brow, the penetrating yet kindly eyes, and the firm but sensitive mouth, how truly feminine she was, although she undertook work which required strenuous exertion, and frequently brought her into contact with repulsive details. Her love for children was deep and practical, and when, by the death of her mother and afterwards of her dear sister Anna, she was left much alone, this maiden lady, who had already been entitled "Mother" by many women and children both here and in India, adopted two little Hindu boys to be her particular charge. She had previously taken and cherished an English girl who had grown to womanhood under her care, and the two orphans received from her friends in the far East would have grown up under her gentle tutelage had she been spared, but after a life of constant care for others she passed quietly away one evening soon after her seventieth birthday. At her funeral, amidst the large assembly who truly mourned her loss, the two little dark-faced lads stood, hand-in-hand, weeping—weeping bitterly.

It is well to note among the characteristics of Mary Carpenter that even the smaller feminine traits were not wanting. When an elderly woman, and preparing for her first journey to India, she writes to her brother a

letter full of fervour about the mission which she had so long been hoping to accomplish, and in a half humorous manner says, "I feel some female weakness in looking at my things all getting ready and looking nice;" and on another occasion she remarks on the elegance of the lace worn by a lady at some meeting. With the simplicity of life and manner, she had artistic and delicate tastes, and her study was full of memorials of places she had visited, or, what was of more interest to her still, of people she had loved, and the anniversaries of whose lives or deaths were marked by some special object, and also by fervent and prayerful remembrance.

Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter on the 3rd of April, 1807, and was the eldest of five children, two sisters and three brothers. Both her mother and her father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, were of old Nonconformist families, and belonged to a section of dissenters, the members of which, while they decline to subscribe to the central doctrines of orthodox Christianity, appear in some cases to do so from misconception of Scriptural truth. We conclude that this was to some extent true of Mary Carpenter, whose early associations with a different teaching could not prevent her possessing much of that spirit which is known as Evangelical. In this country and in this age there is a diffusion of gospel light, by which many are unconsciously influenced who, nominally, do not receive certain distinctive truths of the Christian faith. Dr. Carpenter, her father, was an earnest and devout man, and Mrs. Carpenter was a woman of earnest piety, whose habit of rigid self-examination was to some extent repeated in her eldest daughter, whose occasional diary and the prayers and reflections which she wrote for her own private record of her spiritual life show an almost painful sensitiveness, which, in a less laborious and sacrificing life, might have resulted in an unhealthy self-consciousness. But the Carpenter family had plenty to do after their removal to Bristol, which happened when Mary was ten years old. Her father then became one of the ministers of Lewin's Mead meeting, and at once began to extend his work in a lecture room adjoining the chapel by the establishment of a Sunday-school and by aiding the formation of a literary and philosophical institution.

Dr. Carpenter's house, where he had some youths as pupils, was a centre of intelligence and Christian culture; and even at an early age his daughter Mary entered with delight into studies which included Latin, Greek, mathematics, and the elements of physical science and natural history. In 1820 Mary and Anna were, as their mother said, "two complete, schoolboys," and each had been at the head of their respective classes. "Mary has very great influence among the boys, and, with her gentle voice and mild but firm expostulation, can maintain an astonishing degree of order amongst them." On an occasion when her father was ill she was able to carry on many of the lessons. One of the schoolfellows who then assisted her was James Martineau—now the Rev. James Martineau, D.D.—who says: "I well remember the kind of respectful wonder with which, coming from free and easy ways with my sisters, I was inspired towards the sedate little girl of twelve who looked at you so steadily and always spoke like a book; so that in talking to her what you meant for sense seemed to turn into nonsense on the way. There were traces on that grave young face, if my memory does not mislead me, of an inward conflict for ascendancy between the anxious vigilance of a scrupulous conscience and the trustful reverence of a filial heart, tender alike to the father on earth and the Father in heaven." This was she who long afterwards, on December 31st,

\* "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter." By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Macmillan & Co.



1836, wrote—"It is my earnest and greatest desire, if God sees it well in His own good time that it should be so, to devote my life to the blessed employment of aiding the poor and destitute. I feel sure that I should most cheerfully give up for this all other employments and pursuits; but, as in all things, so in this, I must wait for the pointing of His Providence." But by this time she had entered into the work, aided by her mother and sister. In 1835 a society was formed for visiting the homes of the poor, a system of district visiting was organised, and Mary Carpenter was most active in seeking the worst cases. Two or three years later, in the gallery of the chapel, she could look up and see families decently clad, with their fathers, whom she had rescued from the lowest state of misery by reclaiming them from intemperance and bringing them to the house of prayer. But she ardently desired to establish a domestic mission to the poor similar to that which had been founded in Boston in the United States of America. It was not till 1838 that this was commenced, and in 1834 and 1835 she had lost some of her young friends by death, and she herself regarded death as so little to be dreaded that she fell into a strange kind of melancholy, which found expression in verse, where, rising again to her thoughts of active duty, she wrote:—

"Live in the power of an eternal life!  
'Twas thus the Saviour, dwelling  
still on earth,  
O'ercame its cares and sorrows, toil  
and strife,  
And thus His followers of the  
second birth,  
To whom immortal hopes and joys  
are given,  
Fear not to die:  
The holy ties of earth can ne'er be  
riven;  
For soon, on high,  
The ransomed shall with Christ par-  
take their purer bliss in heaven."

We have not space to tell of her many ways of benevolent activity, but the part she took in the Ragged School movement must not be passed over. In 1846 she opened a school at Lewin's Mead, Bristol. Early in 1847 two hundred of the lowest and most lawless children assembled there, and by the end of 1848 five hundred children had passed through the school, and the Government inspector declared that he did not know of any other ragged school where there was so large an amount of intellect and well-directed effort exerted to raise the school, to train up self-acting beings. But Mary Carpenter was an experienced, an interesting, a loving teacher. She could go alone into the courts and alleys, and straying children, even the rudest boys, would obey her beckoning hand. She delighted in unfolding the Gospel story. "A truly happy evening with my class" (of poor youths), she writes at the close of one Good Friday—"who were with me for nearly two hours dwelling on the scenes of the last day of the Saviour's mortal life, without appearing in the least wearied. Indeed I had to make no effort to control them or to keep up their attention."

Is it any wonder that for years she received messages and had frequent meetings with men and women, some of them prosperous and many of them happy, whom as youths she had helped to rescue and to save?

"I have always treated my class with courtesy," she wrote, "and have always received from them respectful courtesy in return. Although some of them have been in

prison, and I have have seen many in the lowest condition in the streets, yet there is now little in their deportment when in class to remind one that they are not intelligent scholars in an ordinary Sunday-school. I have never but once heard a vulgar word, and then there was a cry of 'Shame!' from the others." Her book on Ragged Schools was received, as it deserved to be received, with great attention, and opened up that correspondence which was afterwards to lead to such great results in enforcing on the attention of the Government the need of a national system of education for the children of the poor. But her care was still for the most neglected part of the population, for the children who had been committed to prison, or who were likely to become criminals if nobody took them in hand. Even places like her Ragged Schools, which contained provisions for lodging vagrant destitute boys, and were made to represent a system of education and elevating influences, in which pleasant play-

into her life, but her faith and trust were bright, and her work was resumed. She had then entered into the question of convict life, and the necessity for a better regulation of prisons and the punishment of criminals—a subject which she pursued with her usual strong good sense and unwearied patience. But she was weary, and had been looking with longing eyes to India, where she desired to establish native schools for girls.

For the narrative of her first visit to the East, in 1866, when above sixty years of age, and of her subsequent visits to India and to America, as well as the busy work at home in her later years, we must refer to the volume in which her life is recorded.

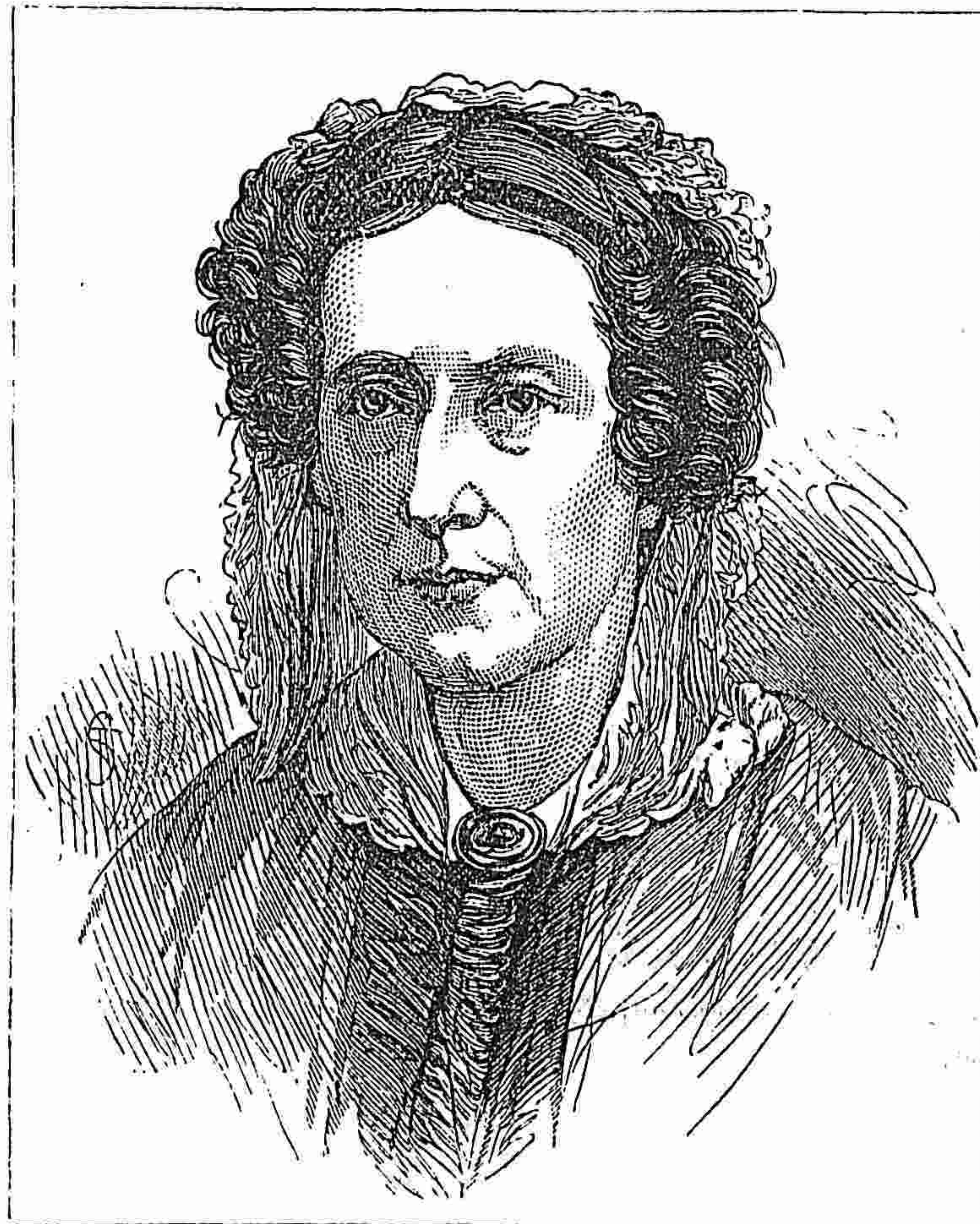
Another deep sorrow had befallen her in the death of her beloved sister Anna (Mrs. Herbert Thomas), and again her sensitive nature was borne down by grief, which only her enduring faith and trust relieved. In writing, at the close of the following year, 1873, in her journal, dated Dec. 31st, almost the closing words are, "May all pride and self-esteem be fused in the love of Christ, my Lord. May the spirits of the blessed ones, last and tenderest memory, my darling Anna—art thou near me, my Anna?"

The death of her brother in America was the next link which drew her nearer to the heavenly kingdom. On the 16th of July she proposed to visit her elder brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in London. In the evening she met a friend in the street near her own house, and had a conversation on topics of public interest. She entered the house, and went into her quiet study where she wrote to a later hour than usual, exchanged the usual nightly greeting with her adopted daughter, and with her gentle smile lay down to rest, and found it in the life eternal. On Thursday, the 19th of June, her body was laid beside those of her sister and her mother in the cemetery of Arno's Vale. Of herself she had once said, "There is a verse in the Prophecies, 'I have given thee children whom thou hast not borne,' and the motherly love of my heart has been given to many who have never known before a mother's love, and I have thanked God for it." It was surely fitting that the memorial of such a life in Bristol Cathedral should be inscribed with words written by

Dr. Martineau, who so well knew her worth and work, "Sacred to the memory of MARY CARPENTER, foremost among the founders of reformatory and industrial schools in this city and realm. Neither the claims of private duty nor the tastes of a cultured mind could withdraw her compassionate eye from the uncared-for children of the streets. Loving them while yet unlovely, she so formed them to the fair and good as to inspire others with her faith and hope, and thus led the way to a national system of moral rescue and preventive discipline. Taking also to heart the grievous lot of Oriental women, in the last decade of her life she, four times, went to India, and awakened an active interest in their education and training for serious duties. No human ill escaped her pity or cast down her trust; with true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ to seek and to save that which was lost, and bring it home to the Father in Heaven. Desiring to extend her work of pity and love, many who honoured her have instituted in her name some homes for the houseless young, and now complete their tribute of affection by erecting this memorial.

"Born at Exeter, April 3rd, 1807.

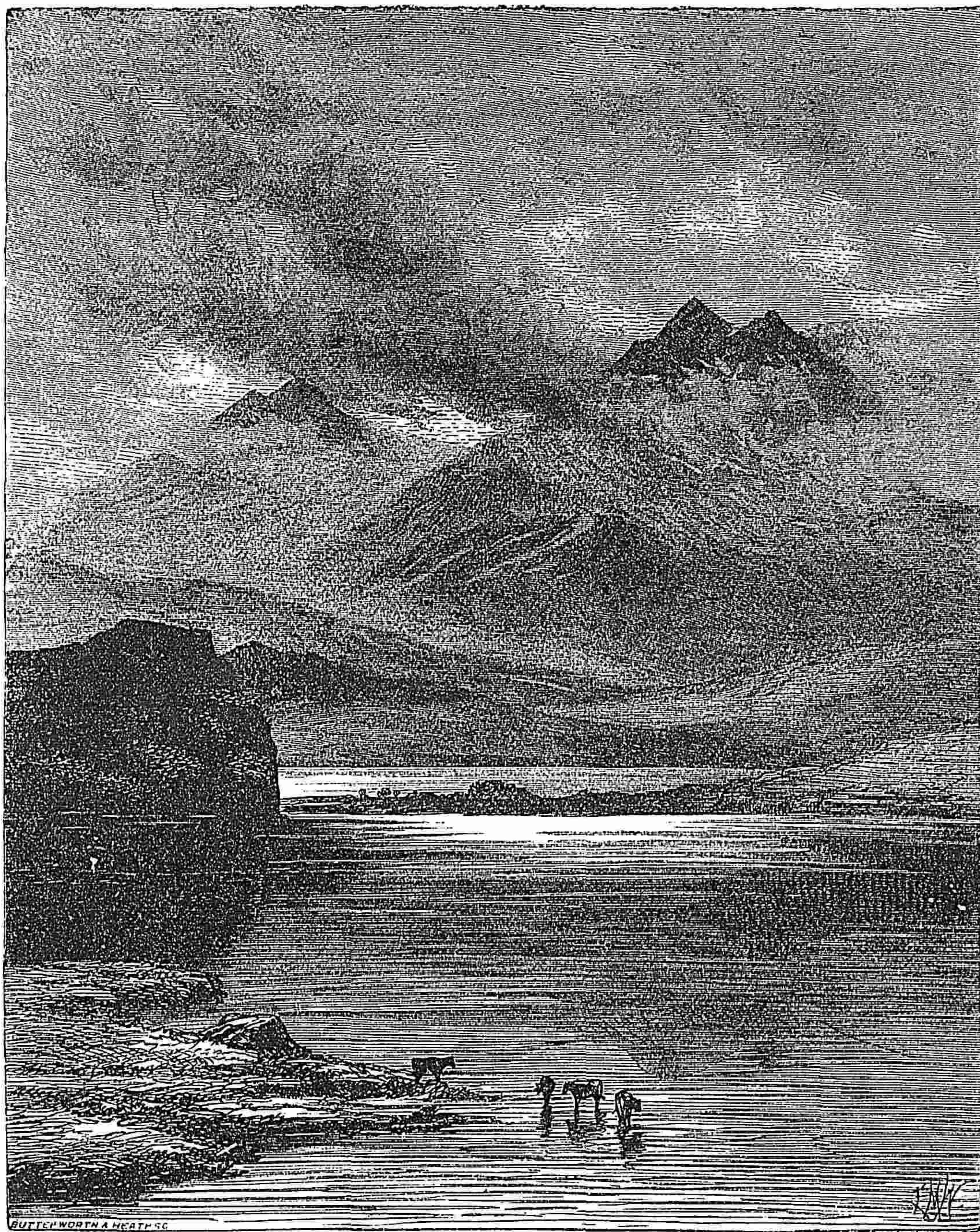
"Died at Bristol, June 15th, 1877."



grounds were not forgotten, were inadequate to deal with the great need; and in her book on Reformatory Schools, finished in 1851, she advocated the establishment of Free Day Schools, Feeding Industrial Schools, and Reformatory Schools, to take the place of prisons. Such a school as the latter, and with it a "farm," on which the children worked, she herself founded at Kingswood, near Bristol; and to the work of this and the Ragged School and her classes she devoted herself, with intervals, during which she was engaged in public appeals, correspondence, and the promotion of other great efforts for the benefit of women and children. Another building, known as Red Lodge, was afterwards purchased by the aid of her friend, Lady Byron, and to this the girls were removed from Kingswood, where the boys remained. Some time after the establishment of this school, she writes in her journal, "Some trouble in reconciling feuds rankling in the minds of some of the younger ones, but succeeded at last. When harbouring bad feelings they never venture to kiss me."

The death of her mother in 1856, and afterwards of her good and dear friend, Lady Byron, brought much gloom and darkness





## FEEDING THE DEER.

Words by JOHN HUIE.

Music by JAMES RUSSELL, D. Mus., Oxon.

*mf* Not too fast.

VOICE.

Where the lone lake, white and still, Sleeps be - neath the moun - tain's sha - dow,

PIANO.

*mf* *p*



*cres.* Comes a voice a - long the hill, Sing-ing, Sing-ing o - ver moor and mea-dow,  
*f*  
*Echo. loco. 8va.*

*cres.* *rit.*

*Faster.* Wak - ing e - choes, wak - ing e - choes on the lea:  
*f* *p*  
*p* *Echo.* *p*

"Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low me, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low me."  
*f* *8va.* *Last verse.*  
*Echo. pp* *dim.*

2

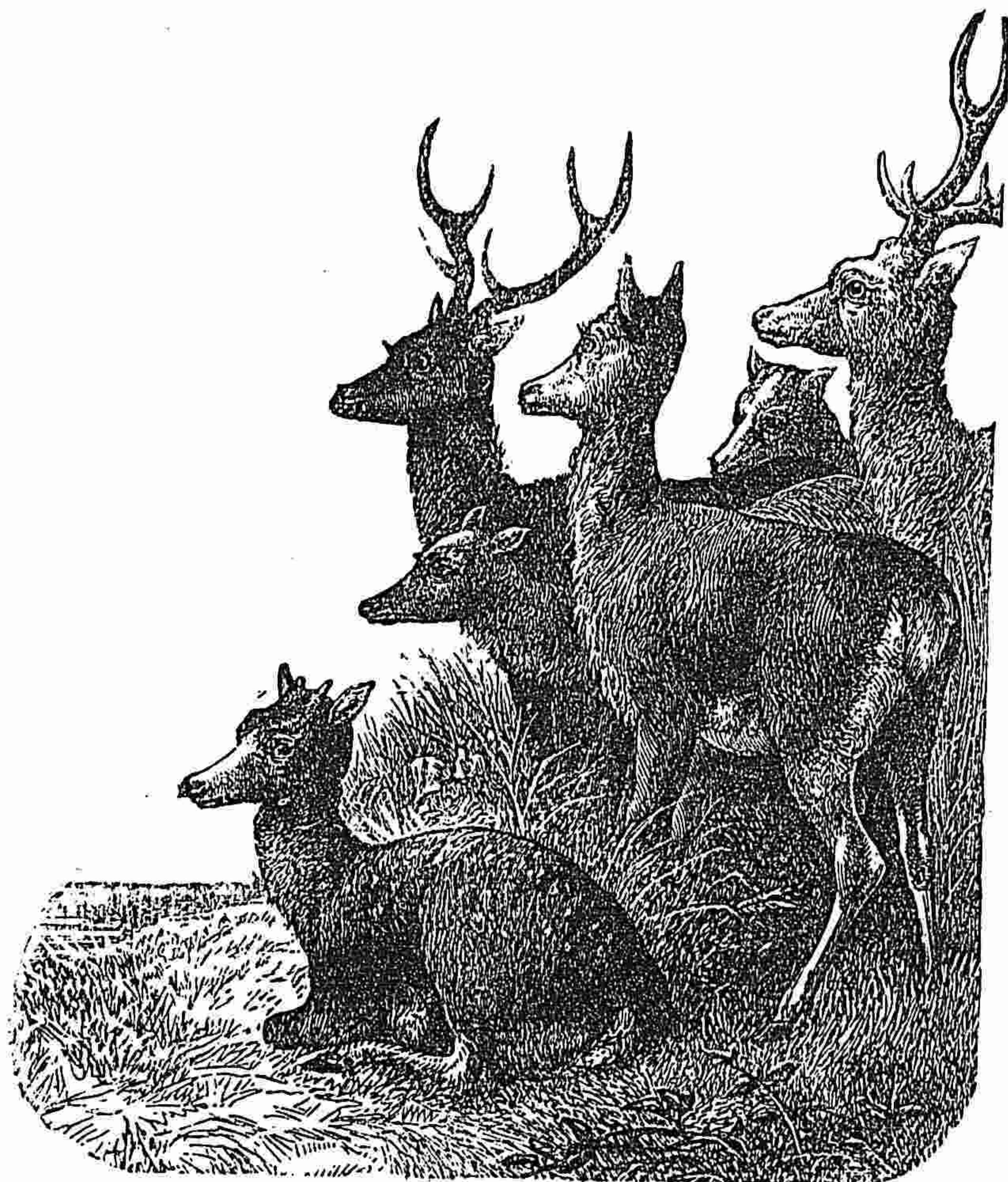
From the windy mountain-side,  
 Wooded glen and ferny hollow,  
 Where the fawns at noonday hide,  
 Fearlessly they come and follow,  
 When her voice comes o'er the lea  
 "Follow, follow, follow me."

3

Timid, gentle-eyed, and slim,  
 Lightly from their couch of heather,  
 Beautiful and fleet of limb,  
 Fearlessly they come and gather,  
 When they hear upon the lea—  
 "Follow, follow, follow me."

4

When she comes adown the dell,  
 With her sheaves of dainty laden,  
 'Tis a form they know full well;  
 And they love the Highland maiden  
 When she sings across the lea—  
 "Follow, follow, follow me."





## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆAUS BANKS,  
Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.



HESBA'S letter created no small stir. There was an intense feeling of thankfulness that the silence was broken, and the whereabouts of the girls known, but that was considerably modified by the circumstances attending their removal, and the long miles placed as barriers against free intercourse. Then Hesba's recognition of Dinah Smart, first at Crewe and later at Euston, set conjecture afoot and threw open the gates of discussion. And as the kind old lady read of Hesba's inability to send her letter to post for lack of a stamp, or a penny to buy one, she broke down, and, in a choking voice, said, "I never expected a grandchild of mine would come to such a pass? I would have taken care they had pocket-money if I had only known they were kept without. It was poor dear Fanny's fault that I did not know. If she had not talked to the girl of my narrow income Hesba would not have been too delicate to tell me. Nay, I might have had the girls safe under my own roof now. But if *that* heart-ache's past remedy, pocket-ache is not. I'll see she is not short of a postage-stamp. I suppose she would have had no paper either if the desk I gave her last birthday had not been well filled. I am glad I had the sense to stock Mercy with drawing materials at the same time, or the dear child's chief delight would be gone. And what sort of a place is this Bloomsbury Square the shabby fellow has taken my darlings to, I should like to know?"

"Mak' yer mind easy on that score, Mrs. Stapleton," quoth Mr. Forsyth, who had made sundry visits to London over the publication of his medical works, "Robert Mason maun aye have a big house an' fine furniture to show off; let him pinch and screw in the pockets an' pantries oot o' sight as he wull. They are a' tall braw hooses in Bloomsbury Square, (for, by-the-bye, the kitchens are in th' cellars underground, and canna be healthy or light), an' there's a town gairden railed off in the centre o' the square, with a statue as black as ink keepin' guard ower its respectability. An' its no for savin he'll be keepin' the lassies short, or he wad hae saved himsel' the cost o' their maintenance a'thegether, I'm thinking. He's no just minded to gie the lassies th' means o' rinnin awa, or writin letters to their friends. An' if ye tak' my advice, ye winna send Hesba mair than a few stamps till ye're sairtain whose hands they'll fa' intil."

Grandma Stapleton shook her head, as

if she fancied the canny Scot over-cautious, but she thought otherwise when her epistle to Miss Stapleton, stamps and money order included, came back to her through the dead letter office, marked "not known." It was another addition to her fund of perplexity.

Meanwhile Hesba and Mercy were equally anxious for news from Woodside, and when days multiplied themselves into weeks without bringing any other answer than "No, miss," to the daily inquiry, "Any letters for me?" the former grew especially uneasy.

It was Mercy who put an end to this state of things.

A few leaves clung persistently to the trees in the enclosure, but October had scarcely a gleam of sunshine left to show how grimy and dingy they were, for the month began to look awfully like November. Jemima, the maid who waited on them, was bringing in their luncheon tray. Just then the postman's sharp rat-tat drew Mercy to one of the windows of their first floor sitting-room, whence she could watch him make the circuit of the square. "Dear me!" she cried, as he passed the door, "It is very strange Grandma Stapleton does not write to us."

"Stapleton!" echoed the young woman, in surprise. "A letter did come for a Miss Stapleton two or three weeks ago, but we didn't take it in. That would not be for you, Miss, would it?"

"Of course it would," answered Hesba, provoked at what she considered Jemima's stupidity. "For whom else could it be?"

"Well, miss," replied the maid, apologetically, "Mr. Mason said as if any letters came for his daughter they was to be given to him, so we thought, to be sure, your name must be Mason too. There was Mason on all your luggage, miss."

"Mr. Mason is only my stepfather," explained Hesba. "My name is Stapleton; and I shall expect to receive my own letters," added she, with quiet decision.

"I say, Hesba; do you think Jemima let it slip out on purpose about Mr. Mason wanting your letters? She must have known our names," said Mercy, when the girl was gone.

"Perhaps not, my dear. He never speaks of us except as Miss Hesba or Miss Mercy, or my daughters; and Mr. Capper has taken the liberty to call us by our Christian names since we came to London."

"And I saw that Mr. Mason's name was on all our luggage."

"Well, my dear, that does not matter now. I must hurry over luncheon, at the risk of indigestion, to get an explanation off to grandma by this afternoon's post."

Hesba had a rapid flow of words, and wrote a bold, clear hand. As her pen flew over the paper she was unaware that Mercy, at the side table, was as busy with her pencil, until she folded her letter and began to address an envelope.

"You can put that inside for grandma. Tell her it is my letter."

"Well, Mercy, you have really made a capital likeness. Grandma will be as much pleased with your letter as with mine," and Hesba pressed a hasty kiss on the other's cheek.

Mercy's "letter" was just an impromptu portrait of Hesba at her desk, by no means wanting in spirit or in ability.

"And what have you said to grandma?" was Mercy's inquiry as they were hastening across the square to the district post-office in Holborn, close at hand.

"Oh, I have told her to send her letters to the post-office in future; that Mr. Mason and Mr. Capper go into the City every morning now, and that we think he has an office there, and that Mr. Capper let out that his uncle will look for a house in the spring, so there can be no intention of going back to Liverpool. And I told her of the pleasant hours we spent in the Museum, of the friendship you had struck up with Miss Agnew in the student's gallery, and of my interview with the secretary of the Ladies' Medical College in Fitzroy-square. And I asked grandma if something could not be done with that bit of property at Birkenhead, so as to realise funds to give you an art education and me a medical one."

"Oh, Hesba! did you say that?" and Mercy clasped her hands together, well pleased.

The unstamped letter went into the box, the pair turned back, and Hesba resumed, "Yes, Mercy, I did. I know dear unselfish grandma would find the means herself for anything to benefit either of us; but I do not think she can afford to do it without making personal sacrifices neither you nor I would be willing to accept. And though I do not exactly feel dependent on Mr. Mason, whilst he holds money that should be dear Brian's, he has a way of making our obligation palpable to others which rouses anything but a proper spirit in my breast. And he opens his purse-strings so reluctantly when our wardrobes need replenishing, that I am not sure he will not close it altogether some day, and leave us both to shift for ourselves."

"I know he has been tired of keeping me for a very long while," interjected Mercy, with a desponding sigh.

"Well, Mercy, dear," and Hesba gave the younger one's hand a reassuring pressure as they took another turn round the square, "All we can do is to make ourselves independent of Mr. Mason as speedily as possible. You know what Miss Agnew thinks of your artistic talent. She calls it 'genius,' but that is a very delusive word. George Stephenson, the great self-taught railway engineer, said, 'Genius is nothing more than Perseverance! Perseverance! Perseverance!' and so, dear Mercy, if you apply his lever to your undeveloped talent, it may have all the force of genius; and as I have an undoubted vocation for physic, who knows but perseverance may find both of us bread and cheese, and postage stamps besides, whenever Mr. Mason gets tired of keeping us both and turns



us out, or we get tired of him and turn ourselves out?"

"Turn ourselves out!" Mercy repeated; "that is not very likely!" and she laughed heartily, as if wonderfully tickled by the idea.

"I'm not so sure of that," responded Hesba. "If my chain galls me overmuch, I think it more than probable I shall break it." And, the lightness of her former speech gone, she seemed to tread the ground with a firmer foot as the words left her lips, and an unspoken thought flashed through her mind, for she had a far-seeing intelligence.

As Mercy watched the postman at noon, now she watched the lamp-lighter hurrying on his rounds, and leaving jets of light behind him in the gathering dusk. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, Hesba, here is Mr. Capper coming to meet us."

He advanced at a quick pace, and would have drawn Hesba's arm within his own familiarly, but she repelled him with a quiet gesture, as if she said to herself, "His presumption is growing intolerable."

"You don't seem to thank me for coming, Hesba," he said.

"I like to have the free use of my limbs, Mr. Capper," she replied; "and an escort is not necessary within sight of our own door." They were on the steps as she spoke.

Then it transpired that Mr. Mason, home unusually early, had sent his nephew in quest of them. He treated the necessity as a grievance, censured their impropriety in promenading a London square close upon night-fall; and, though there was less of fatherly kindness and teaching in his sarcasms than of baffled curiosity, Hesba never gave him a second such opportunity.

Full three days were allowed to intervene before Hesba and Mercy presented themselves at the post-office and asked if there was a letter for Miss Stapleton. A handsome man, somewhat past middle age and of military bearing, seeing the two young ladies in mourning enter, courteously made way for them at the counter, and in so doing his eyes fell on the lovely face of Mercy, and seemed fixed as by a spell. Mercy reddened under his gaze and turned away.

"Miss Stapleton," said the clerk, laying a letter down. "One penny to pay."

Hesba had her hand on the coveted missive. It dropped. There came a mist before her eyes, a blank across her features. She had not calculated on this contingency; she had imagined her grandma's stamp would pass a letter free to her.

She stood there confessedly without a penny.

The clerk grew impatient. "I did not know—I must go home for—" Hesba began, and was moving aside. The stranger took in the situation at a glance.

The clerk was withdrawing the letter. A voice, evidently accustomed to command, said, "Stay, sir; give the young lady her letter," and a penny dropped on the counter. "Permit me," said he, "to do you this slight service. I see

you have forgotten your purse, and your correspondence may be too important to wait your return home."

Hesba's independence battled with her necessity. Her letter *was* important. She had no means to release it, yet she hesitated, loth to lay herself under obligation to a stranger. Mercy pulled her sleeve. "Take it, Hesba," she whispered. "Don't leave grandma's letter here. There may be money in it."

"Your telegram has gone, sir," said another clerk; but the gentleman lingered, casting many a glance at Mercy, whose whisper he must have heard, for he said to the elder, "I think, young lady, you would be wise to take the advice of your sister—I presume she is your sister," and he seemed to expect a reply.

By that time Hesba had the letter in her hand. Her thanks for his politeness ended with "Yes, sir; she is my sister," an answer which, somehow, had hardly been anticipated.

There were stamps and a post-office order in Hesba's envelope. She brightened. "Oh sir," she said, "I can relieve myself of debt, if you will oblige me by accepting a stamp in lieu of a penny. Your kindness I can never hope to repay."

A motion of his hand rejected the offered stamp. "Your little sister has already repaid me with smiles," he said. Then, observant of her face, continued "Nay, if you are too proud to accept a favour from a stranger old enough to be your father, give me Her Majesty's portrait, I shall keep it as a remembrance; though John Rutherford will need no reminder." He raised his hat to Hesba as he was going, but put out his hand to Mercy, saying "Little Miss, you are the image of the dearest friend I ever had; I shall not easily forget you."

And so he passed out and was gone. Hesba, who had already turned to the counter to present her order for payment, missing his speech to Mercy, who for her part was undecided whether to be more pleased with him for his timely service, or annoyed by his peculiar and recurring glances at herself.

But neither had a suspicion what ghost-like memories haunted Major Rutherford as he took his way towards Oxford-street.

"Mercy," said Hesba, "as they were on their way home, did you catch that gentleman's name?"

"It was John something."

"Dear me," exclaimed Hesba, "I wish I had had my wits about me! It has just struck me it had the sound of the name called out at Euston for the carriage Dinah went off in. What an opportunity I have lost for want of ordinary presence of mind!"

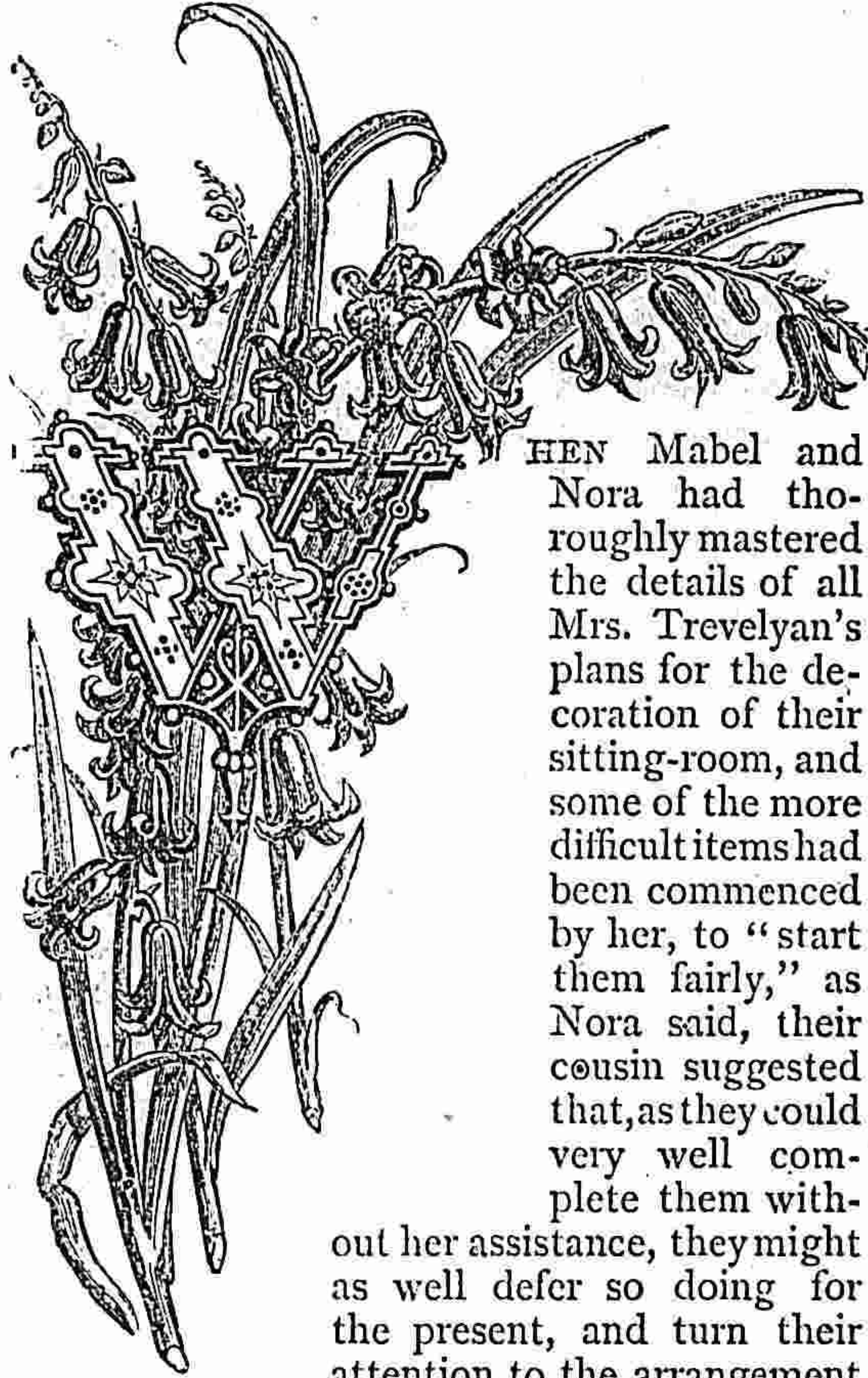
Ah! Hesba little thought what an opportunity she had lost, or how she had lost it.

But who amongst us has not to lament lost opportunities? Who amongst us has not lost opportunities unknown and consequently unlamented?

(To be continued.)

## "THE GIRL'S OWN" BED-ROOM.

By MADAME DE LORRAINE.



HEN Mabel and Nora had thoroughly mastered the details of all Mrs. Trevelyan's plans for the decoration of their sitting-room, and some of the more difficult items had been commenced by her, to "start them fairly," as Nora said, their cousin suggested that, as they could very well complete them with-

out her assistance, they might as well defer so doing for the present, and turn their attention to the arrangement

and ornamentation of some other room. The girls assented with delight, and it was decided that their bed-room should be chosen as the field for operations.

This was a rather large room, with two windows and a small recess each side of the fireplace, on which Mrs. Trevelyan looked very approvingly.

"One of these recesses would, I should think, hold your wash-stand and all its paraphernalia," she said; "if so, by banishing that useful article from sight, we can make quite a *boudoir* of your room."

"But it will not be *quite* hidden then, even," suggested Mabel.

"It will with the assistance of a curtain I propose drawing across," was the answer.

"A moderate quantity of some cheap material for window-curtains, &c., is a thing we really cannot do without. By cutting it very carefully we must contrive enough for this purpose. Now we are about this recess we will finish it. We want for it a wall-mat to prevent the paper being splashed. This may be purchased in many different styles, varying from 3<sup>d</sup>. in price; or if you have a piece of American cloth it will do very well. A wire sponge-basket to fasten to the wall; those at 4<sup>d</sup>. are quite large enough. A hanging rack for your nail and tooth brushes is much better than keeping them in the dishes, and allows the water to drain from them; this will be 3d. or 4d. also. Then we want some small, wooden shelves in the shape of half a handkerchief. Two or three of these can be fixed, one above the other, in the corners, and serve to hold any bottles or pots required. The shelves may be very easily made at home from a piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick. If we cover these with American cloth, anything spilled on them is easily wiped up; and if you like to take the trouble you can put a little valance to each by cutting a strip of the cloth and scalloping the edge. I should suggest having a shelf put above the washstand at a reasonable height; this you could make a receptacle for bonnet-boxes, or anything you wished out of the way. The shelf would be the full length and width of the recess, so you would have a cupboard with the expense of the one shelf only. The curtain drawing from the top would hide both cupboard and washstand."





### THE SONG OF THE NEEDLE; OR, THE GIRL'S OWN COMPASS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN FANFARONNADE."

FOUR points  
to my com-  
pass, and  
true to each  
one,  
I dip, ever  
ready for  
work to be  
done.  
No stitch is  
beneath  
me, unless  
I'm above.  
I work for  
my bread,  
as well as  
for love.

Like a sol-  
dier's  
bravesteele,  
I am faith-  
ful to trust,

Unless my young mistress has left me to rust.  
Be I long, be I short, I still am the same—  
A needle determined to win a good name.

One thing is certain: wherever I go,  
I carry my point—if not broken, you know.  
And this is far more than many can boast;  
So, hurrah for my compass! I'm off to my post!

These points to my compass are *cardinal* called,  
Each trusty and true, though often black-balled;  
Their names, if you please, I now will record,  
And out-of-school lessons in Sewing afford.

*Seaming* due North, *not* puckering, mind;  
*Hemming* due South, must be best of its kind;  
Then *Stitching*, like ladies' steps, dainty and neat,  
Stands opposite *Darning's* well measured feet.

True cardinals these! they rule all the rest  
Of the twenty-eight stitches by sewing expressed;  
But I rule them all with a rod of fine steel,  
And an eye that contains the best of the reel.

Twelve are the vassals these cardinals own,  
Their names often vary, but soon may be known;  
Appointed by favour, not for their worth,  
These stitches are types of the humours of earth.

Two follow *Hemming*—called *Binding* and *Felling*.  
But *Seaming* has many, with names so repelling,

That needles polite turn blunt with disgust,  
And mention them rarely, if *ever* they must.  
There's *Tacking*, there's *Whipping*, then *Rolling* and *Slot*,  
And *Basting*—take care, it is given to knot.  
Names so unseemly, I blush as I sing;  
But duty is duty, and to duty I cling.

Then soberside *Darning*, who never can race,  
Gets tired of keeping his servants in pace;  
\* One step and pass two, is his orthodox go,  
As the heel of his stocking will any time show.

These servants (but two) are full of their fun,  
And nothing will do but that *Running* must run;  
Whilst *Gathering* gathers his pockets so full,  
That open they burst at the tiniest pull.

Then *Stitching*, more stately, attended by three,  
Like slaves in the West these servants you see,  
Bear Master's own name with a *pre-* or *affix*;  
A needful precaution, for niggers play tricks!

There's *Back-stitch* and *Chain-stitch*; for beauty and strength  
They are not to be matched when drawn to their length;  
Then *Satin-stitch*, smooth as its *prefix* appears,  
Not easy to manage, but lasting for years.

Thus much for the twelve and their cardinals four.  
But now to my compass are sixteen points more;  
These are called *Fancy*, and, like children at play,  
Peep in and out at the close of the day.  
For housewifely fingers no duty will shirk,  
To play before night with the prettiest work.

These points of my compass I put into rhymes,  
But you into practice must put them betimes.  
These twenty-eight points, diverging from four,  
Teach us what duties may lie at one door.

How much may be done by one needle's point,  
(Where love is directing—the labour is joint)  
When willingly yielding, it gracefully dips  
In obedient response to young finger-tips!

What *Dorcas*-like pleasures assist the fair hands,  
"Well up" in the secret of "gusset and bands"!  
What sweet home-enjoyments and heart-true delight  
May spring from a needle when guided aright!

O sweet British maidens,  
Come, try now to-day  
These pleasures of needle and thread;  
They keep the hands busy,  
And far from the head  
Drive folly and ennui away.

\* Some good needlewomen take one thread and leave one; but I, the Needle, think this great waste of time and, sometimes, of patience.



"How do you put the curtain up?" asked Mabel.

"It will not be made of any heavy material," was the answer, "so a strong wire fastened to nails each side of the recess will be ample support, the curtain will have small rings sewn at the top to enable it to slip along easily."

"I wish we could put that great round bath out of sight" said Nora, "if it had no back it might go under the bed, but that great upright back is in the way."

"So far from being in the way," said her cousin, "it will enable me to transform your awkward bath into a comfortable easy chair."

"It may be comfortable to sit at the bottom of a bath with your feet hanging over the rim, but it is not so elegant as some of your suggestions, Madam," said Nora, laughing.

"I don't propose anything so ridiculous, you absurd child; the bath must be filled by some contrivance easily removed, and the whole hidden by a cover shaped to fit it, to match your curtains or not, according to taste. The straw hassocks used in churches are very inexpensive, and any one who makes them would make one the right size; or what would be still better is a round piece of plain wood, a trifle larger than the bath, with an upright piece at the two sides, this seat would rest on the bath, and the props would prevent its slipping on one side, and forcing its occupant to assume the position Nora's vivid imagination depicted. We must cut out the cover in some old useless material and try it on first, so as not to cut our better stuff to waste."

"Oh please! give us fuller directions about the cover," said Mabel, "it seems, to my ignorance, a most complicated thing,—and are we to have any cushion on the seat?"

"Oh, certainly, we must put rather a thick layer of something under the cover, nothing will be better for the purpose than that light

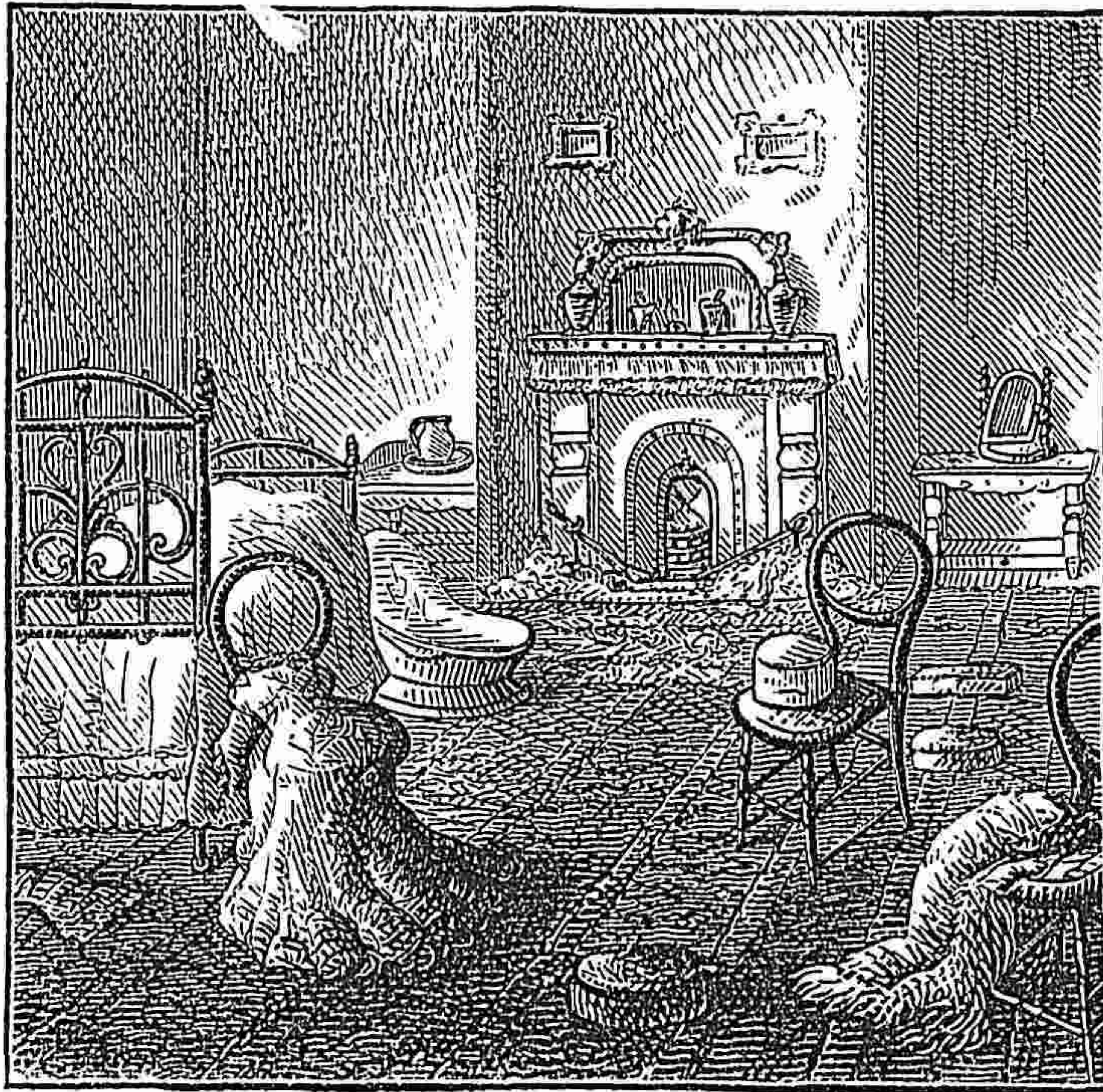
A flounce of the cretonne also run on a cord is nailed to the wooden top, with the exception of the piece that goes round the back; this is drawn on an elastic, and of course not attached to the seat. All this takes long to explain, but I can assure you such a cover as I describe is easily made, and slipped on and off in a minute. The upright piece is first put on over the back and front, then the wooden seat is put over the bath, the sides being hidden by the flounce, the elastic on the

was done by laying three sheets of wadding on thin cardboard the size of the bedstead, and tufting the satin through this. The effect is most elegant, but, of course, it cost much more than yours will, and I only tell you of it in case you should some day want to have something very out of the common and 'extra superfine.'"

"What is to be done with the recess the other side of the fireplace?" asked Mabel. "Is that to have a curtain too?"

"By all means, turn that into a hanging wardrobe, with a few shelves above, and cover the whole with a drawing curtain. Dresses are much better hung than folded up, and I should advise your buying some cheap (in fact the commoner the better) unbleached calico—that which looks so yellow—to make bags of, in which to hang your dresses. It is one of those 'things not generally known' that the strongest minded moth will never touch anything so covered. Nothing preserves furs so effectually, and if you have any unmade materials lying by, the best thing you can possibly do to save them from moths is to sew them up closely in unbleached calico, putting a strip of the same calico also between every seven or eight folds of the material. I have kept velvets and cashmeres (for both of which materials moths have a great predilection) for years in this way. What next, Nora?"

"Let me see; we have now a wardrobe, a handsome bedstead, and a dressing-room!" said Nora, "all out of a few yards of cretonne and some wooden shelves; we require, if you please, a very elegant toilet table, with a lot of lace draperies, and all that sort of thing. You see, no consideration of expense prevents our asking for anything, now we have a fairy cousin who does ever so much better than give us things by just waving her wand, by teaching us how to contrive things for ourselves. If I had lived in those days, had been Cinderella,

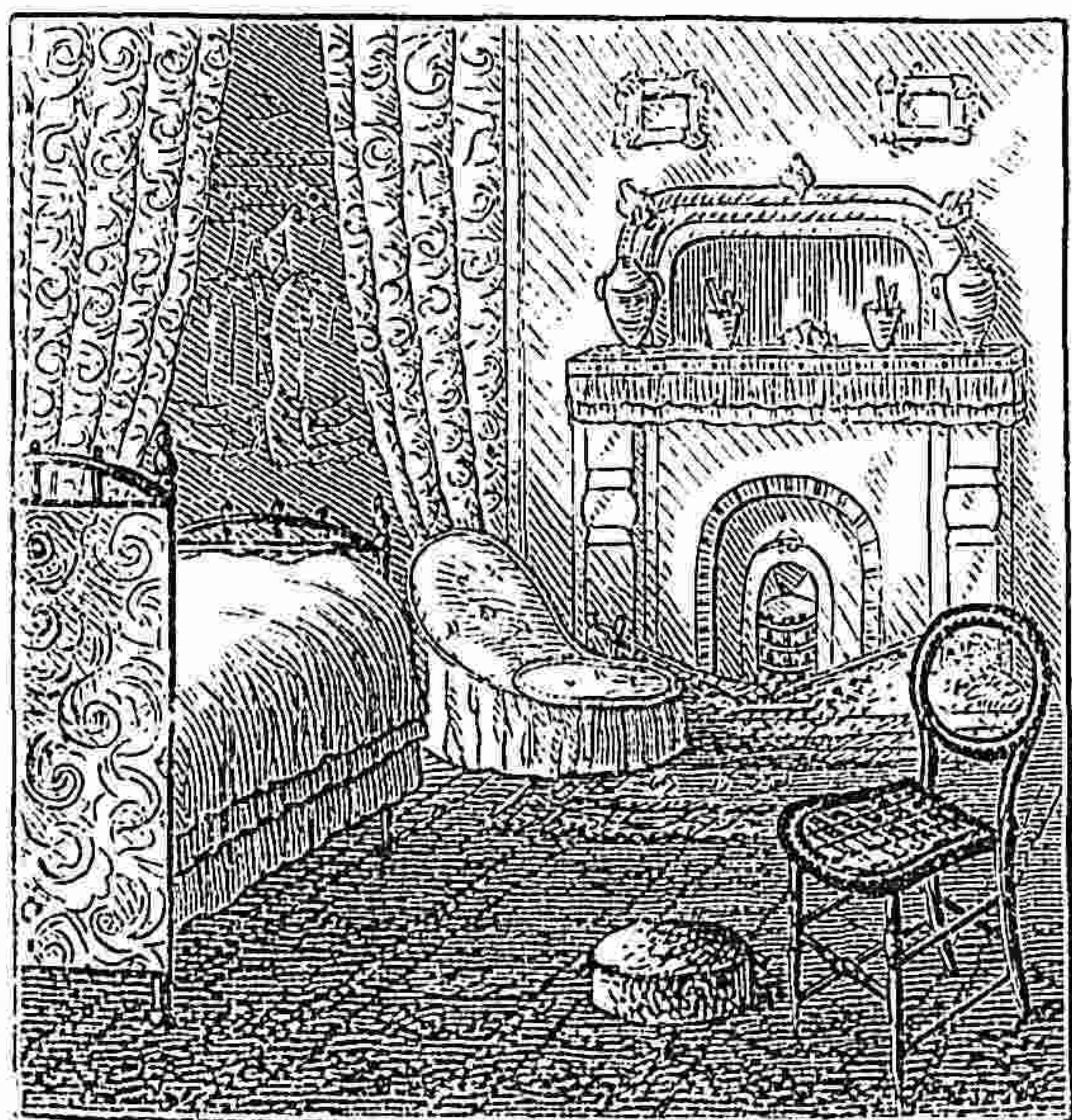


UNTIDINESS.

portion of the latter intended to go round the back enabling it to stretch sufficiently to go over the top, and decrease to its proper size after, so giving the appearance of a large, low, easy chair, with a flounce round."

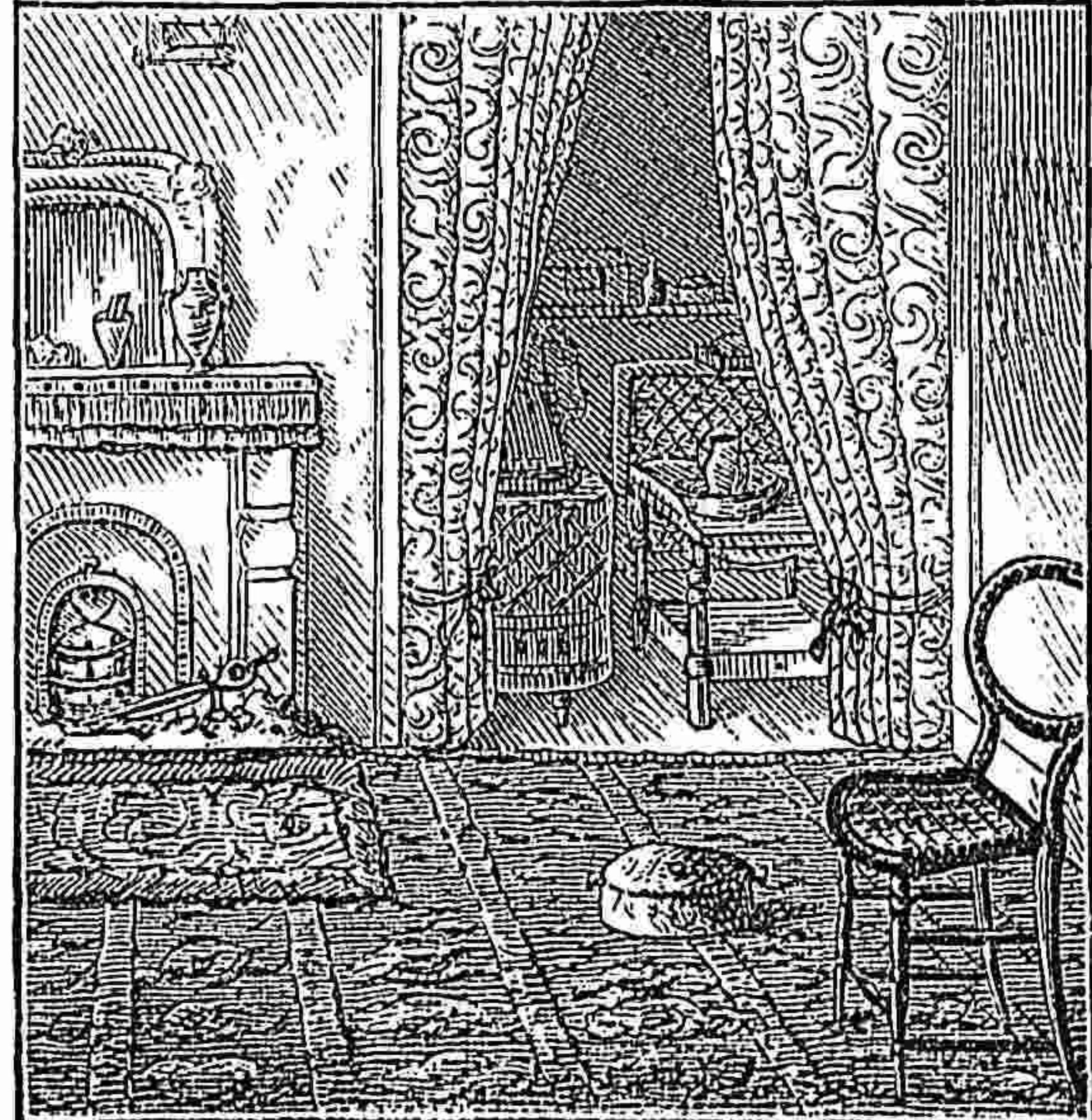
"Our bedstead is very shabby," said Mabel, "all the ironwork wants repainting. Would it cost much to do, or can we manage to hide it in any way?"

"We can not only *hide* its defects much cheaper than we can remedy them," was the answer, "but we can make it very ornamental as well, by covering the ends of it with cretonne. It will not take much; the head, of course, only shows above the pillows, so need only be covered to the rail just above the frame of the bedstead. It will take about a breadth and a half of cretonne, and you must take great care in joining it to match the design nicely. It must be sewn at the back first, with strong thread on to the rail half-way down; then brought over the front, and fastened in the same manner to the lower rail; the edges are then to be neatly sewn together down the outside of the upright posts, leaving a little slit for the brass knobs at the top to go through. The foot is covered in the same manner, only this time you begin next the bed, at the lowest rail, and bring your covering right down to the ground at the outside, where it must have a hem and a string run in to tie it to the posts, as close to the ground as you can. The string keeps it firm; it is to be neatly sewn outside the posts like that at the head, and you must take great care to have it perfectly smooth. Should you find that straining it tightly over the ironwork causes the bars to show through, this may be obviated by covering the ends first with a piece of stout brown paper, such as is used for putting under carpets. It is very wide, and may be bought at many places for 3d. the yard. I have a bedstead at home, with the commonest-possible deal frame, covered with turquoise-blue Roman satin, all tufted. This



LAW AND

feathery seaweed called 'Alba,' I believe; it is very much used by china and glass dealers to pack their wares up in; it comes from Wales, I fancy; it is beautifully soft and springy, just the thing for our purpose. After laying this on the wooden seat, we will cover it with—for argument's sake I will say—cretonne, which must be cut the right shape and nailed on round the edge, then on thin paper we take the shape of the back, we cut two pieces like this, and join them together, putting between them a piping of the same over a thick cord, to keep them in shape.



ORDER.

for instance, I should always have felt nervous about things going back to their original forms at the most inconvenient moments. Fancy driving through the Park in a gold carriage, drawn by eight milk-white steeds. They must be 'steeds'—horses are every-day animals—and some fairy or other—'malevolent' is, I believe, the correct expression, taking offence at you, and changing your grand carriage back again into a pumpkin and your horses to rats; how degrading to be drawn along on a pumpkin, or having to go home in a dirty cab, when your dress was all spun glass



with dew-drop fringe, and your bonnet cut out of a single pearl!"

"Don't waste your time in frivolous chatter," said Mabel, "when we have such important work before us. What shall we have for a quilt?"

"You might have, for a winter quilt," was Mrs. Trevelyan's answer, "a large, grey, charity blanket. As the prevailing colour of your room is blue, we will cut a six inch stripe of bright, full blue serge, or something of the kind, and work on it a running pattern in coloured wools, in chain and some other quickly done, fancy stitches, then scollop our band at the edges and fasten it on to the grey blanket with button-hole stitches; we can either have a handsome medallion to correspond in the centre, or stripe it in both directions with blue braid, and work a little star or simple flower in the squares made by the crossing of the braids. On the side of the bed away from the wall, a row of woollen tassels of the same colours as the embroidery would be a great improvement."

"We shall want to keep that lovely quilt on all the year round," said Nora, "without you invent us something equally pretty for the summer."

"I think I can do that," was the answer. "Make the foundation of your quilt of a piece of blue sateen, and stripe this, as I told you to do the others, with strips of that coarse furniture lace. You can buy it for 1½d. the yard. You must put a small blue bow or a large blue button on the stripes where they cross each other, and edge your quilt with a deeper lace of the same kind; this will only be 2d. or 3d., and the additional three farthings a yard. That extra three farthings tempts unthinking people into a thousand extravagances. They seem always to say to themselves, it is only three farthings more than twopence, instead of reasoning that it is only *one* farthing *less* than threepence. I consider that the three farthings is one of the 'signs of the times.' This lace you may get even cheaper by buying it by the dozen, a trifle soiled. It looks as good as new when washed."

"The buttons you will, of course, make for yourselves, buying the cheap wooden moulds. If you do not know how to make them, I will tell you at once, as you will find the information equally useful for dressmaking purposes. Cut a perfect circle in some soft material to try the size; it must be large enough to cover the button and meet at the back; then run a strong cotton round this, a little from the edge; lay your mould quite in the centre, on its face, and keeping a finger of your left hand to steady it, draw the thread up tightly, and sew the edges together, taking particular care to keep the button from any wrinkles or folds. When you have ascertained the exact size required, cut the circle out in cardboard, and spreading your material face downwards, and quite smooth, draw a pencil line round the cardboard pattern, and see how many circles you can possibly make. You do not know how much material may be saved by this simple precaution. If you take this trouble, too, you will often find that small pieces, apparently useless, will really cover many buttons, and be a great economy."

"One thing more on this subject I must tell you is, that if your material be thin, and the wooden mould show too plainly through it, the very tiniest piece of wadding put on the top, under the covering, gives it quite a rich and round effect."

"That makes Bath, Bedstead, Blankets, Buttons crossed off our list," said Nora. "Is there any other desirable thing to add to this swarm of B's?"

"Certainly," answered her cousin. "Brush Bag, is an article that may be made very ornamental indeed, I mean a hanging one, to hold

all your brushes. For this we must have some washing material, such as crash or the washing canvas; we will take a piece the height and length required, allowing the brushes to lie side by side, and a row of clothes brushes above them."

"The foundation piece is made quite plain, and sewn on to a cardboard, from which it is easily removed to be washed. Two strips of the same material half the width but longer, are sewn to this foundation at each side, and the lower edge; these pieces must be long enough to allow of their forming a series of pockets, by a box plait at the bottom, and the top left loose, and being stitched firmly to the foundation between the pockets. Above each of these rows of pockets, a valance is sewn to the foundation by the upper edge only, and falling partly over the pockets, keeps their contents from the dust. Before all these parts are sewn together, an orna-

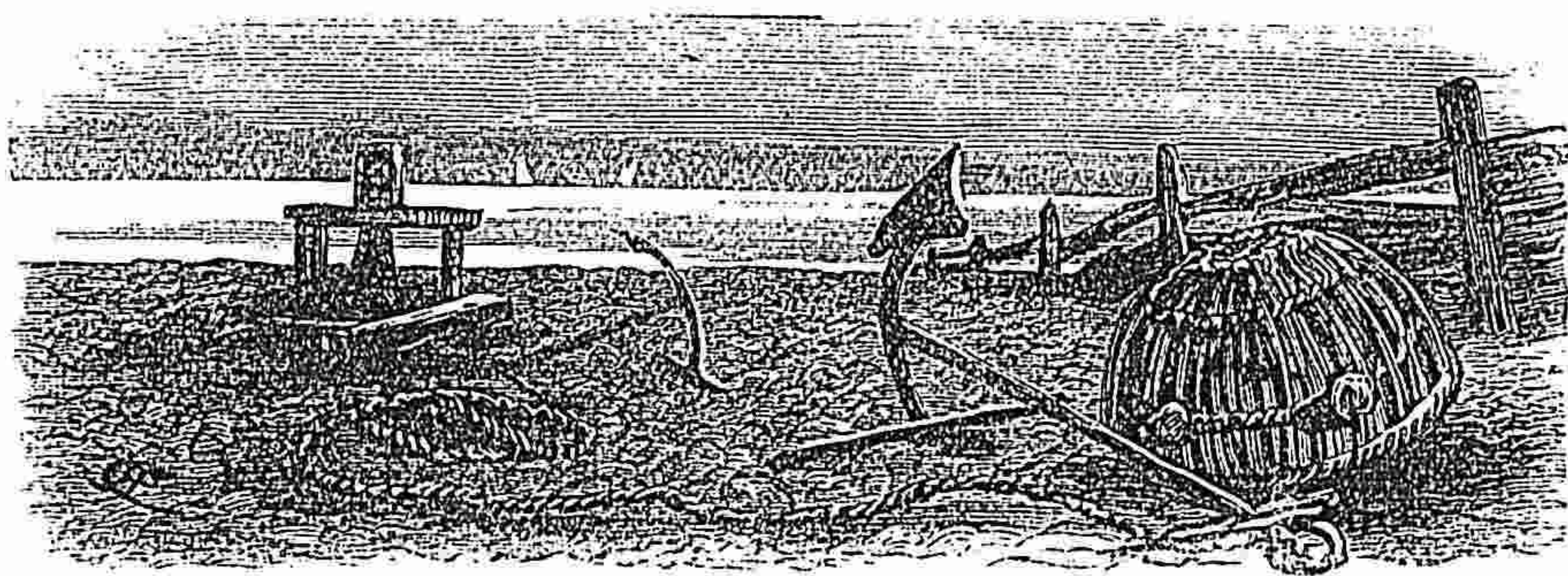
ment worked in cross and Italian stitch in coloured wool, must be placed so as to occupy the centre of each pocket."

"The valance must also be worked, but in a continuous pattern. The foundation is made double, so that the cardboard, which keeps it all in shape, can be slipped in and out."

"Two strong rings must be firmly sewn at the upper corners, to hang it by brass nails to the wall, and the best way to trim it round, is with a ruche made of braid the same colour, which can be taken off when the bag is washed."

"A similar arrangement for boots and shoes, is a very good one, each boot or shoe should be in a separate pocket. And now I really think we have done a good morning's work. The remaining items must be discussed at our next interview."

(To be continued.)



## WILD KATHLEEN.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### SAVED.

"WHA'AT do't be, then, Missie, wha'at do't be?" asked a man with a big round moon-face, with little more expression in it than a wax doll's, as Angela Gilbank stood panting just within his cottage door.

After gaining the top of the cliffs, she had run a long way before she found a human habitation at all, and when she did at last meet with one she had to leave it again in despair. The Welsh owners could neither speak nor understand one word of English, but "thank you," a word that poor Angela found peculiarly aggravating in its senseless repetition under present circumstances. She made signs, but the people were dull and stupid. She even, in her anxiety, boldly entered the cottage, and tried to make personal search for what she wanted. But the invaded inhabitants understood that proceeding at any rate, and very soon showed their determined disapproval of it. A Welshman likes to keep his castle to himself as much as an Englishman. Angela had to beat a hasty retreat and make another search.

Up there on the cliffs homes were few and far between, and when she at length reached another she was breathless with fatigue and tears. Happily the solitary moon-faced owner of that cottage had been a milk seller in London for a few months, as long as he could put up with "the smoke and the din," as he said, and had picked up enough English for common use. Having tried a Welsh question first to his unexpected visitor, and only got a most doleful shake of the head in answer, and a bitter burst of weeping, he now tried English, and had the satisfaction of seeing an instant look of thankfulness flash into his guest's

sorrowful young face, and, highly delighted, he repeated his question—

"Hey then, Missie, doant 'e cry; tell un wha'at 't be?"

"That rope," gasped Angela, her eyes suddenly lighting upon a great coil hanging upon a peg on the wall, and she sprang towards it.

Her eager efforts at unauthorised appropriation were very differently met in this cottage from what they had been in the last.

The man stretched up his great red broad hand and reached down the coveted coil. "Is it Thomas Evans's rope your tears are running for, Missie? 'Deed then, ye shall never need to break the tenth commandment for that then, for ye shall have enough and to spare for a longer skipping-rope than ever ye'll need, poor little lassie!" And he pulled out and opened a big clasp knife.

Mr. Thomas Evans's queer explanation of matters, joined to his good-natured readiness to bestow his goods, nearly sent Angela into hysterics. Between laughter and tears she managed to stop the mischief about to be done by that knife, and stammered—

"No, no, not that; to pull them up."

This disjointed sentence had the effect of arresting the division of the coil, and of making the worthy owner's large mouth open like a huge O, but Angela had to control herself, and give a better explanation of her wishes before she had the heartfelt gratification of seeing the coil slung on to Thomas Evans's muscular arm, and that individual clap his cap on his head, and prepare to accompany her back to the cliff, beneath which she had left Dorothy and Miss Crofton.

The Welshman was a stolid, good-tempered, easy-going fellow, slow of movement in body and brain; but Angela's news was of the right kind to affect a lonely dweller on the cliffs, and to awake and arouse the very greatest



amount of interest and energy that he was capable of. His heavy strides gave Angie's nimble anxious feet as much as they could do to keep up with them, and, meantime, he questioned her. Angela did not know, but she thought she should recognize the place when she saw it again by a little group of trees that grew just opposite the place she came up by.

"Nay, you must have made a mistake there, missie," said the man; "there's noan trees growin close on to the cliffs atween this and the three caves, as they are called hereabout, an ye canna ha coom that far."

"However far it may be," persisted Angela, "I am quite certain I did see the trees, for I specially noted them as a landmark. And no doubt the place they are in is one of those very three caves, for it's an open one between two closed ones, and we passed no other group of three together as we came along."

"An no more theer is na no oother; and he quickened his steps. He stopped at that other cottage where Angela had made her first vain application, and in less than a minute came out of it again followed by another man, carrying another coil of rope, and staring at Angie with a shocked look of penitence in his eyes. Then the hurried march was continued. It seemed to Angie as though those trees would never come in sight again. She watched the waves now lashed into fury, and rushing up each minute nearer and nearer to the foot of the cliffs. And whatever those waiting, with dying hope, for succour in that far off cave might be suffering, it could scarcely equal that of the poor young girl whose heart was beating almost to suffocation, as she ran along between the two men, and in imagination began to believe she really saw her sister and her friend casting despairing glances up to the summit of the cliff as the storm-tossed waves washed them out to sea. The men's faces grew graver every moment."

Suddenly she caught sight of the group of trees, and with a cry, bounded forward. Her companions followed her. All three rushed to the edge and looked over. A sheet of blinding white spray met their eyes. The two men gazed into each other's faces solemnly.

"We're too laat, missie," murmured Thomas Evans.

"No, no!" shrieked Angela, in a wild agony. "Don't say that. It cannot be—it shall not be. Let down the rope."

And she tore at the one nearest to her, too blinded with sorrow to see that Evans had already uncoiled and lowered his, although he had lost all hope that there was any other use in doing it than giving satisfaction to the half-frantic child. He fastened on the other—a moment—two moments—and Evans gave vent to a shout like the triumphant roar of a victorious lion. He dropped another coil or two.

"Missie, missie," he exclaimed, the good-hearted fellow's voice literally shaking with emotion, "cheer oop—theer's awoon o' them saaf ony waay."

An she *can* pull too, I'm thankfu' to saay.

Angela fell on her knees, with clasped hands, trying to see to the depths below between the showers of blinding spray. The two men watched the rope.

A long minute passed, during which a fourth person joined that group on the cliff unseen. Then there was the hoped-for and expected jerk of the rope, and the two men lay down on the edge and began to pull up as quickly as they dared. There might be yet another life to be saved, and wholly depending on the efforts of the next few seconds. A face appeared above the edge, white and surrounded by masses of sea-drenched hair, but with eager, wide-open eyes.

"Dolly! Dolly!" cried Angela, and she would have fallen over the cliff in her longing to get at her, if she had not been caught and held back by the arms of that fourth comer upon the scene.

Three seconds later Dorothy was lifted on to the cliff, and was murmuring through faint, pallid lips, "Do not mind me. Save her. She made me come first, but her life is worth so much more than mine."

"It is at any rate good and noble of you to think so," said the kind, pitying voice of a man who was kneeling beside her, thoughtfully wringing some of the water out of her hair and dress. "Poor child," he murmured, "you were, indeed, only rescued in time."

He had thought her only about fourteen in the morning, now, with her white face, and the wet garments clinging about her slight form, she did not look much more than twelve, and the artist felt so wrathfully indignant with tall Miss Crofton, whom he considered the grown-up leader of two children into all manner of dangerous scrapes, that he felt really scarcely any care at all, at the moment, as to whether she were saved. He felt half angry with the two children, as he mentally called them, because they did.

He was infinitely more angry with himself a few minutes later when he found his admiration once more seized upon, as though by a spell, and extorted from him as it had been in the morning.

As Kathleen was lifted over the edge, and stood to have the rope unfastened from her waist, she looked the very personification of a graceful and noble maiden. The last twenty minutes of standing face to face with death, which she feared more for her friend than for herself, had given a sweet sadness to her face which still lingered on it. The crimson of the beautiful lips was somewhat pale, but a soft rose flush suffused her cheeks as her great earnest eyes turned themselves slowly from Angela and Dorothy to the raised face of the man who knelt beside them.

"Then it is you again who have saved us," she said, quietly, but with a glad ring in her voice. "Dorothy hoped that you might."

The artist started slightly. "I wish Miss Dorothy were right. I wish that I might have had the happy privilege."

But the fact is I only came up just in time to see these two worthy Welshmen rescue you. It is to their efforts that you owe the lives that you seem to set such small store by. You have had two tolerably severe lessons now, I should imagine, against trying any more how closely you can play with death."

"Yes, indeed," assented Dolly, shuddering with mingled horror and cold; and then they were all lifted into a rough farm cart, and driven back to their temporary home.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

THE essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect, except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. *He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.*—*Lytton Bulwer.*

MAN AND WIFE.—The following lines are taken from an ancient MS. :—

1  
When Adam was first created,  
And lord of the universe crown'd,  
His happiness was not completed  
Until he a helpmeet had found.

2  
So Adam was laid in a slumber,  
And a rib taken out of his side;  
And when he awoke, in a wonder,  
He beheld his most beautiful bride.

3  
She was not taken out of his side, sir,  
To rule and triumph over man;  
She was not taken out of his foot, sir,  
By man to be trampled upon.

4  
But she was ta'en out of his side, sir,  
His equal and partner to be;  
And though they're united in love, sir,  
The man is the top of the tree.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 286.)

TORONTO  
H O A X  
AULAFF  
MOROCCO  
EASTER  
SWORD

BURIED ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. Do you know Carl is leaving us?
2. May no other danger come to you?
3. Frank, leave your card if Fred is from home.
4. When you wander by the river, notice the fish.
5. Ay! Rose, to-morrow will be a sorry day.
6. A bat has lately been seen near the old church tower.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A watering-place on the English coast. One of Shakespeare's characters. A river in Prussia. A substance used for flavouring food. A bird. A short poem. A town in Ireland. The initials give us a town in England, and the finals a poet who was born there.

WHEN Sir Warwick Hele Tonkin died at Teignmouth, a few years ago, he bequeathed to his daughter a ring which was said to have been given to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. According to tradition, Titus took it from Jerusalem to Rome, where it fell into the hands of the Popes. Clement VIII. gave it to Cardinal Wolsey, from whom it passed to the Abbey of Leicester, and from thence into private hands at the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## WORK.

**SNOWDROP.**—We are gratified by hearing that you and your friends "have what you wanted" in this paper. The sketch you give of a net trimming might be made in simple netting, slipping on all the jet beads you will require upon your thread before you commence netting, and arranging them in due course at each junction of the squares.

**MARGARET W.** (Chesterfield).—We thank you for your nice grateful letter, and we wish you success in your making of the night-dress, which it pleases you so much to think will be given to some needy person.

## COOKERY.

**LITTLE TURQUOISE.**—We have already given a recipe for making "Sally Lunn."

**IGNO.**—For a luncheon, or very homely style of dinner, potatoes might be boiled in their skins; but certainly not for a late dinner, unless there be new potatoes, and these should only be wiped when taken out of the steam, and any skin rubbed off.

## DRESS.

**OXFORD DAISY.**—1. Hold your silk velvet over the steam of boiling water, and, when dry, brush it with a velvet brush, and this may restore it after having been wet. 2. Bathing the eyes with cold green-tea does good sometimes. Do not read small print nor do fine needle-work; nor use your eyes much by candle light, and never sit facing a candle when reading or working. We are very glad that our magazine pleases you so much.

**FLORA Mc IVOR.**—If the whole cashmere dress were washed, the flower stains might be thus removed; but to wash the stained portions only would be to ruin the appearance of the dress. We do not require contributions to the magazine.

**PUSSY.**—1. We advise you to send your gloves to be cleaned, not dyed. 2. Suffering so much with pains in the back and limbs, we should think that you need medical advice.

**MAUD B.**—All jackets will have sleeves this season.

**MIZPAH.**—For taking ink stains out of linen we have already given directions to a former correspondent. Strain the linen over a vessel of boiling water, brush salts of lemon over the spot, and then rinse it well, to prevent injury. We have already informed a correspondent that "AEI" signifies "for ever."

**BLUEBELL and BUTTERCUP.**—1. The custom of wearing orange blossoms as a bridal decoration originated with the Saracens, and has been in vogue in Europe ever since the time of the Crusades. 2. There are so many little books containing charades and children's plays, that you can obtain what you desire at any bookstall.

**A MARCH HARE.**—Bathing costumes are not made of such heavy materials as they formerly were. Galatea stripes trimmed with red Turkey twill, white or coloured flannel, or a light-made gown of dark blue serge, would be very suitable. We are glad you like this paper so much.

## ART.

**CHARLOTTE S. DENT.**—We do not know of any substitute for Chinese white in painting.

**H. V. L.** will get black enamel paint at any artists' colourman's, where all requisite directions as to its use might likewise be obtained.

**SARAH GAMP and DOLLY DOTS.**—Your letters deserve our warm acknowledgments, and we are pleased with the kind wish expressed to make your competition pictures additionally attractive to the poor people in the hospitals by framing as well as mounting them.

**SNOW-WHITE.**—You should procure a little shilling manual on the subject of water-colour painting, either for landscapes, figures, animals, or genre; and carefully follow the directions given.

**THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.**—1. You will find directions about painting on satin in our replies to similar inquiries. 2. The cotton-wool which you employ is probably too coarse. Try the fine kind called "jeweller's cotton."

**Miss K. E.** (Shrewsbury).—We regret that we

cannot find a sale for your painted cards, but advise you to consult your stationer, and endeavour to procure orders from shops.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MOSS ROSE.**—There was a book written on the subject of the "Sangreal" by Chrestien de Troyes, at the end of the 12th century. It was the first, and was in verse. It was latinised in the 13th century, and it was turned into French prose by Gautier Map, by order of Henry III. The Quest is continued in "Percival," a romance, of the 15th century. Tennyson's "Holy Grail" gives much respecting it that you might like to read. 2. The plates (frontispieces) may all be bought separately at the end of each volume.

**CHARLIE.**—The high notes taken in singing must, of course, be "head," not "chest notes."

**MENIE.**—A recipe is a prescription or statement giving the ingredients which enter into the com-

not know what a little girl can have to be "proud" of; one of her chief attractions should be her humility. Your little friend looks as if she were about eleven, or twelve at most.

**ADA** (Leicester).—Skipping with a rope never gave high shoulders to any one. We strongly recommend it as a most healthful exercise, which may be most gracefully performed; and when properly so, tends greatly to improve the carriage.

**PRIMULA.**—It is not necessary for discovering the sense of the French phrase you quote to refer to a book of idioms. *Il faut se faire valoir*—the words explain themselves, and, rendered into English, simply mean that "one should make oneself valued." 2. Eighteen is the usual age at which young girls come out, and (3.) there is no reason why their *début* should not be made on the public occasion you refer to; (4.) nor any against their wearing a flower in the hair.

**AN IRISH PADDY** is referred to our previous answers to correspondents. Read what is said in the Bible about that.

**THE GREAT AUK.**—It is exceedingly vulgar to eat cheese with a knife, though persons—otherwise well-bred—may be ill-informed on the point. Butter a small piece of biscuit or bread, and place a little piece of cheese on this, conveying it to the mouth in this way. Good feeling as regards others is at the foundation of all rules of good breeding. It is painful to others to see a sharp-bladed instrument brought in dangerous contact with the lips.

**CONSTANCE.**—We can only advise you to consult a good dentist.

**ELIZA.**—Does our correspondent feel uneasy when she speaks of persons, or places, or work, or cookery, or walks, &c.? Because she must be consistent; and if it be "wrong to sing a secular song" because we are told to "sing and make melody in our hearts to the Lord," then it is wrong to converse on any topic of social interest, because we are told to speak to ourselves in "psalms and hymns." A little common sense must be exercised in the matter.

**RETA BURTON.**—Your first question should be answered by your parents or guardians; your second is not one which should be noticed in our columns. Your writing is fair, but spoiled by your plan of turning down the strokes across the t's.

**WILD CAT.**—We are gratified by your saying that you consider THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "a vast improvement on the Boy's;" and that you were so much pleased with our article on "How to Play a Piece of Music." See "How can I Look my Best," by Medicus, page 180.

**FLAT IRON.**—1. If you go to bed so late as near midnight, of course you are sleepy and indisposed to rise early. Retire at night at 10 o'clock or half past, and then, being rested at the time when you most require it, you will be able to rise at 7. Unless an invalid, or in temporary delicate health, you should never rise later than that. 2. If the circumstances of your family arrangements require that you should give some aid in household work, let no considerations of so trifling a nature as the whiteness of your hands deprive your family of your services. At the same time we do not underrate

the advantage—both for a nurse, a needlewoman, an artist, or a musician—of having soft, attractive hands, delicately susceptible, and gentle in touch. Every woman—so far as circumstances may allow—should endeavour to preserve the delicacy of her hands, and to this end you have only to keep a pair of stout gloves to be invariably worn when assisting in household work. 3. If really engaged to be married to the gentleman of whom you speak, you may take short walks alone with him; of course with the proviso that you have the consent of your parents or guardians.

**LIVERPUDLIAN.**—It is quite against our rules to give addresses. Miss Worboise is still living. 2. We have given a recipe for making skeleton leaves.

**PROGRESS.**—"Mothering Sunday" is Mid-lent, a great holiday, on which the "Golden Rose" is blest by the Pope and children are feasted on "Mothering Cakes" by their mothers. The day was originally so called from the ancient custom of visiting their "mother-church" and making offerings there on that particular day.

[TO SALLY IN OUR ALLEY, MINNIE, JANE S., S. E., &c.—Your difficult questions on the cultivation of the voice, have been referred to Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, for, in order to make our answers of value, we always seek the highest attainable authorities. In view of Mr. Sims Reeves' retirement from public service, we think our readers will be interested in having a *fac simile* of his reply.—ED.]

April 5<sup>th</sup> 1880

My Dear Sir,

My advice to you

"Sally's" is, Let them

Employ a good Martha.

With compliments.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
Sims Reeves

Ed. Thank you very much for the copies

position of medicaments of all kinds—medicine, food, &c., together with the respective quantities of the component parts. A receipt is an acknowledgment of the payment of money, a voucher of an obligation, or debt discharged. A penny stamp-duty is levied on a receipt for money amounting to £2 and upwards. You may say you are "in receipt of" anything which has been sent to you. The two words "recipe" and "receipt" are much confounded by the public.

**K. B.**—We regret that our rules preclude our giving addresses. Inquire at a music shop.

**CLOTHES BAG.**—We thank you for your kind letter and the information contained in it.

**H. G. H.**—It is impossible for us to find sales for the handiworks of our correspondents. Some of the ladies' work societies, might take those by H. G. H. for exhibition in their depositories.

**GINGER.**—Greasing the hair darkens the shade but does not look well, and soils a bonnet or anything it touches.

**PUSS.**—The photograph is not pretty, but sometimes photographs fail to do justice to the face. We do





VOL. I.—No. 20.]

MAY 15, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ZARA :

### OR, MY GRANDDAUGHTER'S MONEY.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAUL AND ZARA.



It is a popular fallacy that the time of betrothal is always a period of unmeasured bliss, of great and unalloyed

Paul Tench had been altogether led on by circumstances. He had gone from stage to stage, from step to step, until he found himself engaged to a woman whom he did not love, but whom he considered it his duty to marry.

He was wearing out his heart to please that woman, firmly believing he had taken up a right mode of action, that in fact, no other course was open to him.

He considered his spoiled life, his anguished mind, were but part and parcel of the debt of restitution owing to Zara, and so he went on, uncomplainingly to his doom.

In a sort of vague way, he seemed but to be meeting his destiny, going forth with it, making no effort to escape what seemed all but inevitable.

When his medical examination was over — and, despite all obstacles, it proved a singularly successful one, and he came out with flying colours—he set himself to grant Zara her heart's desire, to show her the beauties and marvels of London.

Every day they went out somewhere together. That insatiable young person dragged him about from sight to sight. She was never wearied of them; in the mornings she searched the newspapers

felicity.

Many find it just the contrary; disturbing elements intrude, all the more poignant because they are unlooked for. It is another popular fallacy that men can mould circumstances to their advantage, while the truth obtains that half the world are led on by circumstances as untoward as they are inevitable.



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"THE SNAP DEFIED HER EFFORTS TO UNFASTEN IT."



with the assiduity of a school girl, to find out what was best worth seeing on that day.

Paul Tench had given her a *carte-blanche* to fill up as she pleased, and she *did* please to make the most of her unlimited privilege.

The shops in the fashionable streets were a wonderful attraction. Zara would linger at the windows, or over the counters in an ecstasy of delight.

She gloried in inquiring for this ribbon, matching that fringe, until patient Paul decided that the purchasing of ladies' dress materials must be the most difficult, the most complicated business in the world.

The study of hygiene, physiology, therapeutics was nothing to it. The science of the human frame, the abstruse contemplation of the human mind, were trifles compared to the importance of choosing garments exactly in the approved style and buying feathers just the tint of the pale-hued gloves.

One can guess what Zara was so busy preparing! Her wedding outfit was being made ready, and she knew she might spend whatever sums she chose on the elegant *trousseau* she determined to have.

The realisation of her girlhood's dreams seemed complete at last. With a full purse in her fingers, she could select rich and costly goods without stint or measure. She could fascinate the shopmen, display her brilliant eyes and pearly teeth, while they flatteringly pointed out what hues best suited her rich complexion.

She could give herself airs with the young lady *modiste*, in the secluded back room where the dresses were fitted on her splendid figure, while Paul waited and waited in the shop outside, and wondered much at all the strange experiences his new life unfolded to him.

Very strange were some of these experiences!

One day Zara admired a set of large handsome filigree gold ornaments in a shop in Regent-street. With her, to admire was to have, and the ornaments were speedily in her possession.

She was proud of her new trinkets, and, in the evening, brought them out to show Annis.

They were all three together in the drawing-room after tea, Annis cutting the leaves of a magazine she was going to read to Fred. She made a point of lingering as much as possible with the lovers, though the cordial intimacy of old days had never come back between her and Paul. They were still constrained, distant, grave, sometimes even a little shy in their manner to each other.

Annis took the glittering jewels from the case and looked at them.

"They are very pretty and very peculiar," she said.

"Peculiar! do you think so? Try them on, Miss Venn, then I shall see how they look."

"They would not become me at all."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, they are on too large a scale for my height, and they are not exactly my style."

"Don't you think so? Put them on, and we shall see."

"Indeed I would rather not; pray, excuse me."

"That is unkind of you. You must have some reason for refusing. Envy and jealousy, perhaps!" exclaimed the girl, in a pet.

"Zara!" said Paul, in a quick tone of warning.

Annis did not object farther. She took off her own neat, plain ornaments of silver and jet, fastened the filigree chain round her fair neck, placed the brooch in her black velvet ribbon, the large earrings in her ears, and clasped the bracelets on her slender wrists.

There was an incongruity that could not be disputed between the extreme simplicity of her attire and the gorgeous decorations. Her figure looked smaller, her face paler by comparison.

Paul noticed it at once.

"You were right, Annis; they do not suit you, for they seem to outrage the severe laws of simplicity you adopt and that are correct taste. I don't like those ornaments on you; you do not need them."

Paul allowed his eyes to rest admiringly on Annis as he spoke, and the colour mounted to her cheeks under his scrutiny.

She returned the articles to the case, all but the locket; the snap defied her efforts to unfasten it. Paul rushed forward to assist. There was a lustre in his eyes such as had not been there for many a day, as he bent over her and undid the clasp.

Annis, as soon as she was free, took up the magazine, and went out of the room.

Zara turned to Paul in a fury.

"You more than hinted I am vain and tawdry, and require artificial adornments, and that Annis Venn is above all that sort of thing."

"Did I say so, Zara?"

"Not exactly in words, but you meant it; I could see that plainly enough. More than that—you love Annis Venn, and I've often suspected it before."

"Zara, you are talking nonsense."

"Nothing of the sort; your words and manner declare it. If you like her better than you do me, I won't stand in your way."

"You are unjust and unfair. Annis and I have been friends all our lives. But I have asked *you*, not *her*, to be my wife."

"Still you like *her* the best."

"I have never given you reason to suppose anything of the sort."

"No; but I am not blind. And if those hateful ornaments don't become her, they shan't become me either," exclaimed she, in an angry tone.

"Do not be so impetuous, Zara."

"I am mad—yes, mad! Neither I nor anybody else shall ever wear them." She flung the ornaments down on the floor, and stamped her foot on the delicate filigree work.

"You will spoil the trinkets; they are only fragile."

"I mean to spoil them—to trample them to bits." She gave another stamp,

and laughed wildly as she held up the bruised and flattened chain.

Paul looked at her and sighed. His face was troubled, his eyes sad, as he witnessed Zara's outburst of passionate rage. It was the first time he had ever seen her give way in such an unrestrained manner, and he grieved over her more than words can say. It told him how utterly undisciplined was her mind, how ungovernable her temper.

For the spoiled ornaments he did not care a jot. At the best they were, in his eyes, but showy and fanciful toys—useless as they were brittle.

"Why don't you scold me, Mr. Tench?"

"Because I am too grieved, Zara. I could shed bitter tears for you, my poor child, if that would do you good."

"Ah! I have tired you out; you will never care for me any more."

"I care for you more than I ever did, for I see how much need you have of tender, forgiving love. You will make life very hard for yourself unless you keep your passion under control. Pray for strength to do so."

"Paul, you are too kind to me."

She flung herself down on her knees beside him, covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a sudden burst of tears. Deep sobs shook her frame, and Paul looked down pityingly on her as the wave of emotion swept over her. Her grief, like her anger, was almost uncontrollable while it lasted.

She lifted her tear-stained face ere long, and he stooped down and kissed it.

"What does it all mean, Zara?"

"That I am a silly, vain, jealous girl."

"Do not call yourself hard names."

"And mean, and ungrateful, and despicable!"

"Child; you excite yourself without cause."

"I was angry because I thought you were contrasting me with Miss Venn in your own mind, and I know, however grandly I am dressed, I never look the lady she does. And I know whenever I try to imitate her manner I seem more silly and coarse than ever."

"Come now—don't talk any more in this strain," said he, soothingly. "Yours is a sensitive nature, or you would not be unhappy, because you cannot all at once attain perfection. Have a little patience, Zara, all will come right by and by."

"I hope so. These hateful things! I will put them out of sight." Zara gathered up the spoiled ornaments, thrust them into the case, and went out of the room quickly.

A light was shining from the half-opened door of the vicar's study, and she tapped lightly on the panel.

"Come in," was the reply.

"Are you busy, Mr. Venn?"

"You know I have always time to spare for you. What! in trouble again? How is this, dear child?"

"I have been in an awful temper, and have nearly frightened Mr. Tench out of his wits."

"I am sorry to hear you give that account of yourself."

"The fault has all been mine."

"So much the worse, for all the blame



must lie on you. Zara, have you ever considered what a true blessing good temper is? Call it a homely blessing if you choose, but it has a greater charm than beauty or even cleverness. It is the sunshine that oils the machinery of daily life, and makes things go on smoothly in a house. Hasty words or actions inflict many a wound very hard to heal. Did you come here to hear a lecture, my dear?"

"I suppose so, sir, for Mr. Tench never lectures nor scolds me."

"Perhaps not, so you will be better able to listen to me."

But we are not going to repeat the good vicar's lecture. Suffice it to say, Zara shed some tears before he finished, but they were no longer those of anger or passion. They were true blessed tears of penitence and contrition, such as the angels in heaven rejoice over. As they knelt in prayer she felt how little she had of the spirit of Him who was meek and lowly.

She came to supper, leaning on the vicar's arm, looking a little subdued, a little paler than usual, but brightness had returned to her heart like sunshine returning after a wild thunderstorm.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## LOOKING AT PAINTINGS.



PRING came, and adorned the trees of the vicarage gardens with fresh green leaves, despite the smoke of a thousand chimneys crowded thickly beyond the garden walls. Then summer followed, and decked the flower beds with blossoms, fragrant, despite the showers of soot a contrary wind would occasionally sweep over them.

At this time Walter Venn came home from Cambridge for a short stay. The vicar's second son was a fine looking young man, with dark brown hair, and merry brown eyes. He was a general favourite, and his own family made it no secret that they dearly loved him.

He was frank, courteous, had an unequalled share of tact and common sense, made himself at home with everybody, and thus was as popular in society as he was loved in his own home. He had been working hard at college, but had shut his books for a while, and laughingly declared he meant to go in for thoroughly enjoying himself. But his enjoyments seemed of a peculiarly mild type.

For the first few days, he esconced almost himself entirely in Fred's room, taking his sister's place by the couch.

"Dear old Fred! I haven't seen him for so long, that it is quite a treat to have him all to myself. I'll stay with him now, and you must go out of doors,

Annis. You have lost all your roses with moping in a sick room."

"It does not hurt me, Walter."

"Why, then, do you look so white and *distracted*? I was watching you to-day at dinner. We shall be having you to nurse soon."

"Don't be uneasy, I am quite well."

"You don't look so. And I think the old-fashioned way of judging people by their looks is not a bad one. When I see a girl with wan cheeks, dreamy eyes, abstracted manner, and hear her sigh now and again, I always conclude she is either ill or in love."

"What nonsense you talk, Walter!" retorted Annis, laughing and blushing.

Next day, a visit to an exhibition of paintings was proposed. Annis planned that they should all go, and leave her at home, but Walter would not hear of such a thing.

"You *must* go, Annis. You look downright ill this morning, and seem to be almost gasping for fresh air."

"Fred will miss me. I had better stay with him."

"No, it is my turn, a positive treat for me, so don't argue the point."

They were all sitting at the breakfast table, and the vicar stopped in the act of cutting off the top of his egg, and looked keenly at his daughter.

"You don't seem quite in robust health, Annis, a little change will do you good, so you must forget the worries of housekeeping and the anxieties of a sick room, and go to enjoy yourself."

"What will Fred say if I forsake him?"

"I will stay with him," repeated Walter.

"No, no, I propose an amendment to the resolution. You young people must all go, and I will be nurse to-day," said the vicar.

"But you have so many things to do, papa?"

"The 'many things' must wait. And I can both read and write in Fred's room."

The vicar had his way, and as soon as breakfast was over, the "young people" made themselves ready.

Zara wore a purple velvet dress, trimmed with satin of the same colour. On her head was a little purple hat, with a drooping feather. On her wrists were massive gold bracelets; her earrings and brooch were of the same costly material. No shams for Zara now!

These ornaments were betrothal gifts from Paul, given the day after the destruction of the unfortunate filigree set; and the velvet dress and hat formed a portion of the intended wedding *trousseau*.

With her intense love of fine dress she could not see the advantage of keeping her stylish costumes out of sight until the marriage was over.

Annis had once gently pointed out the inconsistency of wearing her bridal outfit before she was a bride, but Zara laughed merrily at her scruples.

"Why should I wait? I daresay Paul will settle down in some stupid out-of-the-way place, where it won't matter in the least what I put on. I call it a far greater compliment to him for me to wear nice things now when we are going about London together."

So she had daily vexed her betrothed's heart by exhibiting herself in elaborate toilettes of her own choosing—costly, rich, showy dresses, made in the height of fashion, and that constantly drew down on them the observations of all observers.

So it happened that, perhaps, the most noticeable group of people in the crowded rooms of the Exhibition was the party from the Vicarage. Many eyes were turned towards Zara; none could help glancing at the superb woman so handsomely dressed, whose peach-tinted face was lit up with conscious triumph, who moved about with the air of an empress. She saw the crowd pressing forward to catch a look, and accepted the homage as a tribute due to her attractions. It was the incense she loved, the faint symbol of the applause of which she had once so fondly dreamed.

Zara and Walter Venn were standing before the show picture of the room, criticising it in rather a comical mood, and laughing and talking without restraint. He admired the bright handsome girl, was amused with her clever remarks, her lively manner, and was not at all averse to sharing a little of her reflected popularity.

So Annis and Paul Tench wandered away to another part of the room, and were soon industriously going over each picture.

He held the catalogue, Annis searched for the figures, and both heads would be turned to the painting under survey, both pairs of lips would give forth impressions thereon.

Not a word passed between them that all the world might not have heard; they might have been a devoted pair of art-students, judging from the gravity of their demeanour and their apparent absorption in the subject before them.

But each of them knew that there was a need for watching, lest their voices might gain the old tender inflection. Each knew there was a danger lest their eyes should meet, and the old love-lighted glance beam forth for a moment. They each of them remembered the icy barrier of reserve they had set up between themselves, and were careful it should not totter in the slightest degree.

And so, though seeming at ease, in reality they were not so. They were both perpetually on guard lest either should even for one instant forget the stranger, "Zara Meldicott Keith," who had come between them and thrust them as far as the poles asunder.

Paul was sad, and just a little nervous, as he talked in a low voice to Annis about tints and shades, about backgrounds and outlines; and she was very watchful indeed, very considerate for Paul, her "brother," as of late she had again been wont to call him.

They confined their conversation solely to the study of the paintings before them, paused before the suggestive mysteries of Turner, the dense, deep shadows of Danby, the cool, golden-tinted dreams of Claude, until they had made a circuit of the rooms, and found themselves back to the show-picture—the point from which they had started.

(To be continued.)



## SPRING TIME.

Lo! Winter departs, his bleak kingdom resigning,  
And everything welcomes the life-bringing breeze.  
Lo! again in the fields flocks and herds are reclining,  
And again the green foliage is decking the trees.

Say, why is the earth with its glories so teeming?  
And why are the meadows with flowers so bright?  
Say, why are the heavens with new loveliness beaming  
In fathomless depths of celestial light?



And why do the birds, their green shelter despising,  
Soar aloft to the skies on contemptuous wing?  
These all are the signs and the beauties arising,  
Like heralds proclaiming the coming of Spring.

Lo! woodland and field are with fragrance abounding,  
And all Nature smiles, and is happy and gay;  
Lo! the air with the music of birds is resounding,  
And the nightingale carols her favourite lay.

Though Winter be cold, and its days dull and dreary,  
Though tempests be raging and snowstorms be rife,  
Bright Spring is at hand, with its aspect so cheery,  
Restoring all Nature to newness of life.

And now the sad heart, thus gladdened, grows lighter,  
Forgetting its care, and its sorrow and pain;  
'Tis now that the mind of the saddest grows brighter,  
The voice of the mourner is joyous again.

'Tis now that we strive, grateful hearts overflowing,  
Our thanks to the Bountiful Giver to prove;  
For each season, each day, aye, each moment is showing  
His Infinite Wisdom, His Infinite Love.

Then remember each heart at misfortune repining,  
How fleeting the shower, how transient the rain!  
Though "Black be the cloud, yet silver the lining,"  
Soon all will be joyful and brilliant again. K. F. W.



## FEMALE CLERKS AND BOOK-KEEPERS.

[EARNING ONE'S LIVING.]



To employment either as a clerk or book-keeper no one can raise any objection on the score of its being unfeminine. It is respectable to work that we may be independent, and a girl may just as well go every day to write letters and keep accounts for some business establishment as sit at home to add up the housekeeping-book or act as her mother's amanuensis.

Already there is a certain demand for women as clerks. When the last census was taken in 1871 there were five hundred and fifty-two of them engaged in connection with commercial business in London alone, and the attention directed of late years to occupations for women must have tended largely to increase their number. Indeed, we may look for some very interesting and encouraging statistics on this head when the new census comes to be taken next year.

One advantage connected with the occupation of a clerk is that it does not require a special education. It is, therefore, particularly suited to those to whom circumstances have denied the careful training required for other pursuits.

What is wanted is a good ordinary education and punctual and orderly habits. Plain neat handwriting is indispensable, and no clerk is anything else than a sorrow to her employers who cannot copy correctly. Accuracy, then, must be made a special study. The ability to write a short letter, saying neatly what we wish to say, is another requisite. An ill-composed, ill-arranged epistle, beginning with a blot and ending with a scribble, will never do for business. It must be clear and to the point, carefully written and neatly folded—there you have in a nutshell the whole art of correspondence.

These, certainly, are not difficult attainments. But in this very ease with which we can qualify ourselves for ordinary clerkships, there is something unsatisfactory. It throws the occupation open to almost everybody, and in consequence we find each vacancy besieged by crowds upon crowds of applicants. Only one can be successful, and all the rest must turn away, often very sick at heart, to try elsewhere.

To meet this difficulty we would suggest to those girls who think of taking their place at an office-desk, that they should try to add to those every-day qualifications enumerated above, some special branch of knowledge. Short-hand, for example, would greatly increase one's chance of obtaining a situation, and a girl knowing French or German would attract favourable notice from all employers worth serving. By knowing French or German, we mean ability to read and write these languages fluently, and not that slipshod knowledge by which we painfully spell out passages by the aid of a dictionary.

A girl possessed of these additional accomplishments would obtain much higher pay than one without them. It is a rule, with few exceptions, that what is easily acquired brings small remuneration, and it is a great encouragement to the industrious to know that in proportion to their labour so will be

their reward. So then, my friends, if we are to be clerks, let us be the best possible clerks, striving to know everything that will make us more useful to ourselves and other people.

The routine of an office is usually simple, and a clerk seldom has any worry or trouble, except what she makes for herself. With pleasant companions to associate with in the intervals of business, she may be very happy, a great deal happier, indeed, than leading an aimless existence at home.

Omitting for the present the postal and telegraph services, there are some establishments in London which employ considerable numbers of young ladies as clerks. Foremost amongst these is a well-known Assurance Company, whose staff may well be referred to as a model of careful organisation.

The young ladies employed by this company must be the daughters of professional men, clergymen, doctors, officers in the army and navy, merchants, and of similar social grade. Their comfort is well attended to, and much kind forethought seems to have been shown in everything connected with them.

Their hours are from ten in the morning till five in the evening, with an hour between one and two for luncheon. Luncheon is provided in the building—and well provided, too—at the exact sum which it costs. When it is over there is time left for a walk. On the streets? Oh, no; on the roof. The roof has been fitted up as a promenade for the young ladies, and there, on a pretty extensive exercising ground, they can enjoy the fresh air and have interesting views of the slate mountains and volcanic chimneys of the neighbourhood, whilst in the distance Hampstead hills may be seen on a clear day.

There is a library filled with interesting books for those who care to read, and for the musical a singing class is provided, meeting at regular intervals. Both are largely taken advantage of. The news of the day should be well understood, for each young lady takes a newspaper home with her every second day, one newspaper being allowed to every two.

And what about the work? That is much the same as falls to the lot of insurance clerks in general. It contains nothing at all intricate, and for its execution requires nothing but ordinary ability and extraordinary accuracy. The examples of accuracy we saw on the occasion of a recent visit were such that if our living depended on our furnishing similar specimens, we would entreat you, girls, to allow of our retiring on a pension into private life.

The salary begins at £32 a-year and rises by stages of £10 till at the end of a few years a young lady finds herself in the enjoyment of £100 or so of annual income, after which she will, no doubt, be content.

There can be no question about the fact that the young ladies like the employment and that the experiment of employing them as clerks has in this instance—thanks, no doubt, to judicious management—been a decided success. This Assurance Company began, in

1872, with the employment of ten young ladies, and their staff now includes no fewer than one hundred and seventy.

Over young men young ladies possess several advantages as clerks. For the same salary you would not get such a respectable class, and it is a doubtful point whether you would get the same amount of steady application. Women, again, as a rule, are more happy and contented; a man must in the nature of things be pushing ahead, and after he has been three or four years at work, he is pretty sure to be marrying and settling down and so requiring a larger income.

A considerable number of young men are employed in the office of which we have been giving an account, but with them the young ladies never come into personal communication. So far as meeting is concerned, they might be a hundred miles apart, the two divisions of clerks even coming into the building by separate entrances.

Another establishment in the metropolis where women are employed as clerks is that of the printers of the Post Office Directories. The experiment of employing young women was begun here quite recently, and the result has been so satisfactory that a handsome room has been built, capable of accommodating forty clerks, and is now quickly filling up.

The success of this experiment, we learn from the Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, is in a great measure due to the good sense and earnestness of the lady superintendent and to the good conduct of the two clerks who first learned the work with her in her own private rooms. Everything is done throughout in the most methodical manner; no talking is allowed, and each clerk goes steadily on with her work, which is too varied to become monotonous.

Railway companies have in a few instances engaged young women as clerks, and provided them with occupation at country stations. We are not, however, sure that a railway booking-office is the right place for a girl. On the Continent, no doubt, it is a common field for women's work, but our ideas of modesty and retirement are against it.

Banks present more suitable openings, and we should be glad to see these institutions throwing open their doors to young women of intelligence and capacity. There is a demand for this class of labour also from large warehouses and private counting-houses, and though, as we have said before, every vacancy has a host of applicants, one candidate has as good a chance as another; and to keep from applying because we are not certain of success would be nothing short of ridiculous.

Allied to the occupation we are now speaking about is the business of copying petitions, law copying, and engrossing. "This work," says one authority, "may be taken by the piece, and can be done at home, provided the strictest business habits of neatness, punctuality, and dispatch can be maintained there. I have heard, however, of a single erasure



condemning a whole deed, and except in cases of necessity such work is far better done in an office."

We believe there is an office in London where girls may be entered for the study of the art. The apprenticeship should begin whilst they are young, for the special qualification of a clear, round, legal hand is difficult to acquire after the ordinary running hand has been once formed.

For engrossing—which means the writing out of deeds in full and regular form on parchment or paper for signature—good eyesight is required, and one must have a precision and delicacy of touch not unlike that needed for illuminating. In point of remuneration it is not a brilliant occupation. When business is brisk a good writer can earn £2 a week, but there is a slack season, which brings down the average weekly earnings of the year to about seventeen shillings and sixpence.

We come now to speak of book-keeping. To be a good book-keeper requires much more preliminary training and study than would be needed to qualify for a clerkship. Not that the mere mechanical work of book-keeping is at all difficult: it is in thoroughly comprehending why this and that is done that the real difficulty lies.

An adult book-keeping class was started some years since by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, the place of meeting being the office of the Society, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. The first step towards entering this class is for the student to bring recommendations from two householders guaranteeing her thorough steadiness and respectability. In cases where the student has just left school, a letter from the mistress or her latest school report is required. No one can be admitted to the class who does not write clearly and neatly, spell correctly, and work accurately the first four rules of arithmetic, simple and compound.

The course of training ordinarily extends over four or five months. During that time students are instructed in all the mysteries of single and double entry, besides which, every effort is made to fill them with a high sense of responsibility, and teach them to be punctual, orderly, and earnest in the discharge of their duties.

Training over, then comes examination by a competent authority and the granting of certificates. Only those are allowed to go up for examination whose conduct in the class has been satisfactory and who have shown a desire to do their work conscientiously.

During the year 1878-79 this class was joined by fifty students, and certificates were granted to twenty-five candidates, all of whom gained at least seventy-five per cent. of the maximum marks.

After having taken all this preliminary trouble the chances the young book-keeper has of succeeding in the world are just what might have been expected. In the annual report of the Society we are informed that "book-keepers who have gained certificates almost invariably retain their situations with credit. It is often difficult to obtain a first situation, for practical experience is generally required; but in this the certificate is a great help, as it forms a good introduction and is a guarantee of efficiency and respectability. When she has once made a fair start, a certificated book-keeper is seldom unemployed."

The number of book-keepers and clerks for whom the Society was fortunate enough to find permanent employment in 1878-79 was eighteen.

A certificated book-keeper generally receives in her first situation about fifteen shillings a week; after that the remuneration is from about eighteen to twenty-five shillings or its equivalent. If meals are provided, of course less is given. There

are a few exceptional cases in which the pay is higher, but the holders of these situations are usually able to speak or correspond in foreign languages.

The occupation of book-keeping is a highly responsible one. Upon the care and accuracy with which its books are kept depends the prosperity of many a business establishment. In not a few instances, bankruptcy even has been traced to no other causes than the keeping of an insufficient set of books, and the keeping of these badly.

When the duties of cashier are united with those of book-keeper, the preference is often given to women over men. And why? It has been found by experience that women are, as a rule, more trustworthy than men, and that they are less likely to be found making free with what is not their own. One reason for this is, perhaps, that they are, generally speaking, exposed to fewer temptations in the way of spending; but we hope that a deeper reason will be found in their superior sense of rectitude and their more self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

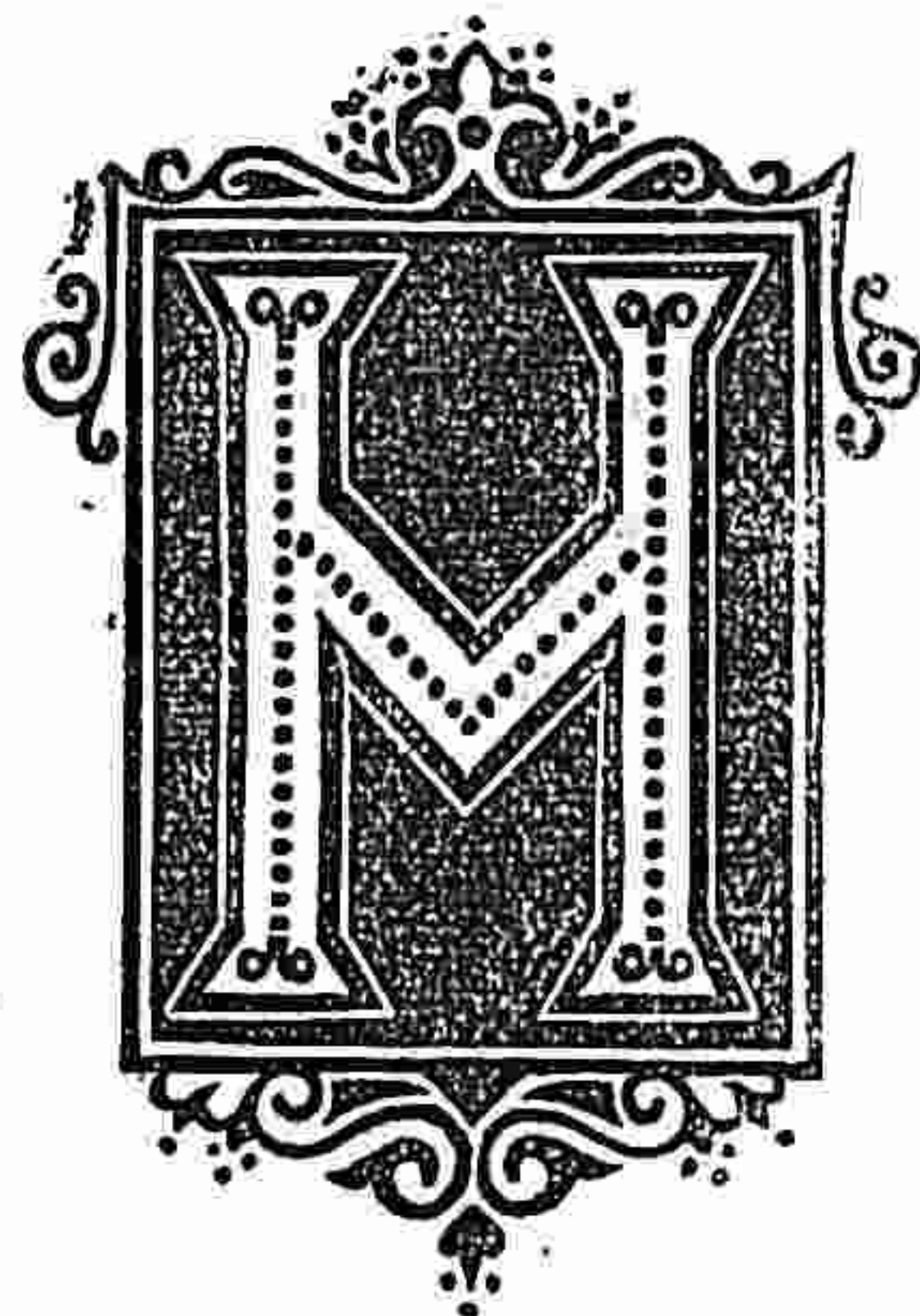
## MORE THAN CORONETS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Author of "The Manchester Man," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

DINAH'S NEW MISTRESS.



ESBA'S ears had not deceived her. Had she and Mercy followed the stranger, who called himself John Rutherford, up New Oxford-street, instead of hurrying along Southampton-street to their

lodgings across the square, they might have seen standing before a bookseller's door the self-same carriage which had whirled Dinah away from Euston; and they might have seen the self-same liveried footman carrying a parcel of books to "my lady" in the carriage, and, after placing them with other parcels on the seat, stand back with one hand holding the door and the other touching his forehead, whilst their military friend, marching up, gave a brief order, then joined the lady seated within. They might have seen the footman pass his orders to the coachman, then mount to the rumble; but they would have been no wiser, for there was no Dinah then on the seat, and the man's resplendent purple-and-gold was concealed under a sober overcoat which came to his heels.

We, however, are privileged to follow Major Rutherford to his seat beside his sister, Lady Dynevor, of Dynevor Manor.

He was a man above the middle height, erect, broad-chested, bronzed rather than florid, with a very decided cast of countenance, across which the ploughshare of affliction had drawn its ineffaceable lines, his hair having the nondescript tinge of dark brown on which grey has intruded before its time.

Several years his elder was the lady,

but not a thread of white was to be seen in the smooth bands above her brows, not a line on her well kept face, if we except the faint crowfeet at the outer corners of her eyes; her cheek retained something of youth's freshness, something of youthful bloom, and her tall, dignified figure had not lost its graceful curves. Perhaps Dinah knew the secret of her lady's wonderful preservation.

"I have had a little adventure since I left you, Ernestine," said the major as he took his seat.

"Ah! an adventure? An agreeable one, I hope," and the lady smiled, revealing a set of strong white teeth, which did not come from the dentist.

"Partly," was the sober rejoinder. "A young lady and her sister—she *said* she was her sister—both in deep mourning, entered the post-office just as I had given in my telegram, and asked for a letter for Miss Stapleton."

"Miss——" The interruption which began as a startled exclamation dropped into a somewhat languid query, "I—ah—did not catch the name?"

"Stapleton," repeated the major, unobservant that Lady Dynevor had changed colour even beneath the artificial bloom; "the young lady did not seem aware that a charge was made, and I saw she was overwhelmed with shame, having evidently left her purse behind. You may be sure I did not allow her to go back without her letter."

"Ah! just like my simple-minded brother! How do you know the girl was not an impostor?" And up went the lady's eyeglasses, as if to scan unfamiliar features.

"An impostor for a *penny*? Nay, Ernestine, that is an illiberal assumption. She was as much a lady as yourself. 'It was her grandma's letter,' said the younger sister."

"What younger one?" There was a sort of petulant quickness about the question so foreign to Lady Dynevor, it must have attracted her brother's attention had he been of a suspicious nature.

"That is the point, Ernestine! She was a most lovely girl. I should say thirteen years old—the very counterpart of Blanche! Her rich chestnut hair, her dimpled cheeks, her large brown loving eyes, her nose, her lips—there was scarcely a line memory could not trace. I could not keep my eyes away from the child. I am sure she set me down as rude and impertinent. For my part, I felt as if I could have clasped her in my arms and wept over her! It seemed as if something whispered me, 'The waves have given back your child. Blanche's babe was not lost—she is here!'"

"This is really too absurd," broke from Lady Dynevor, with a faint affectation of supreme indifference.

"You would not have said so, my lady, if you had seen the fair child as I saw her. Indeed, my dream was only partially dispelled when Miss Stapleton replied to my question, 'Yes, sir, she is my sister!' I was compelled to believe her; but if Blanche herself had risen from the dead I could scarcely have had a greater shock;" and the bronzed soldier sighed as he drew his hand across his forehead wearily.



At that moment the carriage drew up at Lady Dynevor's town residence, near Portland-place, and the subject dropped.

"You will come in, will you not?" and the lady paused for a reply ere she tripped up the steps.

"Thank you, no. I have a few arrangements to make before I depart, and shall dine at the club. My carriage and servants will be left at your disposal until my return."

"You will telegraph for me if it is anything serious?"

"Certainly."

Good-byes were exchanged. The major drove away to arrange for his journey by a night train to Rutherford Chase, on the borders of Derbyshire, where his elder brother, Sir Edwin, was suffering from the accidental bursting of a gun. The lady sought her own chamber and the services of her maid, the Dinah Smart so frequently advertised for, to so little purpose—Dinah, dressy as of old, cunning as of old, who seemed half afraid of her mistress, and of whom her mistress was more than half afraid.

Lady Dynevor was a widow, with one son and two daughters. The former, Lord Ernest, was then at Oxford, reading for his "little go." Of the latter, the eldest, Clara, was then with her mother in town for her first season; the younger, Ernesta, at one of those establishments near Geneva where young ladies belonging to the poorer aristocracy may be educated at small cost in unexceptionable society.

For, be it admitted, Lady Dynevor was poor. When Dynevor Manor came into her hands at Lord Dynevor's death, as guardian for her son during his minority, so encumbered was the estate that her ladyship deemed it advisable to lease the manor for a term to a rich commoner, and retire to the Continent on her "settlements" with her children, then very young.

She had therefore gone abroad, and, going abroad, had advertised for a "young ladies' maid who did not object to travel," and this being answered by Dinah, then under notice from Mrs. Stapleton, the testimonials put in were accepted, and when Dinah was "wanted" in England she was sunning herself under the vines of Switzerland, and turning her various talents to account in Lady Dynevor's service.

Dinah's self-importance had risen with her rise on the social ladder; she looked back with disdain to the days when she had been required to "wait on a foundling no better than one's self." There was a wide distance between a child with no right even to her name and young ladies who had names and titles both. She stood in supreme awe of rank; there could be no familiarity between Lady Dynevor and her daughters' maid, there could be no playing off elfish tricks on young ladies who had known their own superiority from the cradle; and her natural cunning taught that her workhouse experience was best kept in the background. Her deft fingers, her art and skill in cutting and

contriving, in re-arranging toilettes, in transforming old garments into new, made Dinah an acquisition, and kept her so fully and congenially employed she had little leisure for mischief.

Four years had this "treasure of a maid" served her ladyship when Major Rutherford, on the point of embarking with his regiment for Ireland, chanced to send his sister a couple of Liverpool newspapers. Had the same newspapers been sent to her ladyship in London or at Dynevor Manor it is probable they would have been barely glanced over or tossed aside; in Switzerland they were read. In so reading Lady Dynevor came across two advertisements, which, although dissimilar, she had no difficulty in piecing together.

Dinah was summoned. They were laid before her. Utterly unprepared, she was taken at a disadvantage; her native stolidity forsook her. She changed colour, and then, after four years, she was asked once more what she knew of Captain Stapleton's will.

It was in vain she protested she knew nothing. Her uncomfortable change of colour had been noted. Lady Dynevor recalled that Dinah's character had purported to come from a Mrs. Cooke; yet here a reward was offered for a missing will and a missing servant-maid in terms which left no doubt that a Mrs. Stapleton had been Dinah Smart's mistress, and that Dinah was supposed to have some connection with the disappearance of a will.

Dinah appealed to her mistress if she had not served her with fidelity for four years.

"Yes, Smart, to the best of my belief; but as you evidently came to me with a false character, there must have been something wrong in your antecedents, and I shall have no alternative but to hand you over to the authorities and to communicate with the advertisers."

Dinah dropped on her knees. "Oh, my lady, *don't*! I never had father or mother to teach me what was right or what was wrong. But oh, my lady, *don't* give me up, and I'll tell you all I know; I will, indeed."

And then, in her dreadful fear of a foreign prison, Dinah, still on her knees, confessed that whilst dusting a room she had seen old Mrs. Stapleton put a folded paper in a little drawer in a bureau, and there being a bit of the paper sticking out when the old lady was called away, curiosity prompted her to look what it was. She had barely seen the word "Will" on the paper when she heard footsteps, and thrust the paper back; that she could scarcely get the drawer shut, for the paper stuck fast; and in her flurry to seem dusting she broke a bottle of magnesia; and that was all she knew of the will, if she should never speak again!

"Yet it is clear you are suspected."

"I don't think it's for *that*, my lady, I'm wanted. It's for something I took," and Dinah's voice sank to a whisper.

"Took?" questioned Lady Dynevor, sharply.

"Yes, my lady; but, oh, my lady, I did not mean to steal them. I only put

them on to look fine when I went out, and when I came away the bundle was gone, and I could not put them back."

"Them—and the bundle—explain yourself."

Dinah did explain, and the explanation that she had taken a child's sleeve bands from a bundle in the nursery cupboard to wear as a pair of bracelets, involved the story of Mercy's miraculous preservation, her careful nurture by the Stapletons, and the bundling together of the babe's clothing as a clue to its parentage.

Dinah's big head was bowed in her little brown hands, or she would surely have noted the strange agitation of Lady Dynevor as she proceeded, and the clenching of the white jewelled hand resting on the marble table beside her.

It did strike her that there was a huskiness in her lady's voice as she asked what Smart had done with the sleeve-bands, and bade her hasten and bring them for inspection.

"You are not going to send for the police, my lady?" urged Dinah, with a frightened face.

"I must think about it. Let me see the things you stole."

"I'm glad I told her nothing of the sovereign, or them papers," thought Dinah, as she went, and there was a scintillation of the old defiant doggedness in her eyes when she came back with the trinkets.

By that time Lady Dynevor had recovered her self-possession. She raised her eye-glass to examine the monogram on the gold-clasps, which she carried to the window for inspection, possibly to conceal her own emotions, for there was a battle with the Evil-One going on in her secret heart. Presently she returned the bands to Dinah, with an injunction to lock them up and set a seal on her lips, or she, Lady Dynevor, would not be able to screen her. She was willing to give Smart an opportunity to retrieve her character; although the young woman must know she was liable for prosecution as a thief, and no jury would make the nice distinction between *taking* and *stealing*.

Lady Dynevor, the *lenient* mistress, threw open the casement for air, after Dinah, profusely grateful, had gone from the apartment. "B. R." she murmured. "Yes, that was the monogram, Blanche Rutherford's initials, and beads of polished Gibraltar rock. There can be no question the child is theirs. Am I called upon to proclaim it? Blanche is dead, and John gave the infant up as lost from the first. The child has fallen into good hands, is well taken care of. She has no knowledge of any other friends. To part them now would bring grief to all. And what would become of my Clara and Ernesta if their uncle's own child should be restored to him? And she would be nearer to Sir Edwin than my children. Oh! it is not to be thought of. All Ernest's hope of succession to Rutherford Chase would be gone. Surely I am not called upon to sacrifice my own children's interests for a child supposed to be drowned!"

(To be continued.)





## MR. DICK'S RIGHT HAND;

OR,  
ESTELLE'S INHERITANCE.

HAD often comforted myself about my old friend in his bereavement, knowing that he had daughters to take care of him in his now fast-declining years. Without the help of a ready reckoner

I could calculate to a day the respective ages of Laura, Kate, and Pauline; and rested happy in the thought that if steady age on their part could ensure competent companionship, the friend and playmate of my early youth would not feel lonely in his widowerhood. His wife had been dead for eighteen months when, yielding to the solicitations of "each and every" of these daughters, I decided to pay them a visit in the month of roses, which, we all know, means June, for then my flower-loving nature would have ample gratification in the floral life of Home Vale.

As is often the case with visitors who cannot name the exact hour of their arrival, when I drove up to the house I found my friends had determined that I surely would *not* come by that train, and had mentally allowed me the choice of either the very early or the very

late train; the noonday one was out of the question.

"Oh, the young ladies *will* be so sorry, ma'am! they have all hurried out to get their different errands over before you came," said the servant, as she carried my box into the hall.

"Is there no one at home, then?" I asked.

"Master is; he is nearly always in now. And there's little Miss Estelle; but she's not of much 'count.'"

"Miss Estelle! I haven't heard of her. I hoped I was the only guest."

The servant laughed, but replied, respectfully, "Miss Estelle is Mr. Dick's little girl as was sent home from Australia for education. We always say *only* Miss Estelle, because she is so quiet in her ways that nobody takes any notice of her."

My old friend was so altered that I should certainly have passed him in the street; but so was I. The compliment was therefore mutual when each said to the other, with a hearty hand-grasp, "Is it possible that I see my old friend before me!"

"Ah, but 'you have much to be thankful for in the threefold cord of love that surrounds you," I remarked, when presently he unfolded some of the many troubles which oppressed his lot, in spite of bright surroundings.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, without hesitation.

"Three such daughters, too!" I continued.

"Y—e—s," he said, but with such a burden of hesitation, that it scarcely seemed to spell the little brisk word, *yes*.

I was just wondering whether I had been misinformed as to the home-virtues of these sisters, when my friend exclaimed—

"I am looking forward to introducing you to my right hand. She supplies a great want in my house, now my beloved wife is gone."

This speech very naturally raised my curiosity as to which of the three girls claimed this honourable distinction; but as there was an evident undertone of grief in his voice I forbore to ask questions on the subject, feeling sure that the daughter so distinguished could not long hide her right to it. But the day wore away in the society of Laura and Pauline before I could discern in their behaviour toward their father any reason why either of them should be the palm-bearer. Perhaps Kate would be more satisfactory. I would watch her.

Meanwhile, unperceived by any of us, a little slight figure had glided into the room, and, with the noiseless touch of a fairy, had arranged a pile of school-books, with their accompanying exercise books and desk, on a small side table, and then seated herself as quietly before them as though she were the sole occupant of the large drawing-room. I was quite unaware of her presence until one of her pens fell to the ground and she stooped to pick it up. We all turned round. "Ah, *there* she is!" exclaimed my friend, with evident satisfaction.

"Come forward, Estelle. You should always do so when you are spoken to," said Kate.

"Or when you are looked at," amended Laura, perceiving a smile on my face, as I had not opened my lips to the young girl.

She approached timidly, and laid her small, long hand in mine—I say *laid*, because she did not respond to my shake, but rather submitted to it.

"Poor Dick's child—my right hand! I promised to introduce you to her," and her grandfather called her tenderly towards him, and every now and then the hand that was nearer him would find its way up and pass its fingers lovingly through the still bushy though quickly whitening hair, that she pressed against her face as she toyed with it.



"Why does your father call Estelle that delightful name?" I inquired of Kate during the child's absence.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! To my mind she does not possess one of those qualifications which a *right hand* ought to have to make it worthy of the name."

The two other sisters answered to the same purpose; but when, later on, I was left alone with Estelle, and asked her, "What do you *do*, dear, for grandpa that deserves so sweet a title?" she looked thoughtful for an instant, as though racking her brain for a reason, and then with a smile of artless simplicity which was as beautiful as it was significant, she replied—

"I don't know—unless it is that I always do what he tells me."

I think I must have frightened the dear girl by my earnest demonstration of approval, for I caught her to my breast and kissed her fervently.

"Dear, dear Estelle!" I exclaimed; "if you had written a whole book about the best way to please your parents you could not possibly have said more!"

But Estelle did not seem to see where the force of her simple speech lay; she gazed at me, surprised and abashed, then timidly added—

"Don't you think so? Mamma used to tell me that she would rather have an *obedient* daughter than a rich or pretty one; and when I was coming over to England, she said—she said—she sa—"

Here the sweet voice gave way, and Estelle threw her arms round my neck, sobbing, as I thought, as though her young heart would break. But no, all her recollections were as holy and delightful as an obedient daughter's could be, she was only hugging one of those precious recollections with the tearful embrace of memory. Presently she said in the same artless manner—

"Papa isn't rich, and most likely I'll have to get my own living; but when mamma was sitting in my cabin before the ship sailed she said two words that I can never forget."

She hesitated, as if asking permission to go on, and I at once inquired—

"May I know what those words were, or are they too valuable for a stranger's ears? Tell me, or not, just as you like."

"Oh, I have not said them aloud since I arrived, so it will be a great treat to hear them. They are 'ESTELLE'S INHERITANCE!'"

The dear girl rather enjoyed my puzzled countenance, but with her native politeness quickly explained herself.

"Mamma said that, as I had always been obedient at home, now I must carry obedience with me to grandpa, and consider that I am still obeying her *through* him. 'Estelle,' she said, 'your father will have nothing to leave you but that which is every obedient child's inheritance—a parent's blessing! But if you have *that*, you will be surer of true joy and prosperity than if he left you a fortune; and, more than that, God has a great blessing for those who honour their parents.' Once again the musical voice faltered; then with a great effort Estelle said with rapidity, as though it were a *now or never* question—

"Shall I show them to you?"

"Show me what, dear?" Of course I did not understand what she would have to show.

"The Words."

"The words? What does my darling mean?"

Estelle fumbled in her pocket, and drew out a small neatly-cased memorandum book, from which she again drew a small envelope. Thence, with quivering fingers, she produced a slip of paper, on which were pencilled these two words:—

"ESTELLE'S INHERITANCE!"

She observed my emotion, and said softly—

"They are too precious to lose; and I do not look at them often for fear the pencil-marks will wear off. Mamma wrote them at the last moment after she had said good-bye. She tore out a page of her pocket-book, and scribbled them down just as the passengers' friends were all leaving the vessel. 'Keep that, my child,' she said; 'and when you feel downhearted at your future prospects remember that, as an obedient daughter, you may confidently expect a share in that blessing which is the inheritance of obedience.' Do you like it?"

This question was asked so confidently that again I felt obliged to embrace the little sylph-like form before me. "I *more* than like it. I am thankful I have heard such words."

Estelle gave a little gulp of gratification, and then exclaimed—

"So you see I carry my fortune in my pocket! I can't feel poor whilst I have got it, for when I read it I shall know it means a blessing."

"Ah, but, dear Estelle, I hope you may have many other blessings besides."

"Yes; I am to be a governess, and perhaps God will bless me with good obedient pupils. Oh! I hope He will!"

"Estelle; Estelle! where are you? Poor grandpa is lost without his right hand."

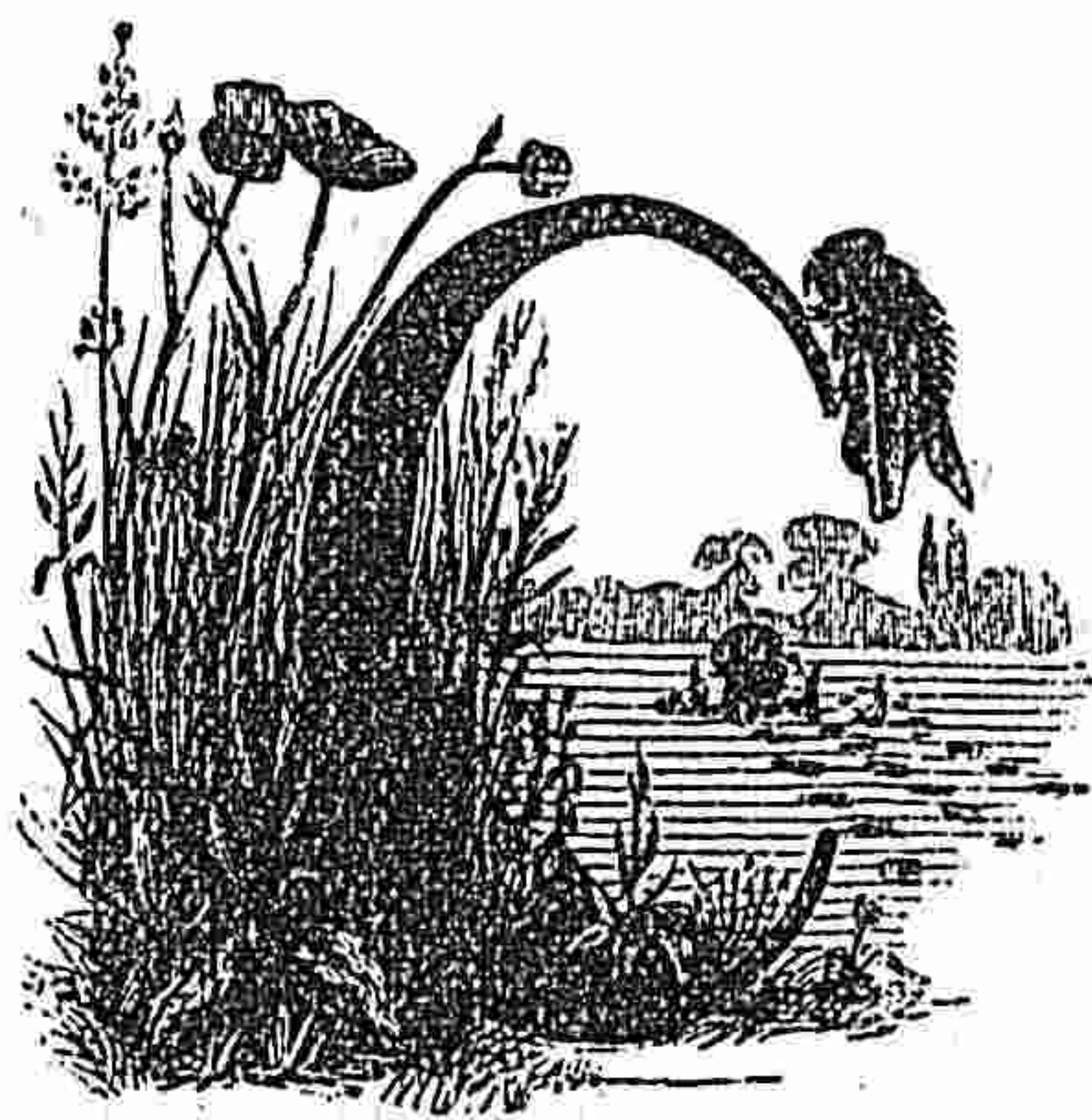
"Coming, grandpa! Oh, please let me go. The *Times* is come, and he is looking forward to the leader to-day. Oh, do, please!"

This was to a show of resistance that my arms made as they clasped the sweet young girl in another admiring embrace.

Estelle, however, never had need to become a governess; for there is another relationship in life where *obedience* is of first importance; and to this relationship she was early called by a good, true-hearted man, who, fully endorsing the words of Solomon about a good wife, chose an obedient daughter rather than an heiress as his life-long companion, feeling sure that in *her* he should find a treasure whose "price is far above rubies."

Nor was he disappointed.

## TRUTH FOR EVER.



OME, girls, let us talk a b o u t truth, and see whether there is not every reason in the world why we should unite in saying,

Truth for ever! How careless many people—some, perhaps, not a long distance off—are about it. To hear them speak, one would think that to call black white every day of one's life was of not the slightest consequence. The stories they tell contain about a grain of fact to every pound of fiction, and when, like the rest of us, they get into scrapes, the way they invent falsehoods to screen themselves from blame would often be amusing if it were not so melancholy.

Now—and you may as well take particular note of it—there never yet lived any good women in the world who were not remarkable for truthfulness. That was the very essence of their character, and the most conspicuous thing about them. Their word could be relied on for the least thing; and every one felt trust and confidence in them.

She who tells falsehoods has got a mean mind, and there is no end to the shabby things she is capable of doing. You may trust her as far as you can see her, but not an inch farther. She goes through life suspected by everybody and shunned by all who have ordinary good sense. Who can wonder at people giving the cold shoulder to her whose best name—and that you will allow not a very respectable one—is mischief-maker?

Truth for ever! We don't want to be suspected and shunned, but loved and sought after. Let us speak downright honest truth, then, and people will trust us everywhere and believe us always.

Many falsehoods are about very little things; hardly worth mentioning, some one says. Not so. Those trifling affairs often grow to be the most serious of all. If we are ever found out in little falsehoods, people will naturally enough suspect us on great occasions. The boy in the fable who ruined his reputation by calling "Wolf! wolf!" when there was none, would have got quite as bad a character by telling lies about spiders.

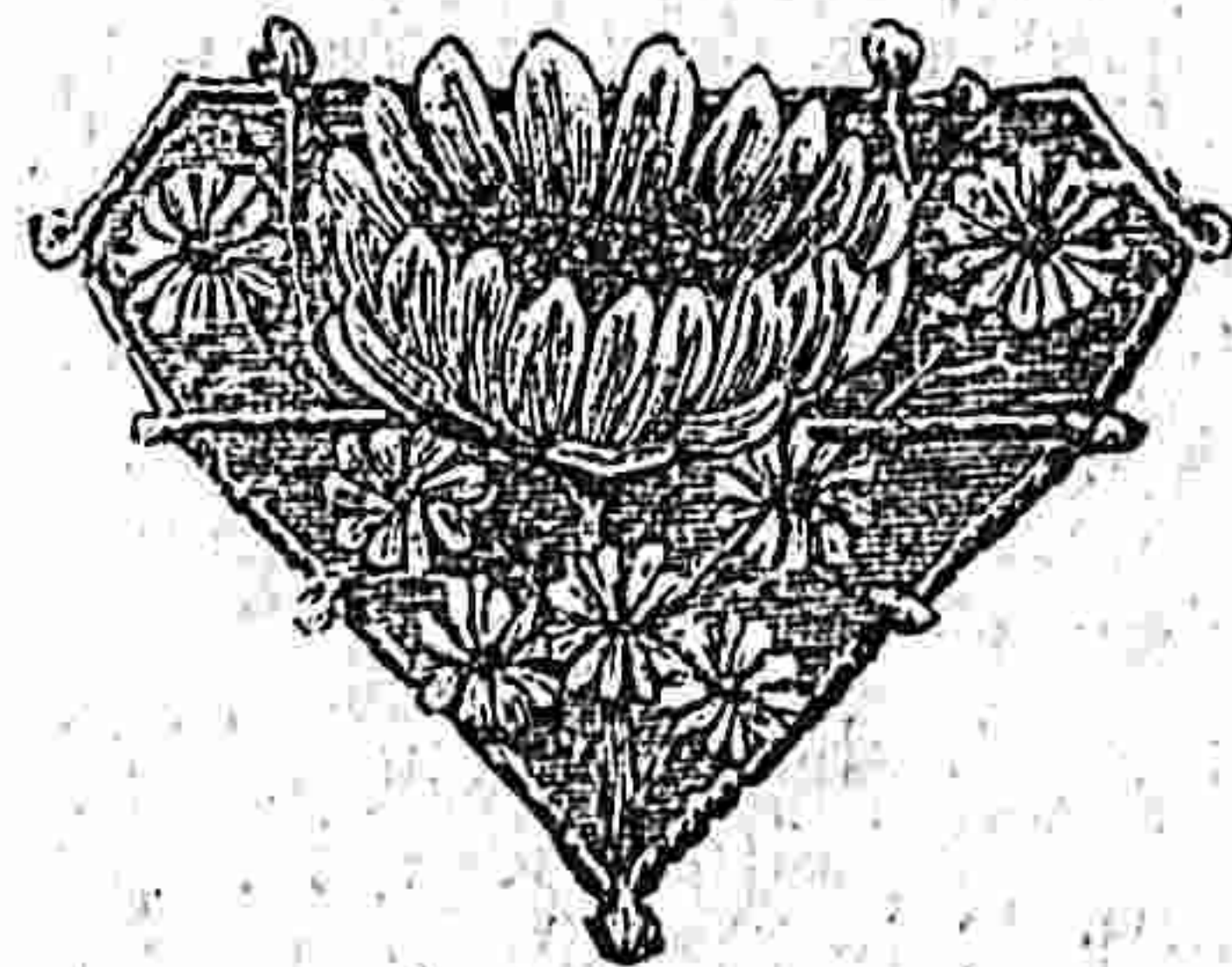
We are never certain what the effect may be of anything we either do or say, and this is specially true of telling falsehoods. Quite recently I heard of a young man who was disposed to admire a certain young lady, till her mother, one fine day, told what he knew to be a falsehood about her daughter's accomplishments. That one unfortunate speech threw cold water on the flame of his affection, and he left the house firmly resolved to give up all thoughts of her. You think, perhaps, that he was over hasty, and that the daughter might have been as devoted to truth as any of us. Perhaps. But the probabilities were against it, and in any case he was prudent in his determination never to have a fabricator of falsehoods for his mother-in-law.

The motive that induces people to tell lies is often one at the mere mention of which they might well blush with shame. It is pride—they wish to appear better than they really are; or spite—to do someone an ill turn; or cowardice—to escape the results of stupidity; or laziness—to be relieved of work they ought by rights to do; or greed—to get what they do not deserve. Why, even a stone might blush at such a catalogue.

Whoever fails to stick to the truth can never have an easy mind. She is, always afraid of being found out. Every falsehood she utters is an enemy of her own creation, that may re-appear any day to destroy her peace and hold her up to contempt. "A liar," says the proverb, "should have a good memory"; and how can any one enjoy happiness who has always to be taxing her brains as to whether what she says to-day does not contradict what she told yesterday?

On the other hand, how pleasant a life is led by her who speaks only the truth! She respects herself, which is more than the other does; she is strong in the approval of her own conscience, which the other is not; and she feels sure that her conduct has the approval of God, whilst the other knows quite the contrary.

That constitutes the best reason of all. We can only enjoy the favour of Heaven by holding fast to the truth. We must try to know it, and never fail to speak it. So then, my friends, let us give a wide berth to falsehood. Truth for ever! JAMES MASON.







## SWISS DARNING;

OR,

## JERSEY AND STOCKING MENDING.

HAT is worth doing at all is worth doing well"; therefore, I will try to explain, not only to girls, but also to teachers, the best mode of mending their stockings and all hosiery.

Many of the elder ones will no doubt proudly exclaim, "We have been mending our own stockings for ever so long!" I am very pleased to hear it, for it shows you have been industrious and have not tried to put off this "bore" on your too kind mother. But the repair you have been accustomed to is the ordinary darn, and I am sure you have frequently felt dissatisfied with it. You must have noticed

that it did not seem to harmonise so well with the stuff as when by chance you have mended some linen. Shall I tell you why? The ordinary or plain darn reproduces exactly the weaving of linen, which consists of two flatly interlaced threads, whilst in stockings the tissue forms a rather raised chain, and, to look neat, should be imitated perfectly. Who amongst you would ever dream of patching stockings with linen? Would you not consider it quite absurd? And yet you do just about the same thing when you mend your stockings in the usual manner. How often you have been annoyed in vainly doing your very best to conceal the repairing thread on your own heels, or on the knees of your young brother's knickerbockers.

Oh dear! how those darning stitches grin above the shoes and on the knees. They make you feel quite uncomfortable, and, do what you may, never will you be able to give them a neater appearance. Another drawback is that lazy and careless children, to hurry on their task, double their cotton, leave either too long loops, or none at all, and do not trouble themselves to prepare the hole. They then darn over it, layer by layer, anyhow, continuing the thick clumsy rows far beyond the faulty parts. "It doesn't matter, that'll do," they say; "it won't show."

True, it won't show, perhaps, but just fancy having to walk with these bumpy plasters under your heel, or pressing against your little

toe! After this do not come and complain of your shoe pinching you, nor be surprised to have your feet rendered quite ugly with big corns and bunions, which will make you suffer all your life.

Well, I suppose I must not chat any longer, for surely, by this time, you have become quite anxious to hear the new way I have promised you—one not only imperceptible, but so smooth that it cannot be felt by the most delicate touch. This wonderful method is not in the least difficult—even the eight-year-old tot will be able to learn it in no time. It is called "Swiss or web darning," and was known many, many years ago, when stockings were so very expensive, and gentlemen, wearing knee-breeches and buckled shoes, had the whole of their silk hose exposed to view. Since then it has been forgotten in England; but now fashion has returned to it, and girls too idle to use it for their stockings will certainly be tempted to try it on their jerseys.

Swift, a well-known writer, jocosely speaks of a man who "spent, every day, ten hours in his study darning stockings, which he performed to admiration." What do you think of that? How many girls grumble if they have but one or two hours' mending a week!

Why the stitch is called "Swiss darning" I cannot exactly tell you, for it is known throughout the Continent; perhaps it was first invented in Switzerland. I prefer the name *web*, because it better specifies the kind of repair, as web here means the chain of hosiery texture. By this true stitch you make in the same time the chain on the top and the purl at the back, as in the plain ground of Fig. 3, while in the ribbed ones of Figs. 4 and 5 chain and purl are seen both on the wrong and right side, always in perfect imitation of the stuff, and just as done in knitting. Some varieties merely reproduce the chain at the top, whilst at the back they either form lines of reversed rope stitch, like in the chain-darn (Fig. 7), or alternate rows of purl and twist—the lace-web (Fig. 6).

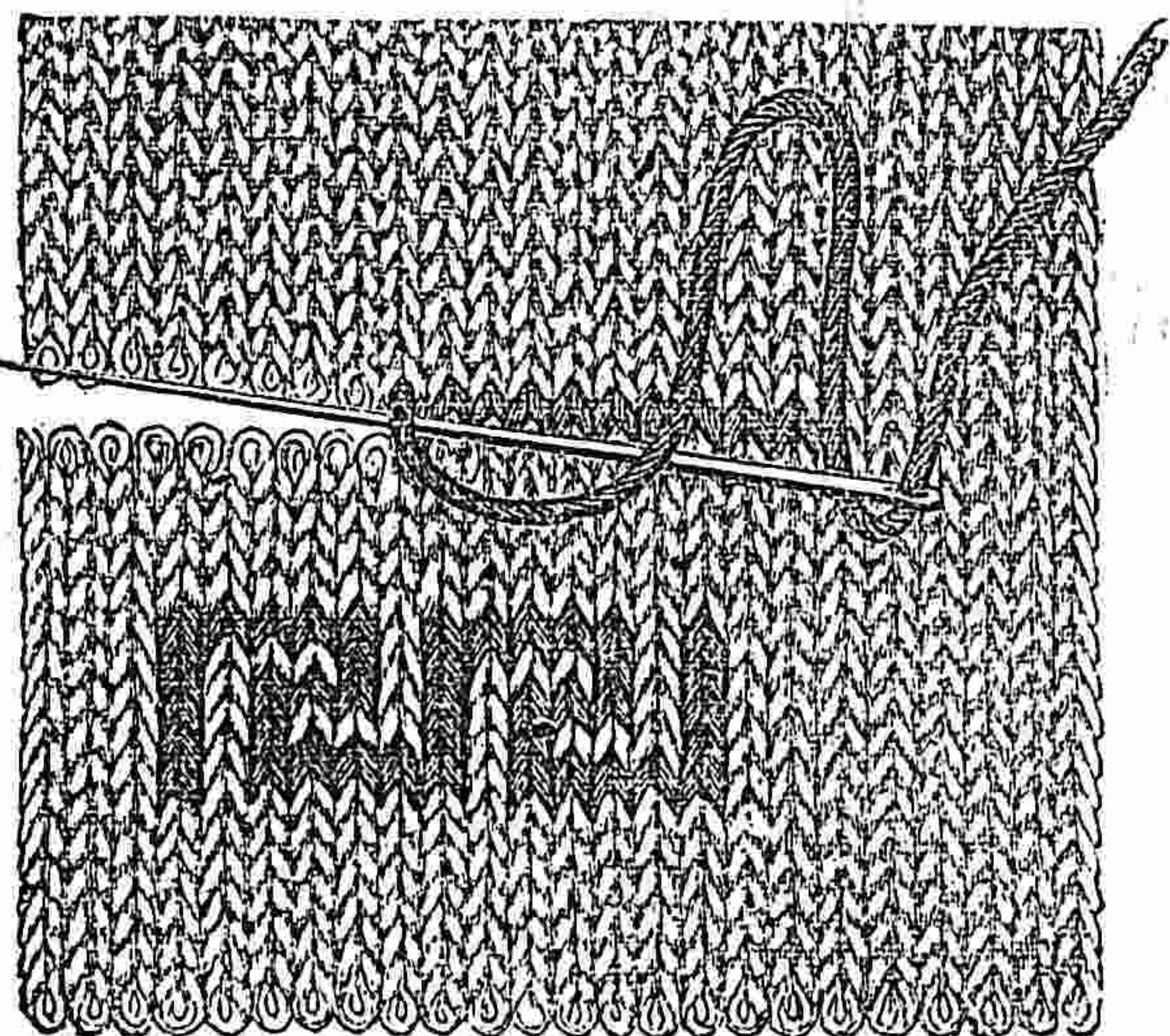
Not to puzzle you with long descriptions, I have prepared very clear diagrams, which will be your best guide. Anyhow, I must give you a few practical hints.

First, I will warn you against reading the directions all at once; they would only weary without enlightening you. You had better follow me step by step. Before all, provide yourself with an old piece of white stocking, a needle, and some red embroidery or marking cotton, so that you can see better the result of your trials. Pay attention to the two different ways the lines run; the front ones are straight, and, those of the back go round as a circle. These contrary directions will

help you in cutting out the four lines of a hole, for instance. The two straight ones are made in front through the groove of a web, leaving smooth edges. For the two horizontal lines turn to the back, and cut between the purls, and you will have at the top and bottom a row of loops, from which prick out with a pin or needle the fluffy pieces of thread, leaving them well open, like they are in knitting when the needle is drawn out.

## GRAFTING.

But to begin by the easiest, snip the piece of stocking along the purls, and join the two parts thus:—After the loops have been well opened, lay them flatly opposite each other on the forefinger of the left hand, keeping them firm under the thumb. Commence in front on the right-hand side; pass the needle each time through two loops, taken alternately from both edges. Each loop stands for a chain, and is pierced by the needle twice, so as to obtain both a fast seam and the vandyke of the webs. *Herein lies the whole secret of this true stitch*, or Swiss darning, clearly illustrated in Fig. 1. If made regularly, and with proper cotton, no one will be able to find out where the line is. You principally want this seam for circular-mending—that is, for putting in new sleeves, legs, &c.—because you see in this case the joining goes quite round in a



I.—GRAFTED SEAM AND EMBROIDERY.

circle. Of course when you unite thus two pieces be careful not only to match the material in quality, but in shade; so if you mend a white stocking with a blueish tinge do not join to it a piece of a yellowish cast. No doubt you have never heard before the word "grafting"; it means to join or to strengthen. I have just explained to you the joining and the strengthening can be done in two ways. When by chance you meet with a very large rent which you want to repair quickly, you can graft to it a new piece by letting in a patch. Prepare the hole as I have described before. Buttonhole the two even edges of the gap and of the patch, which must fit to a thread and be first secured at the four corners by cotton or pins. Graft the loops as in Fig. 1, then sew together the buttonholing, keeping the thread under the needle.

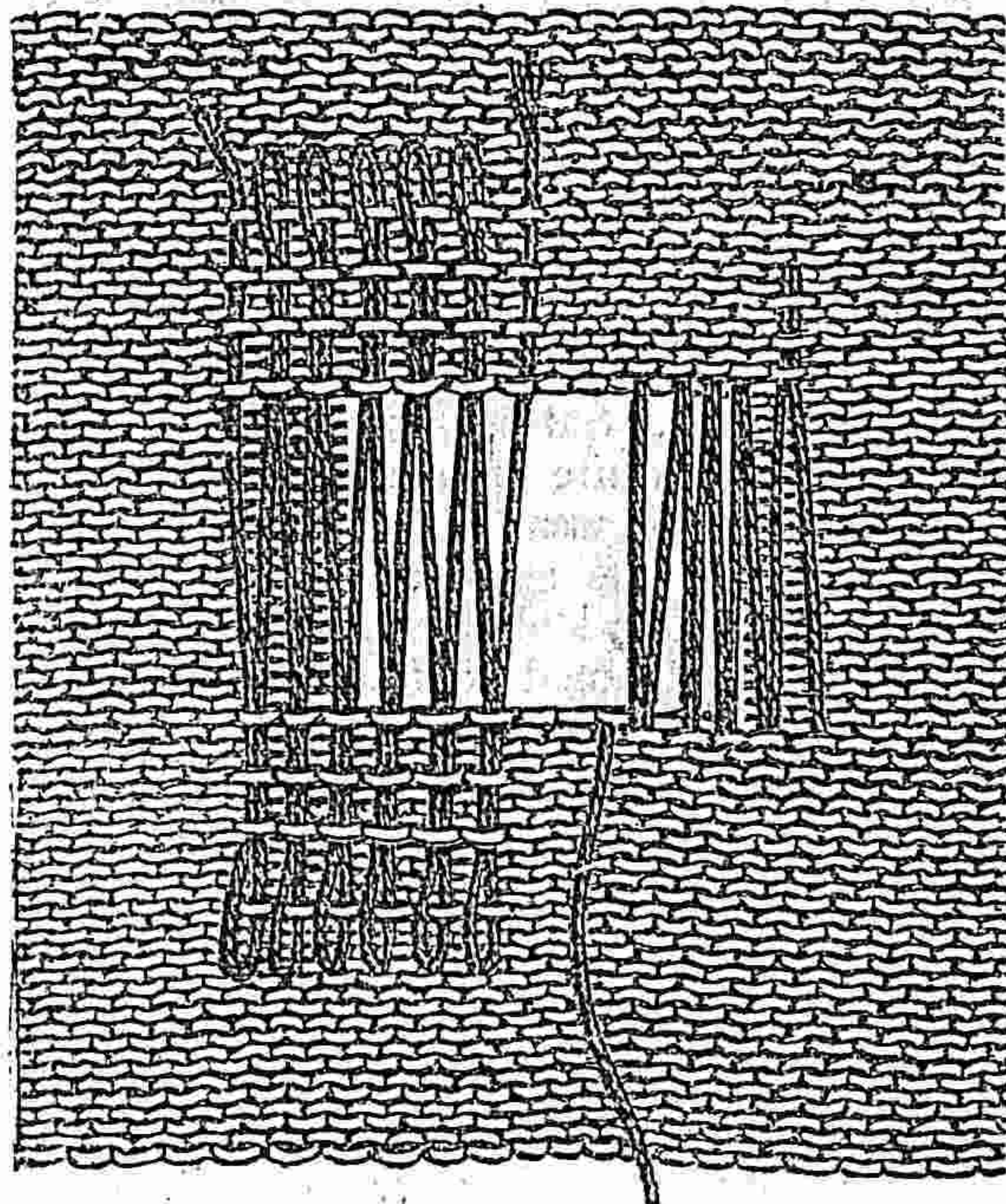
Another easy and usual strengthening consists in covering thin webs with the original stitch (Fig. 1); in this case, work with rather fine cotton, so as not to break the foundation. I think you will all be delighted with this stitch, with which you can also mark your hosiery to appear as if the letters were really woven in the material. But this is not all—you can besides execute charming designs in variegated colours for your petticoats, the clocks of your stockings; in fact, any chain-woven or knitted stuffs, as blankets, table-covers, antimacassars, shawls, cuffs, mittens, and, above all, jerseys, which you may adorn round the neck, wrists, and



edge with a sweetly-pretty wreath of flowers copied from any cross-stitch design. As a simple example I have chosen the always admired key-pattern (Fig. 1).

#### JACOB'S LADDER.

"What a strange name!" you will exclaim.



2.—TWO DIFFERENT WEB-GROUNDINGS.

So it is; but a very descriptive one, as you will soon understand. You will remember that Jacob, whilst travelling, had a dream, in which he saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven. Now, as you know, a ladder is made

it into the fallen loop, through which is drawn the rung above to form again the web-stitch. When each bar has been thus picked up, the last loop is neatly fastened with needle and cotton.

#### WEB-STITCH AND ITS VARIETIES.

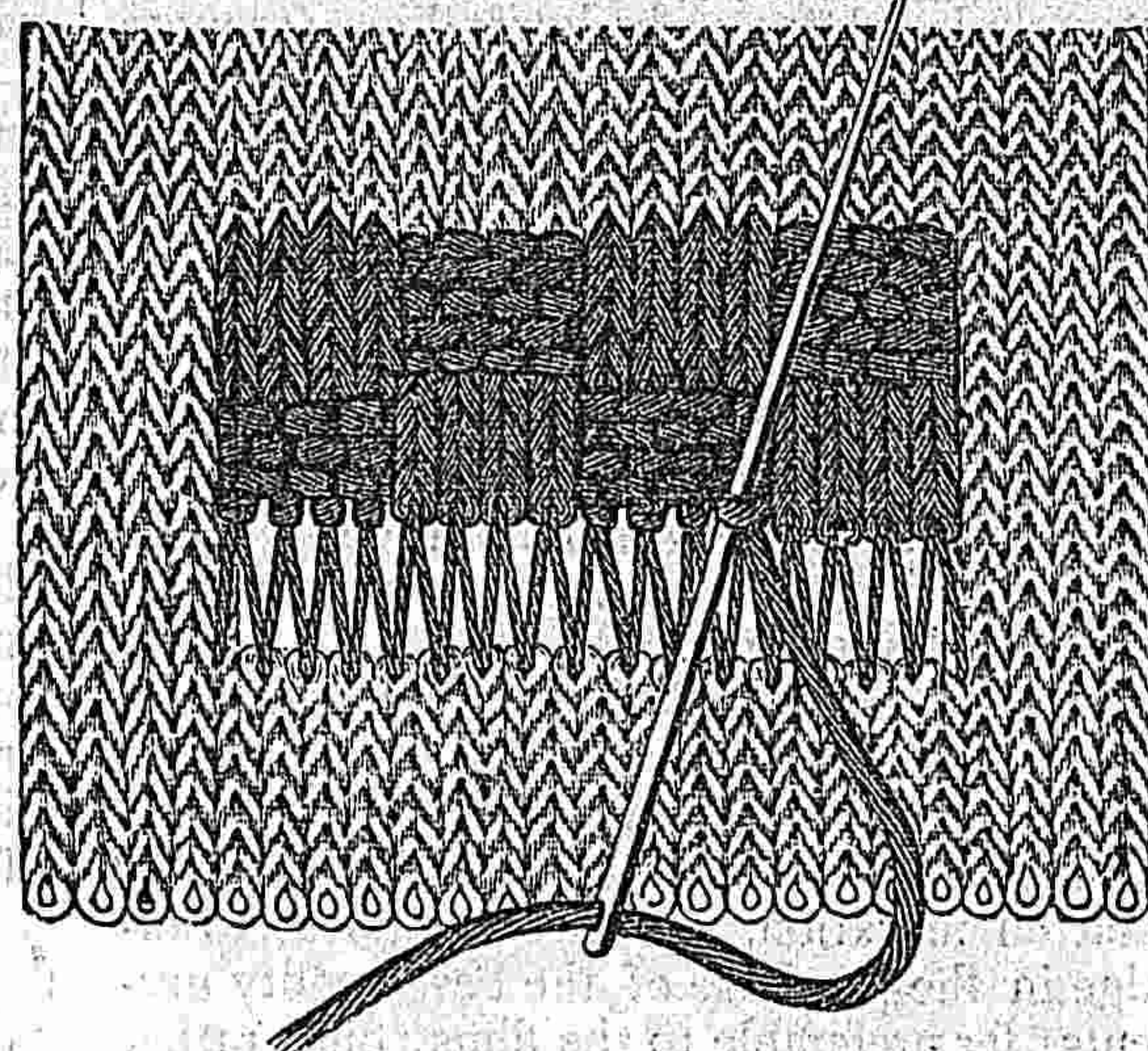
To mend a decayed part, remove it altogether and prepare the hole as mentioned at the beginning (Fig. 2). Strengthen the margin of the gap by a few rows of grafting, and fill up the vacancy by a series of threads describing alternately V's and Λ's (Fig. 2, right hand). This foundation, always done outside, is shown at the back on the diagram to compare it with the opposite one, the heading of which, being darned, must be on the reverse. I recommend you this last method for anything that has to go through a great deal of wear and tear. By looking attentively at Fig. 3 you will understand how these darned threads are managed to form the V's of the ground. In the crossing, too, this vandyked shape is necessarily retained to repeat the two twists of the web. For this reason every web requires two strands of the woof; each strand is taken from a different vandyke, so as to better unite the surface. Begin at the right-hand side; bring the needle out through the centre of a border web and form the first coil of the chain by sloping the cotton downwards over the right-hand bar. Pierce the needle one web downwards to pass it straight under the two first bars. Then, for the other twist, carry the cotton upwards over the left-hand bar, and back into the centre of the web to meet the starting-point. Place the needle again straight under this left-hand bar and the right-hand one of the next web. Be sure the needle pierces cleanly through the centre and above the straight bar at the back of the chain, or the purls will be disconnected.

The woodcut shows the returning row, going from left to right. Unfortunately, the needle has slipped; it should be shown forming the left hand twist, and for this the needle is placed *straight* under two bars, whilst the thread, starting from the centre of the web, coils round one bar ready to pass under two bars. Hence this thread is left *at the back* of the needle and not *beneath* it.

At both ends of the row lightly catch the stuff underneath to unite the mending threads with the ground. The pulling of the cotton, wool, &c., and the thumb-pressure both guide in the tightness of the crossing, according to the elasticity of the material. Commence and fasten off the work by running a few straight stitches along the web. Some of the foundation threads of the illustrations are expressly laid finer than those of the warp or crossing, to show better the direction of the bars. However, whilst working, the strands separate well through being stretched over the fingers or a ball in wood or indiarubber. An egg-shaped one is best to slip in a sleeve or leg. It leaves the left hand free to strain the weak part between thumb and forefinger. These balls not being easily obtained in this country, the worn spot should be carefully tacked on patent cloth or brown paper.

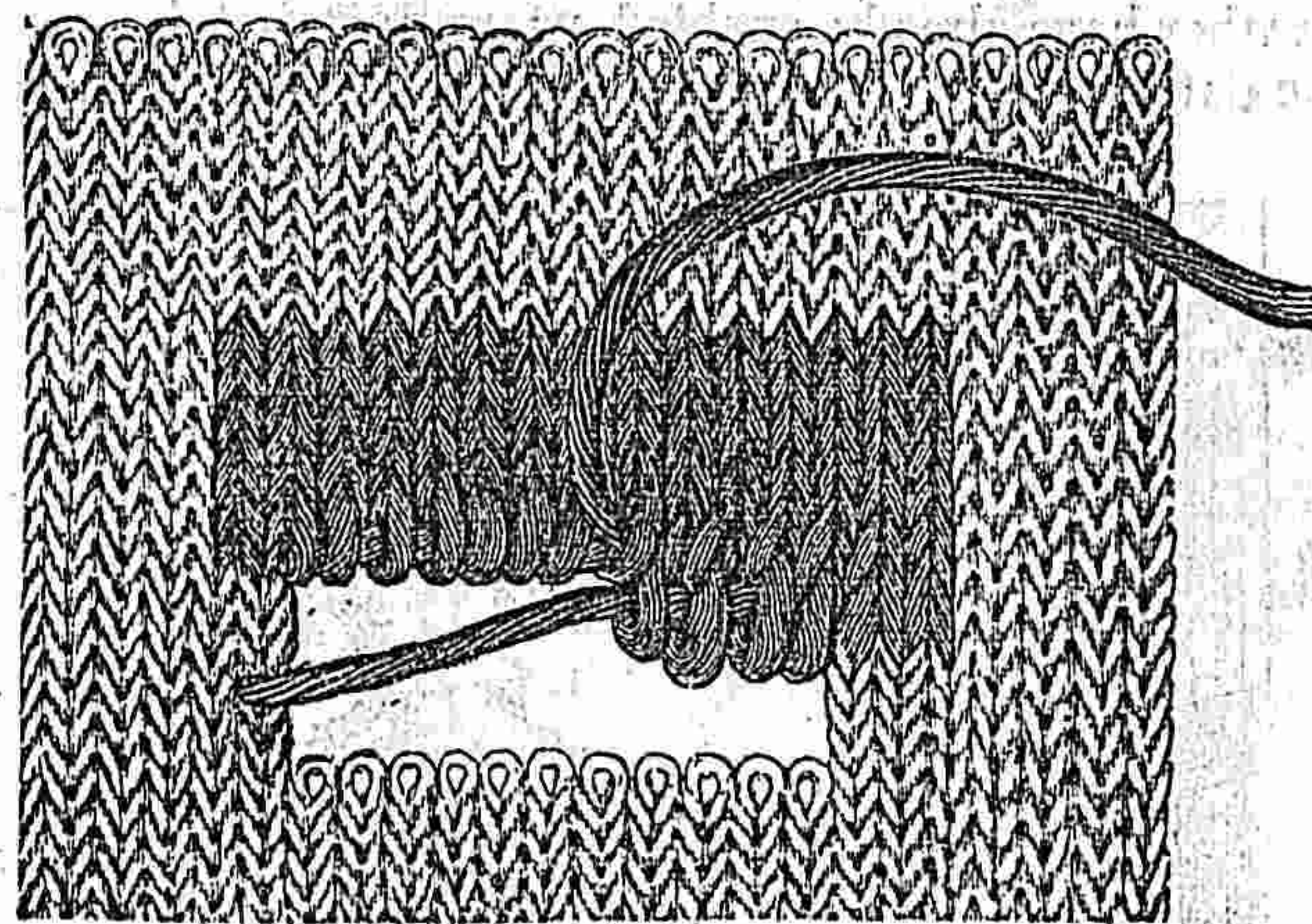
In striped fabrics you have only to copy the bands in their various widths and shades, changing the cotton as often as necessary. Horizontal lines are simple enough, but vertical or straight ones require some care in joining, and to avoid the constant breaking of the thread it is advisable to keep a separate needle for each stripe.

You will also find it rather troublesome at first to change from plain to purl in the ribbed darn, Fig. 4. To connect the last bar of the web with the first of the purl, start from the centre of the web and pass the needle under the remaining bar and over the first one of the purl. Proceed to make the purl itself by



5.—THE DICE OR CHECK DARN.

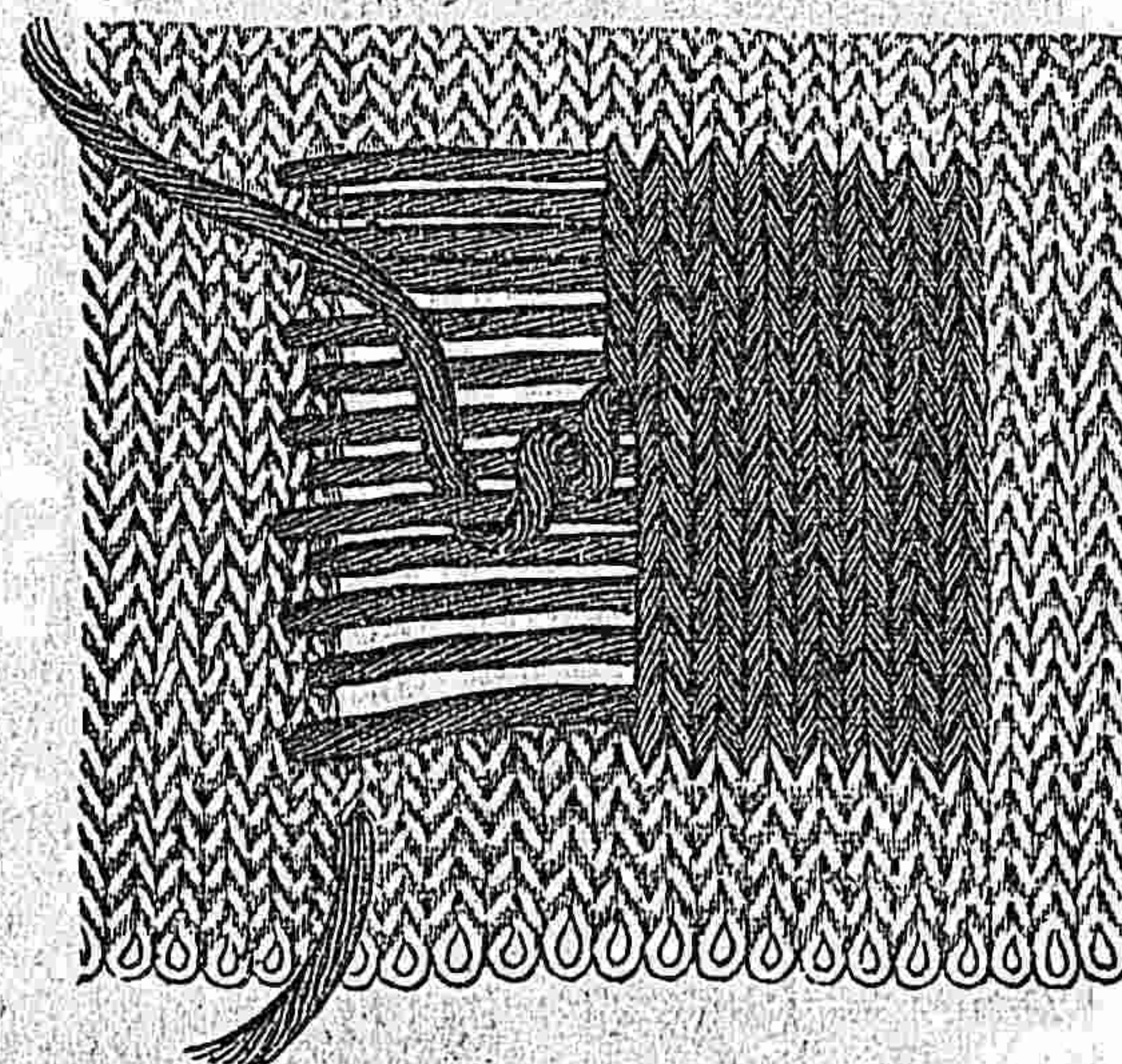
coiling under its right hand strand, straight above this bar and the next one; again coil under, but this time round the left hand strand, which brings you back to the centre of the purl stitch. In short, purl is worked exactly in a reverse way to plain, viz., by slipping



6.—THE LACE WEB.

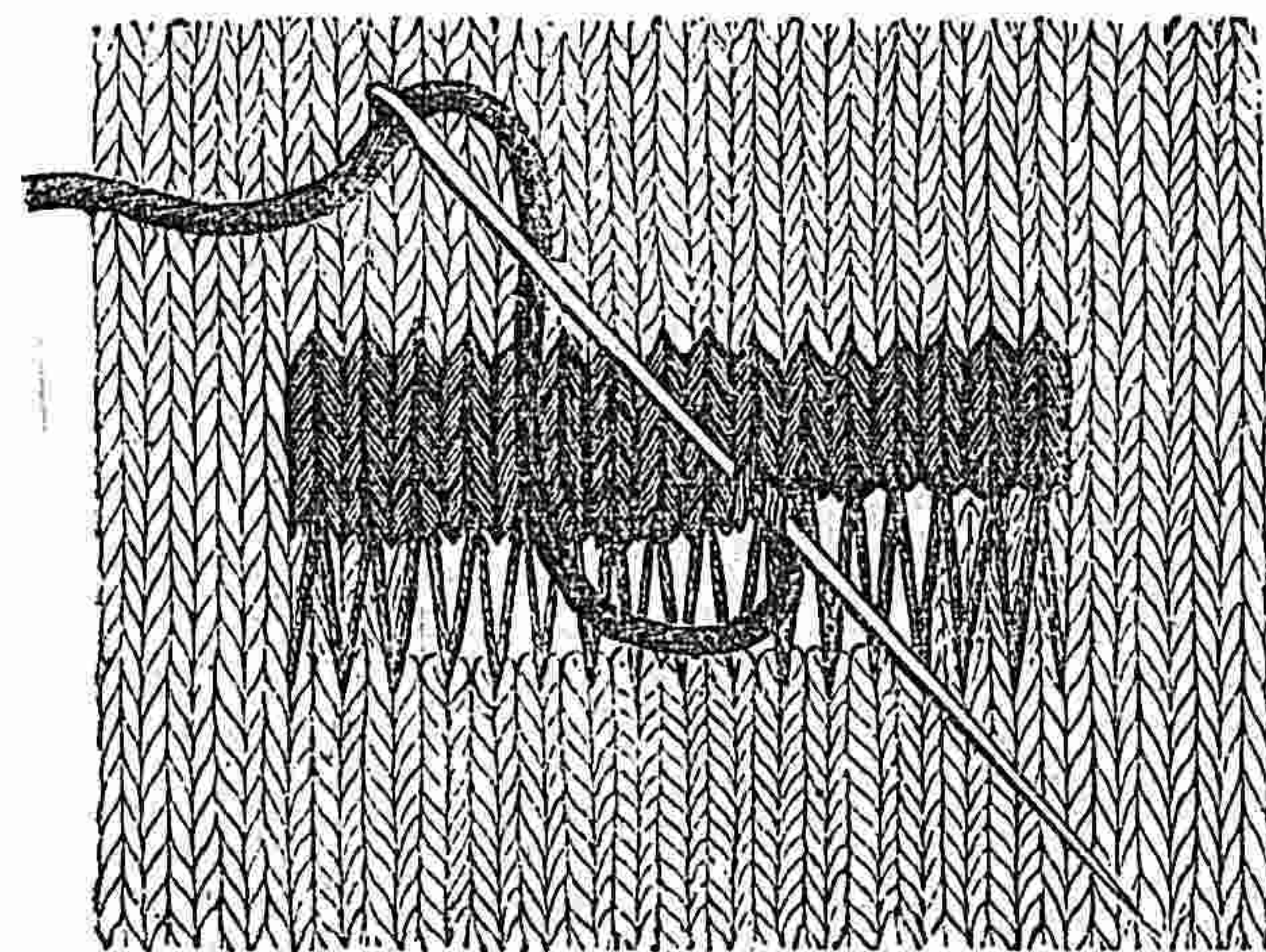
straight under instead of over, and coiling behind the bar instead of in front of it, as wrongly marked in the illustration.

These variations once well understood, you may venture on the dice or check darn, which affords good practice in the constant breaks in



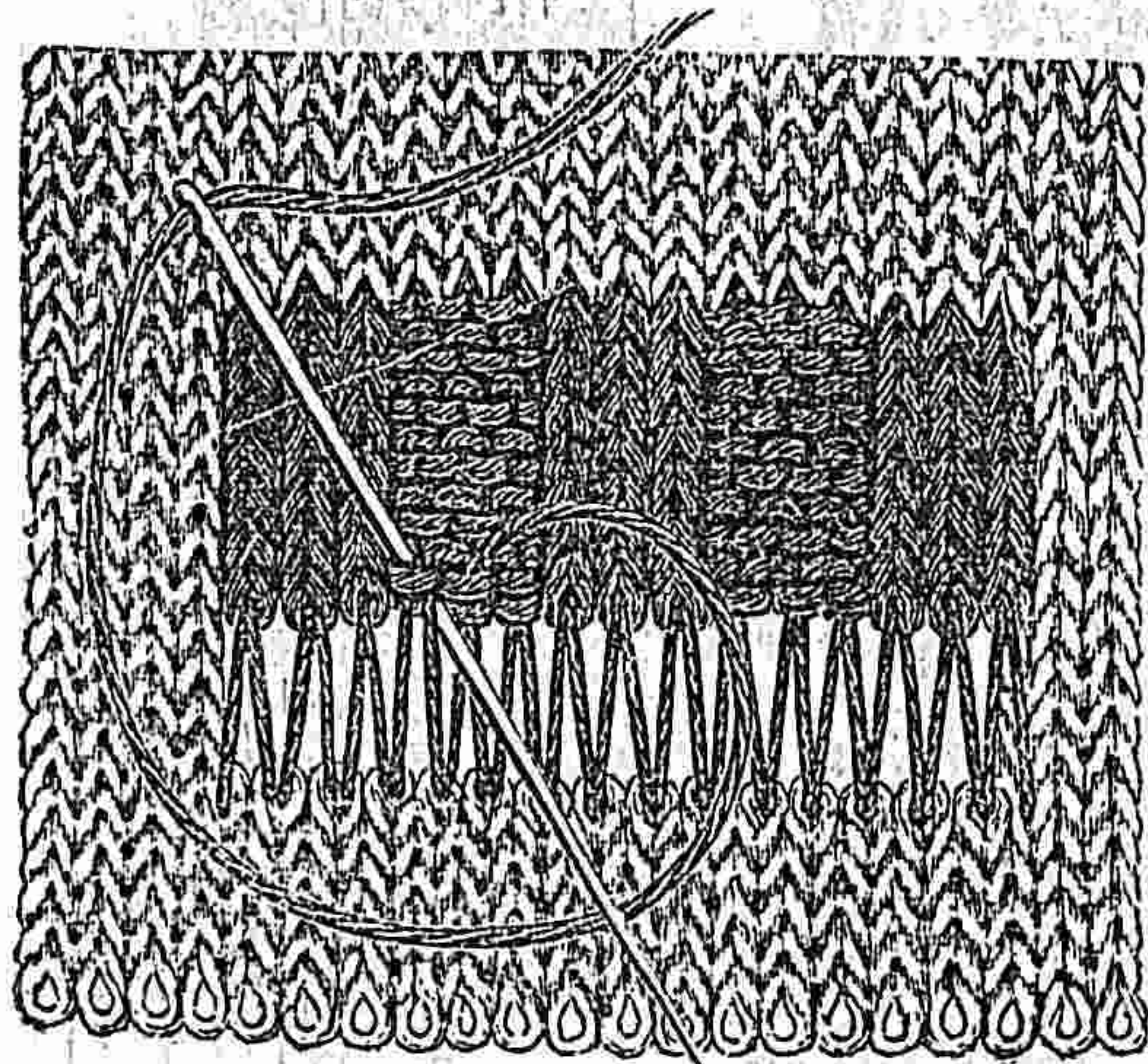
7.—CHAIN DARN.

plain and purl. After these attempts, you will readily reproduce any close knitting pattern, nor will the open ones be very puzzling, though evidently they can have no regular found-



3.—WEB DARN.

up of rungs, one above another. Similar rungs you will often see on your silk gloves, jerseys, stockings, &c. They are caused by the breaking of a stitch which gradually drops, bar by bar, exactly as, when in knitting,



4.—THE RIB DARN.

you drop a stitch from your needle. Instead of a chain web, you have then an open barred line. This ugly defect must be stopped at once by taking a crochet-needle and inserting



dation. Wherever this kind of repair is needed, cast threads across here and there and cover them with different twists according to design. Only proficient knitters, however, can undertake this task.

Fig. 6 clearly exemplifies the lace web made on a single thread, which is laid at each row. The last thread on the diagram has been expressly laced two webs lower down for more distinctness. The stitches should be kept to the right as they are apt to drag in the contrary way. The chain darn (Fig. 7) is by far the quickest, but not altogether the neatest. Its ladder grounding must be loosely set, not to let the edges pucker.

Light materials call for a slight foundation, forming Us instead of Vs, because here the threads never meet by piercing the same hole twice, allowing for each web a single bar instead of a double one.

After you have tried all these ways you will choose the one most suitable to your wants, and I am certain you will never be tempted to return to the old untidy darn. Knowing this beautiful imitation, you need not fear to indulge in the purchase of the best-quality garments, far preferable to the flimsy ones rather too much patronised nowadays.

MARIE KARGER.

### THE DRESS OF THE MONTH.

THE new dresses produced for the warmer weather have already enabled us to see that the dark hues, hitherto supposed to be suit-

have not quite worn out their winter dresses, and thus can make them available, to bridge over the gap between winter and summer.

A really good costume of any colour will clean and do-up like new, and is always worth sending to a dyer's. Black can be washed at home with ox-gall or fig-leaves, and pressed carefully on the wrong side. Black cords of various kinds—such as the Russell and James—are excellent, both for washing and wearing; and are the same on both sides, so that they can be turned when slightly worn. They require no more care in washing than ordinary dresses; a tepid lather, one rinsing water, and one strong blue water being used. The dress should then be rolled up when partly dry, and ironed on the wrong side when damp.

I have been thus particular in my chat about old black dresses, as I know how fond everyone has been of wearing them this last three or four years; and I also know that a shabby, greasy, black dress is a great puzzle to most girls. An old black kid glove, boiled in a pint of water till reduced to half a pint, and then used to rub on an old black dress, using the liquor, will often be found a wonderful reviver. It is a very usual recipe with the negroes in the Southern States of America, who are amongst the most clever managers in the world. Black dresses are quite as fashionable as they were this spring; and so, perhaps, our elderly dress, well cleaned or washed, and trimmed with bands of Indian broché, spotted black and white foulard, or a jetted galloon, will appear as good as a new one.

The new colours in dresses and bonnets are so much brighter than anything we have had of late that it takes some time to get re-

cowslip, primrose, lemon, orange, and an odd yellow called *yeux de chat* are all most fashionable. The number of new shades of pink is also great; rose, *rose cendre*, blush-pink, and "shrimp" will be worn for hats, bonnets, and dresses. Every possible shade of lilac, the deepest royal-purple to the old shade worn by our granddames under the name of "peach-bloom;" grey-blues and blues are also much in favour.

Nothing can exceed the brightness of the sunshades and parasols. Red, red and black, red and yellow, in stripes, patterns, and dots, black and white ones embroidered with flowers in their natural hues, and old gold trimmed with black lace. Satteen and cotton parasols, trimmed with white embroidery and torchon lace, are made to wear with costumes of those materials, and the same as regards foulard. Some very stylish-looking parasols have been brought out, trimmed round and round with black or white lace, in rows one above the other to the top of the parasol. This would be an excellent method of doing up an old parasol, either light or dark in colour, and as plenty of cheap lace may be had it would be also economical.

Some very pretty and inexpensive jerseys, made of bead netting, have been brought out, which form a complete evening costume over a black silk skirt. They are of black beads, as well as every other hue, and are got up in cheap imitation of the bead-embroidered cuirasses which have been worn in Paris so long. Stockingette, or jersey-cloth, is made into jackets, which are worn with hoods of the same lined with gay Indian handkerchiefs. This material has the advantage of



INDOOR COSTUME.



WALKING DRESS.

able alone to the winter months, are to be worn quite as much now. A very comfortable conclusion for many of my readers who

conciled to them. Old gold in all shades and materials is used for bonnets and hats more than ever; in fact, every description of yellow,

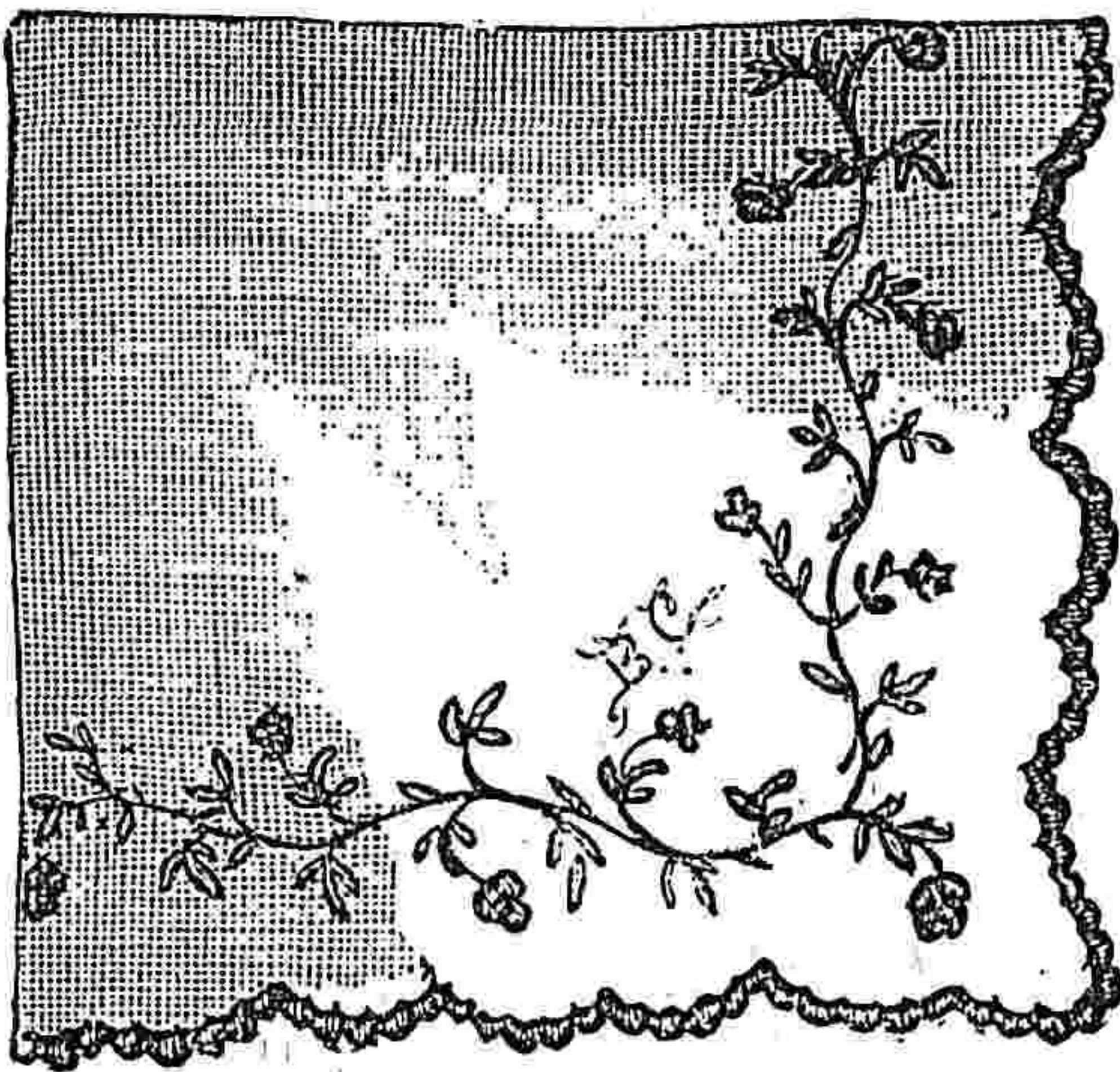
sitting closely to the figure when made up into an out-of-door garment. These hoods are made to take off, and are only buttoned



on the neck of the jacket, so that they need not be worn always. They also accompany ulsters and costumes made with a waistcoat front, and will form one of the out-of-door garments of the summer season, as they are being made in black and white lace, to be used either with or without satin or cashmere mantles. Small capes will be used again this year; however, they are longer than they were the last, and come quite to the elbow, in order to give the tightened-in appearance which is so desired. Capes with long pointed fronts are also still used, and have hoods. Quantities of black lace are used to trim all mantles, jackets, and capes; and camels'-hair and cashmere are the favourite materials for them. Youthful-looking scarf mantelets are made of the figured material of the dresses, and are trimmed with bands of the plain stuff, a collar of the same being used at the neck. Jackets similar to the dress are also used, but they are quite tight-fitting, and are figured—never plain.

A new idea in both short and long costume is the narrow kilting of bright colour which is added to the edge of the skirt, below the hem, or just below the lower flounce. On plain grey, drab, brown, or black costumes this little addition is very effective, and gives a piquant effect to an otherwise plain dress. It will be pretty for the short, black dresses of young people. The same hue should be used for the bow in the hat.

One of the fabrics of this season will be the undyed silks of India and China. These yellow Indian and Chinese "Pongees," and the Indian "Corah," were much worn at one time, but of late years have been neglected. The first-named wash beautifully, and wear for ever as every-day dresses; while the same may be said of the Corah, which is white, for evening wear. All of them are inexpensive, and last so long that they are an excellent investment for those of moderate means. The Tussock silk is put up in pieces of 9½ yards, and ranges from 21s. to 45s. the piece.

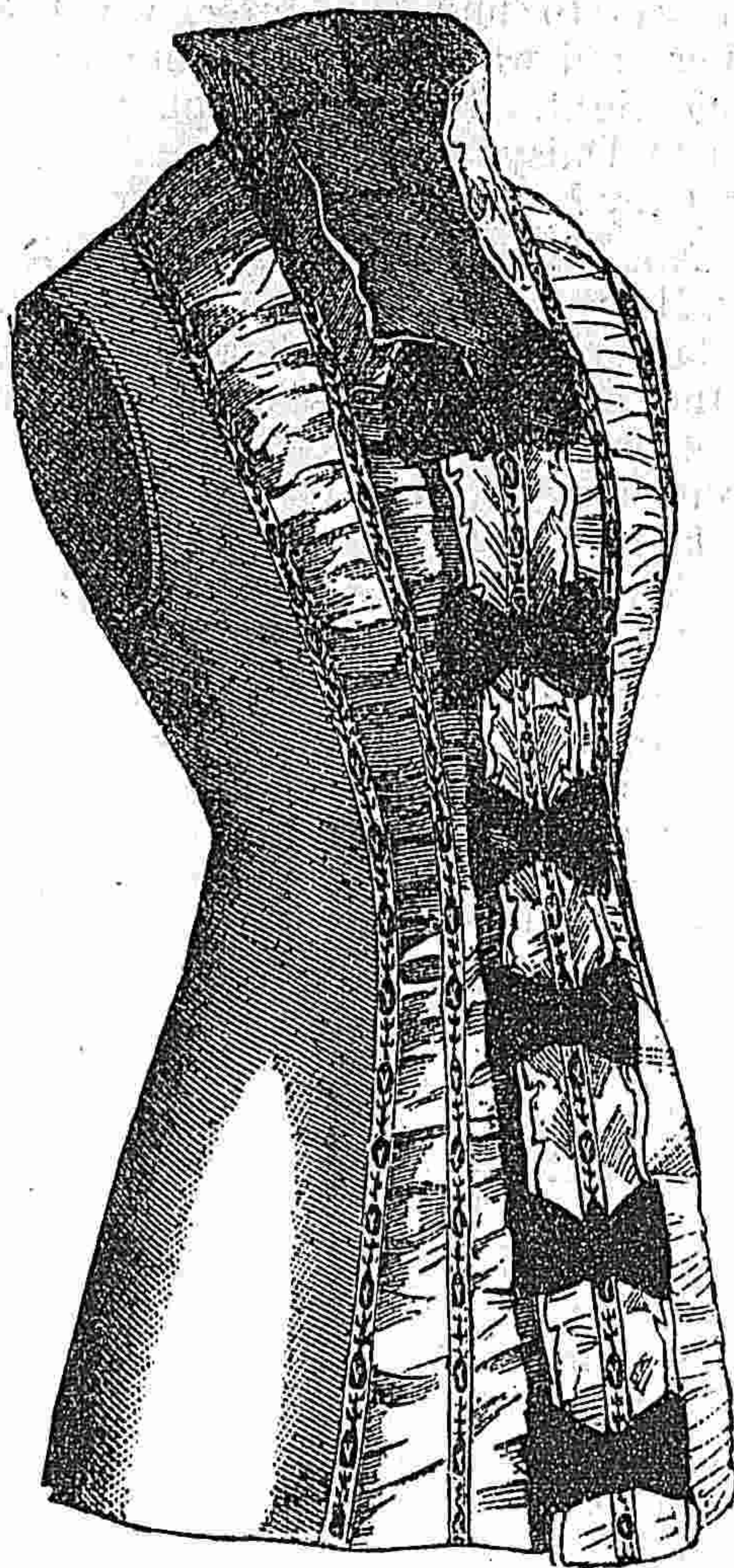


HANDKERCHIEF.

I have given an illustration of a pretty handkerchief embroidered in colour, the pattern being simple and easily drawn. These little additions to the toilette are not difficult to work, and the satin and stem-stitch in which they are done are very speedy work in the hands of a good worker. The summer or spring waistcoat, next illustrated, may be made of any washing or unwashable material. The pattern used for it might be that of an old, long basque, or even of a petticoat-bodice. The material might be of piqué and nainsook for a summer waistcoat; thin muslin for the evening, and silk or brocade for day wear. Waistcoats appear quite as much in vogue at present as they were last year.

The ruff, jabot, and cuffs are made of sprigged muslin or net, the method of putting together being clearly shown. They are intended for afternoon or evening wear, with a high bodice; and may be made in lace, if it be preferred or considered more dressy. Black

and white lace mixed, gold outlined and coloured lace may all be used, or painted and embroidered lace. This high ruff is quite one of the great fashions of the day, and many



SUMMER WAISTCOAT.

ladies who desire to keep it stiff and high use a tiny invisible wire to keep it up round the neck. Of course the hair must be coiled higher on the head, and for this new fashion combs are very much used.

The Corah is in lengths of seven yards, is thirty-four inches wide, and costs from 17s. 6d. to 25s. the piece. Three pieces should be sufficient to make two dresses, and the cheapest plan is to purchase them in this way, with a friend, if there be not two sisters to share the material, as it is not sold by the yard. For best summer dresses for young girls this pretty cream-coloured India silk is most useful, and it can be done up and retrimmed over and over again.

The illustrations of the month give a walking dress with a long walking jacket and waistcoat, to which a hood may be added of the figured material. The hat or bonnet is also made of it; the edges of both must be bound with satin or velvet.

The other illustration shows a simple method of making a young girl's evening or home costume in a manner which partakes somewhat of our fashionable "high art" proclivities. The materials used may be cashmere, Corah silk, or any soft stuff which flows in harmonious lines, and the effect is at once graceful and youthful—two qualities which should be aspired to by all young girls.



## AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

By Mrs. PROSSER.

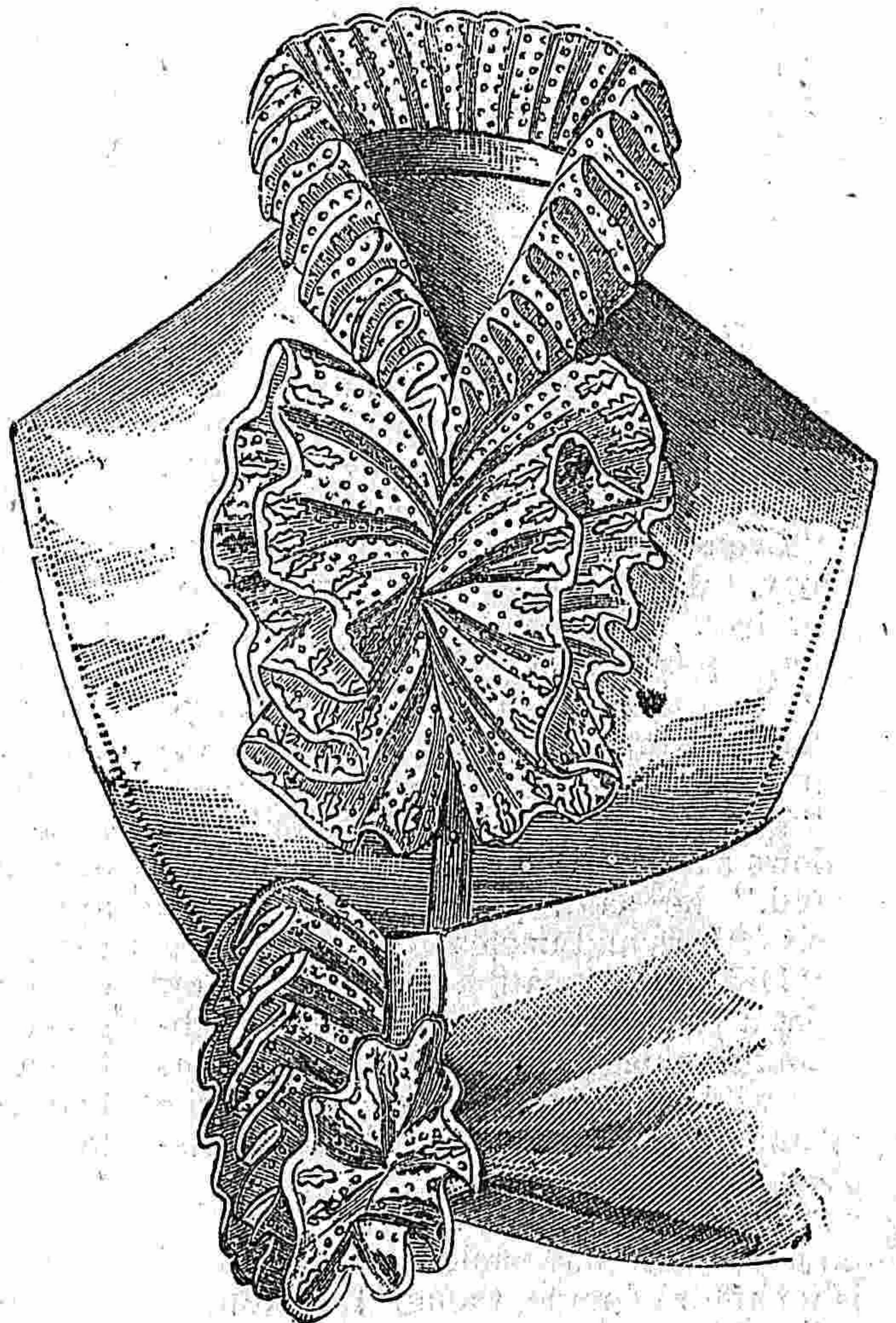
NOT FIT TO CRITICISE OTHERS.

"How those crabs walk!" cried an Oyster from its bed. "All on one side; really it's wonderful they are not ashamed of themselves."



"And look!" said another, "at those sprawling lobsters." "And those wriggling eels!" exclaimed a third. "Sooner than wriggle as they do, I would bury myself in the sand."

"Fie! fie! ladies!" cried the Limpets. "Here are you and we stuck fast, and never move at all. Crabs may sidle, lobsters may sprawl, and eels may wriggle, but *they all of them go*, and that's more than you and we can boast of."



RUFF, JABOT AND CUFFS.



## MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

## CHAPTER II.



DAISY plied her hayfork willingly, but not merrily, beside her father.

Presently Harry Jones, with a hayfork on his shoulder, lounged up to Farmer Grey, and offered his services.

The old farmer took him up shortly and sharply.

"What's wrong with your own

hay that you are not at it this fine day that we've got, Harry?"

"Why, Mr. Grey, you've all the hands in the parish!"

"No, nor the half of them. There's plenty more ready and willing. I have as many as I wanted, and you might have the same."

"O! there's lots of time. Fine weather has set in now, and the meadowing that's cut does itself on Sunnybank. One turn makes the hay there. It's as hot as love," added the fair-haired youth, glancing a sweet eye at Daisy.

Mr. Grey turned off a little from the haymakers with Harry Jones, so that they could not hear the conversation.

"There's not overmuch time," said the farmer quietly; "look at that little cloud, as the prophet of old said, 'no bigger than a man's hand.' That will bring rain at or before night. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Harry Jones, to see an old fellow like me, and a young girl like Daisy, working—not playing, but working—while all you care about time is how to mispend it. If you were my boy, you should lead a very different life!"

"Even with that threat," replied Harry, "I should be very happy to be your boy. The governor is talking of giving up farming."

"The who?" inquired Mr. Grey, and a severe expression clouded his benevolent face.

"The governor—my uncle—all the fellows at the school where I was educated," he said, pompously, "called their fathers and uncles governors."

"Did your education instruct you how to let a young girl's favourite and faithful but toothless old dog be torn to pieces by a wild animal, and to be guilty of the meanness of bribing her servant to disobey her desire that Firetail should be housed at night? Whether you do, or do not 'make hay while the sun shines,' is no affair of mine, though I am always grieved to see God's gifts insulted by man's neglect, but, Master Harry, the

less we see of you at this side of the Burn, the better!"

"Mr. Grey!" exclaimed the youth, "I am very sorry! All I wanted of Firetail was to find the otter, which the miller said was only a cub, but Firetail would fight. I want to explain how it was to Daisy. You'll let me do that, Mr. Grey? I see she is angry."

"No, Harry, a fact is a fact. Good-day, Harry Jones. See, the cloud is growing larger, and you can hear the whisper in the trees that tells us the weather is not settled yet. You'll never be prosperous, boy or man, until you learn to 'make hay while the sun shines.'"

It cannot be denied that Daisy was foolishly fond of Harry Jones; and though she had renounced him for ever and ever in the morning, when she first saw poor Firetail's injuries, as the dog got rapidly better, her anger cooled. She wondered Harry had not written to apologise or explain.

The night fulfilled the prophecy of the farmer. The cloud increased, and at last poured down its torrents on the expected hay crop, sweeping much of it into the mill stream, and saturating what was prevented by intervening trees and hedges from sharing the same fate, while that of Farmer Grey's was thoroughly protected before the storm broke. The people he employed worked with a will, even after sunset, and his regrets were loudly expressed when he saw the whirling wind, before the pour-down, tossing Farmer Jones's hay hither and thither.

It became a fearful night, and though the good farmer was much fatigued, he would not go to bed while the storm raged so violently. It lightened also, and he knew no eye could see so far or so clearly as the eye of the Master.

Presently a tapping came to the window of the kitchen, where he was seated; he fearlessly unhooked the shutter, and, to his astonishment, there, resting against the glass, was the thriftless face of his neighbour, Mr. Jones.

The unfortunate man was soon seated by the kitchen fire, roused into additional light and heat by Farmer Grey's hospitality. He also quickly removed Mr. Jones' dripping garments, and clothed him in dry ones of his own.

He found it difficult to explain the express object of his visit. He talked much of being "doomed to misfortune," how he had been "tricked and imposed upon;"—he confessed he had thought himself fitted for better things than mere "jog trot farming," and had always been told he "had the very cut of a gentleman." He might have done well if he had stuck to the farm, but he tired of it, and now he was so driven, so disappointed in his nephew, who never would mind what he said, for he had so often advised him to follow Mr. Grey's good example, and to-night finished as fine a crop of hay as ever grew, and he had trusted "the boy" would have seen to the saving of it; but instead of that he told him, with cool impudence, that he could not get men to work without payment, that Farmer Grey set a bad example, and gave them the bad habit of paying ready money, and there was not one of the fellows who did not do his

work with one hand and hold out the other for payment! Well, it was all over; he thought to pull up by betting on a safe horse, but that went smash; he knew that to-morrow the lawyers would be down on the farm, and all he wanted was to know if Mr. Grey would lend him a few pounds to start him for Liverpool; he would make his way to the New World, and leave his creditors to make ducks and drakes of his property in the Old!

"And your nephew, Mr. Jones?" questioned Farmer Grey.

"O! he must fight it out somehow! He has said your daughter was promised to him."

"My daughter!" repeated the honest farmer, indignantly.

"I had nothing to do with it. If the lad had superintended the farm——"

"Yes, neighbour. If he had not followed your example he might by this time have become an industrious man."

There was a pause.

"I do not want to lean heavy on a fellow-man, and I will do what you ask, and more, provided you take your nephew with you to America."

"But——"

"There must be no 'buts' between us," replied Farmer Grey. "The flitting must be done at once. I do not doubt you, but I shall send a trustworthy person to see your nephew off. You have made shipwreck of your fair farm, but you may have gained experience."

"I—we—must start before daybreak," said the unfortunate man.

In a few more minutes Mr. Grey and the ruined farmer were breasting the storm together, on their way to the once prosperous residence that had been at one time the envy of all the farmers in the district. They found the youth playing dominoes—his right hand against his left. In a few determined words Mr. Grey stated his offer and his intention, and both uncle and nephew, accompanied by a trusty "helper"—such as good and honest men can always command at the hour of need—were on the way to Liverpool, and before evening were steaming down the Mersey.

"And how is Firetail this morning, my little Daisy?"

"Oh, father," replied the maiden, "he is a great deal better, and Ben Ruddock has promised, if we forgive him, he will never lend him again to Harry Jones."

"I can answer for that," said the stalwart farmer, "he will never again lend your old defender to Harry Jones."

"And Harry says——"

"Harry says!" repeated Mr. Grey. "what does he say? When did you see him?"

"I have not seen him since you sent him out of the hayfield!"

"O! then he converted a pen into a speaking trumpet."

Daisy blushed. "He wrote to explain. That was all."

"Give me the letter."

Slowly Daisy drew out a thimble, a little paper of peppermint drops (it is wonderful how fond country girls are of those small poisons!) a reel of cotton, a printed ballad, and at last, a tumbled note, that had grown wonderfully creased,



by the sender's intention of twisting it into a true lover's knot.

"There is nothing in it, father."

"I quite believe that. I was fond of reading plays once, and remember that 'nothing can come of nothing.'"

The farmer twisted it up tightly, and proceeded to light his pipe with it.

"I think, my child, that is the last specimen of his handwriting you will ever receive from Harry Jones. He has left England." There was a pause. "He had dared to say you were promised to him, Daisy."

"Me, father!" repeated the girl, and her indignation transformed her pretty coy face into a tinted photograph of her father's.

Daisy watched the burning fragments of the letter, her eyes filled with tears, in another moment she had buried her head in her father's bosom.

He folded his great hands over her bonny head. "God be good to you, my darling child, and teach you to

'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

### USEFUL HINTS.

**TO WASH WHITE LACE.**—Cover a bottle with fine flannel, tightly wrapped round it two or three times, and sewn on, wind the lace quite smoothly round, fastening with a stitch every now and then. Make a good soap lather in a deep basin and stand the bottle in, shaking it well and pressing the lather into the lace. Rinse in the same way with clean cold water, put the bottle in the sun to dry; when nearly so, lay it in a basin of water with a small quantity of borax to stiffen it. If to be ironed, this must be done on two or three thicknesses of flannel, the edges and raised parts being picked up with an ivory pin.

**TO REMOVE INK SPOTS.**—Wash the place with cold water without soap, and apply a solution of dilute muriatic acid; any chemist will give the proper proportions. This will only do for *white* materials. Ink may also be removed from white cotton by dipping it in milk; but this must be done *immediately*.

**TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.**—These may easily be eradicated from *linen* by washing with pearl-ash and water. For satin and silks the following is an admirable recipe: Pour on the spot two drops of rectified spirits of wine, cover with a linen cloth and press with a hot iron; the linen must be removed *at once*, and a little sulphuric ether rubbed gently over the stain.

**SCORCHED LINEN.**—Take an onion and macerate it well to extract all the juice, add to this a few shreds of soap, an ounce of Fuller's earth, and half a tumbler of vinegar. Boil these together for an hour, and allow the mixture to cool. Place it on the scorched part, and do not remove it until quite dry.

**SOAP JELLY.**—This should always be used for washing flannel, white woollen materials, or anything on which it is not advisable to rub soap. The mixture is made thus: Shred a pound of best pale yellow soap in a gallon of water, add two ounces of soda and the same of powdered pipe-clay. Set these ingredients on the kitchen stove, where they will dissolve in a few hours' gradual heat; the next day the soap jelly will be fit for use.

**FISH CAKES.**—Pull to pieces with two forks the remains of any cold fish, carefully removing the bones. Mix some mashed potatoes and a small piece of butter with the fish, and season with salt and pepper to taste, adding a *little* cayenne or Nepaul pepper. Form into cakes and fry in butter till a golden colour, and garnish with fried parsley.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



WORK.

**MRS. SNOW.**—1. "Tunisien" crochet is worked in the same way as "Tricot," which is capable of numerous varieties in the patterns. A fuller description will be given in a future number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. 2. The baby's hood must be worked with a large bone crochet hook, the number of rows and stitches determined by the size required. The directions are to be followed. These more complicated patterns can only be worked by experienced crochet workers.

**ANNETTA.**—1. Read answer to "Mrs. Snow." 2. Long stitch is made by passing the cotton or wool once over the hook, then inserting it into the next chain, draw the cotton through two of the three loops on the hook, then through the remaining two loops. 3. See answer to "Loo" in No. 9 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

**BESSIE.**—The sock may be worked as well in plain "Tricot." Read answer to "Mrs. Snow."

**LINGE GLONONE.**—The watch guard may be made of purse silk in crochet. Four skeins will make a long chain, and if small beads are added it will take four ounces. If made without beads, cast on four stitches, join by a single stitch to form a ring; then work rows of double crochet round and round until the chain is long enough. Fasten a black swivel where the chain joins. If beads are used, they must be threaded on the silk before commencing the work. Each time the loop is inserted in a chain stitch a bead must be pushed close to the work, and then the silk drawn through the loop to fix the bead firmly. The ring for beads should be made with seven stitches.

**E. J. P.**—The quantity of wool must depend on the size required. E. J. P. would find it easier to cut a pattern of the shoe and work to it.

**WILD FLOWER.**—See reply to "Mrs. Snow."

**VERA.**—1. Netted d'oyleys will shortly appear. 2. See answer to "Mrs. Snow."

**STELLA.**—Book-markers will be described shortly.

### COOKERY.

**JANIE.**—The recipe for cocoanut cakes is taken from a first-rate authority, and must be right.

**FLOWER POT** asks us for "a recipe for cheese-cakes, and a recipe for corns." For the former, take 8oz. of pressed curds, 2oz. of ratafias, 6oz. of sugar, 2oz. of butter, the yolks of 6 eggs, nutmeg, salt, and the rind of 2 oranges or lemons. Rub the sugar on the latter and scrape it off. Press the curd in a napkin to get rid of the moisture, pound it thoroughly in a mortar with the other ingredients, till the whole becomes a soft paste. Line 2 dozen tartlet pans with good puff-paste, and fill them with the cheese-custard, placing a piece of candied peel on the top of each; and bake them in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. You can make them at about sixpence a dozen—on an average. 2. The best "recipe for corns" is to wear hard, tight, leather boots; especially those with very pointed toes and high heels.

### DRESS.

**SKWEEKIE.**—White cashmere would be suitable for a bride, and the same material in pale pink or blue for the bridesmaids. Whatever dress the bride may wear, the bridesmaids must wear the usual style of dress suitable for such an occasion. A beige dress, or a fine serge, would be good materials for the bride's travelling dress.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**NELLY FOSTER** is requested to read answer to "Lilla," and is also informed that the pain in her side which she complains of seems to be nothing serious, and the best way to remove it is to take plenty of moderate exercise in the open air.

**PHYSIOLOGY.**—Twinkling of the eyelid.—This is seldom present if the blood be pure and the nerves in good order, consequently, whatever tends to increase the general tone of the system. A teaspoonful of Parrish's Chemical Food, as it is called, three times a day in half a wine glassful of water would be a suitable tonic. Take also a sponge bath every morning.

**URSULA.**—Brittleness of the nails is constitutional, and only internal treatment can be of avail. Try the triple syrup of the phosphates. Any chemist will sell it and tell you the dose according to age. Any mild transparent soap will do.

**MYRTLE.**—No; you cannot have new teeth after seventeen, except the wisdom teeth or artificial ones. You do not state the size, colour, or nature of the spots, or whether raised or flat, painful or the reverse. Wrinkles once formed cannot be obliterated. A medical library would be the best place to get books on animals.

**DRIFIELD.**—See answer to "Annis Venn."

**T. C. H.—Leicester.**—You might make the cupboard, which you say has become shabby through the wearing off of the paint, not only a presentable, but a very handsome addition to your bedroom, at a moderate cost, if aided by a little ingenuity and patience. You can either paint it black all over, or cover it with the black shiny paper looking like satin so much used to cover boxes and screens. Then buy some Japanese paper with designs of birds and flowers, cut these out, and when, whatever you have covered your cupboard with is perfectly dry, paste or gum them on, arranging them informally, by no means too closely together. This completed and dried, the cupboard should have one coat of varnish, such as is used over stair papers, and may be obtained at any paperhanger's. Similar effects may be produced with cretonne flowers instead, and they are perhaps more desirable, but the designs are seldom so characteristic as those of the Japanese papers. The effect of your cupboard arrayed as I have described would be very handsome and oriental-looking. I am supposing you require to use it as a cupboard or wardrobe, with doors; if not, the doors can be removed and a series of shelves placed, a valance of some kind hanging from each, and a deeper one from the top, the shelves used for displaying china and other ornaments, and the framework of the cupboard—thus transformed into a large *étagère*—may be covered with stamped leather paper. The effect of this is considerably embellished by covering some of the raised designs with liquid gold. Of course, if the doors are retained, my last suggestion anent the paper made to imitate stamped leather will be equally good, and if a dark leather be chosen a few touches of gold will be remarkably effective. The shelves might also be edged with the leather paper, which can be bought as bordering in several widths, and is often used round the frames of doors to exclude draughts. Many other suggestions might be made, but both these combine a very handsome effect with the great recommendation of moderate expense.

**POPPY TWIST.**—Use only mild soap, and never hot water, only luke-warm. Rose glycerine is the best after application.

**GERTIE.**—Thank you for the verses. But we are unable to criticise the MSS. sent to us.

**PUSSIE.**—Get a cheap manual of music. Henry Leslie's is a very good one.

**ANNIS VENN** is troubled with warts upon the chin, and wants to know the cause and treatment. One application of *potass. fusa* would remove them, or occasional touching either with nitrate of silver or any of the stronger acids. They are often constitutional, and require internal remedies.

**RUBY.**—1. Ruby is going to sing for the first time publicly, and wants to have a clear voice. Let her take a tonic for a fortnight before: ten drops of tincture of iron, and a teaspoonful of tincture of oranges three times a day in a little water for a fortnight or three weeks previous to appearing, and suck about five grains or more of solid chlorate of potash an hour or two before singing. 2. Freeing the face from blotches.—A little cooling medicine should be taken about three times a week, and the best application is rose glycerine.

**LILLA.**—Teaching a bullfinch to whistle an air.—Begin as soon as the bird gives indication of wishing to pipe and uses its own notes. Constantly whistling the first bars of the air you want it to learn, and adding a note or two more to what it has already acquired, is the only plan, unless you procure what is called a "bird organ."

**WILDFLOWER.**—Do fishes sleep?—Yes, certainly, and everything that lives and breathes; even trees and flowers sleep.

**BALQUHIDDER.**—Parrot picking its feathers.—Do not give it bones to pick or meat of any kind, and sometimes a little green food. Feed plainly on bird seeds (no hemp), and give a bath and no dainties.



**BRIAR.**—Your quotation is taken from *Hamlet*. The author of "Sintram and His Companions" is the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. It is in German, but there is an English translation.

**VERENA.**—Perhaps you could obtain some work as a daily governess, going out only for a couple or three hours a day, or you could procure some daily pupils to be taught at your home.

**IGNORAMUS.**—The "woolsack" is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms to the seat which it forms. An Act of Parliament was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to prevent the exportation of English wool, and to keep this great source of our national wealth in remembrance woolsacks were placed in the House of Lords, on which the judges sat. Thus, the Lord Chancellor, who presides in that House, is said to "sit on the woolsack."

**ORANGE BLOSSOM.**—We have answered your question many times. Leave your eyelashes alone.

**SNOWDROP.**—1. A decoction of elder flowers is supposed to whiten the hands. The nails should be pink, not white, excepting the small half circle at the quick. 2. You need not thank a gentleman for offering his arm. 3. The foot which you place on the step of a carriage depends on whether there be a second step to be taken, and on which side you are to take a seat. If there be but one step to make, and you are to sit, for example, on your left side, step on the right foot; if on the right side,

use the left foot; if there be two steps to take, reverse these directions. Your writing is fairly good.

**HYACINTH.**—See article "How Can I Look My Best."

We cannot recommend any method of blanching your cheeks. Why do you desire to look sickly and woe-begone? Your writing is tolerably good.

**JESSIE.**—We suppose you allude to an old riddle, to which the answer is "the letter M."

**JUNE.**—Boys and girls usually grow, more or less, till they are of age, when the bones become hard. Some young people make a sudden start at 17.

**A. E. W.**—Your question is too vague. There are various kinds of sore throats—swelled, relaxed, inflamed, and ulcerated. We have already given replies on this subject; perhaps some of our observations may suit your case. If not, consult your doctor.

**ADA.**—1. The very distressing combination of physical troubles of which you complain clearly indicates a very disordered state of the digestion. We can only advise you strongly to consult your family doctor. 2. The "Watteaus" were those who patronised the peculiar style of costume in which Watteau the artist painted his female figures; the "Grisettes" the pretty and gipsy-like French milliners. 3. We do not give prices. Black stuffs cannot be dyed a lighter colour.

**Miss L. (Holt).**—Neuralgia is often an effect, not a cause. Disorderment of the liver and indigestion will produce it, and the cause should be the point

of attack. Sometimes mental emotions and over-fatigue may induce it, or a damp residence. You must first discover the origin of the complaint. We have recommended the fumes of vinegar, when the pain is in the face; a coarse flannel being steeped in it, wrung out and laid on a hot flat-iron, and held near the cheek for half an hour at a time, keeping the eyes closed, and resting the elbow on a table to prevent an accidental touching of the face.

**Miss CASPAR.**—Our staff is complete, but we thank you while declining your kind offer.

**M. E.**—Ingenious people with clever fingers may turn almost anything to account, and no doubt the lead paper of which you speak could be used in the making toys for children.

**DAISY** will find plenty of answers to the first question. She may be very thankful that she is blessed with such excellent indications of good health as the rosy face and a stout body. She must be very handsome indeed in face, and very unusually elegant in figure and in carriage, to look at all well if "thin." A thin little girl is a pitiable sight!

**ZENA ROSCKMA.**—The mistress, or the daughter of the house, should play or sing before asking her guests to do so. If possible, an instrumental piece should precede singing.

**ST. DAVID'S DAY.**—The 23rd of April is St. George's Day, and has been since the time of Cœur-de-Lion, to whom he is said to have appeared, as the precursor of victory, when before Acre.

## BIRTHDAY LINES.

BY ANNE BEALE.

ANOTHER year, fair girl, has floated o'er thee,  
And vanished as a summer cloud before thee;  
The past, so like a dreamy phantom ever,  
Flits through thy memory to return—ah never!

The present, decked in colours brightest, fairest,  
Seems joyous as the happy smile thou wearest;  
Thy thoughts are clear as the blue skies above thee,  
And nestle in the hearts of friends who love thee.

The future all its tempting things is spreading  
Upon the path thy youthful feet are treading;  
And, as thou followest the airy vision,  
It seems to lead thee into realms elysian

And thus, as years roll on, may Faith, alluring,  
Attract thee to the unseen but enduring;  
That so, when weary of earth's fading pleasures,  
Thine eyes may rest on Heaven's abiding treasures.

